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Zena Irma Trinka

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

being the

Early and Romantic History of North Dakota

By

ZENA IRMA [illegible]
Author of "North Dakota of Today"

Illustrated from photographs by
D. F. BABB[illegible] the North Dakota Historical Society

Map and Illustrations

ST. PAUL
THE PIONEER COMPANY
1920

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ZENA IRMA TRINKA
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D. F. BARRY, the Noted Indian Photographer

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THE PIONEER COMPANY
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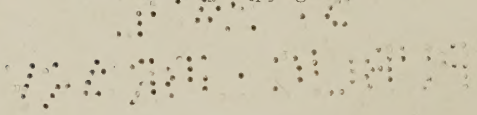

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LOVINGLY DEDICATED
TO MY
FATHER AND MOTHER

Preface

TO meet a most urgent need in our public schools and libraries for reference material bearing on North Dakota, the following authentic history has been complied. It is also hoped that the following pages may inspire a greater love in the hearts of North Dakota boys and girls for the soil that reared them—a more tender appreciative recognition of the passing pioneers, to whose self-denial, sacrifice, privations, and never-ending toil, they owe their inheritance. If the book can do that, and in a measure create a greater love and appreciation for North Dakota on part of the people of the country, it will have justified its existence; for loving Dakota more, means greater love of country, for North Dakota is a part of it, and you can't love a part, without loving it all.

Throughout the pages has been woven the romance of a people who braved the arrow of the red man and all the privations of pioneer life to build a home in the wilderness—a romance of no mean order, but pulsating with the life and charm of the brawny West. It is the romance of history that makes patriots. It was the romance and mythology of the Greek nation that inspired the patriotism of the Greeks, just as it was the romance of the Roman history that made such patriots of that nation. And it will be the romance of American history that will instil undying patriotism into the hearts of the American people—of this great melting pot of nationalities. Romance is something that inspires the very soul of a nation, and once imbedded lives forever!

The historical facts and romantic incidents of the following pages are all of unimpeachable veracity, same being derived from such authentic sources as: The Journals of the Lewis

and Clark expedition; Publications of the North Dakota Historical Society; Minnesota in Civil and Indian Wars; Reports of the Secretary of War; North Dakota Blue Books; Jewell's History; Armstrong's Empire Builders; Dr. Brady's Indian Fights and Fighters; Col. Lounsberry's and W. B. Hennesy's histories; Prof. Edgar G. Meinzer's Brief History of N. Dak.; and various other histories and encyclopedias, and publications; besides files of the Bismarck Tribune, Dickinson Press, and occasional numbers of various other newspapers; various geological, government, and typographical reports; as well as personal interviews with some of North Dakota's most reliable citizens, not to mention a state-wide correspondence campaign for material relating to various incidents of pioneer life. The author wishes particularly to thank those mentioned below, who so generously responded to my requests for information and for photographs; as well as for private interviews granted:

Theodore Roosevelt; U. S. Treasurer John Burke; Secretary Andrew Haas, of Jamestown, N. Dak. Chamber of Commerce; Mr. Rollo K. Foley, Sentinel Butte, N. Dak.; Madame La Marquise de Mores, Cannes Alpes, France; Hon. Lewis F. Crawford, Sentinel Butte, N. Dak.; Judge George Van Arnam, Wahpeton, N. Dak.; Mr. Howard Eaton, Wolf, Wyoming; Mrs. Margaret Roberts, Dickinson, N. Dak.; Judge Walter Sterland, Dickinson, N. Dak.; Mr. W. S. Kelly, Jefferson, Okla.; Miss M. O. Movius, Lidgerwood, N. Dak.; Hon. L. B. Hanna, Fargo, N. Dak.; Mrs. John Miller, Duluth, Minn.; Hon. Roger Allin, Park River, N. Dak.; Mr. W. L. Richards, Dickinson, N. Dak.; Mr. Frank Philips, Lidgerwood, N. Dak.; Mrs. Frank White, Valley City, N. Dak.; Hon. Frederick Faucher, Sacramento, Calif.; Hon. E. Y. Sarles, Hillsboro, N. Dak.; Mrs. Marshall Jewell, Bismarck, N. Dak.; Hon. Joseph Devine, Mandan, N. Dak.; Governor Lynn Frazier of North Dakota; Mr. J. H. Movius, Lidgerwood, N. Dak.; Mr. W. A. Orgain, Wibaux, Mont.;

Hon. Horatio C. Plumley, Fargo, N. Dak.; Prof. E. G. Meinzer, Brookings, S. Dak.; South Dakota Historical Society, Pierre, S. Dak.; Mr. Sylvane Ferris, Dickinson, N. Dak.; Miss Josephine Gillespie, Wolf, Wyoming; Mr. Peter Polda, Lidgerwood, N. Dak.; Mr. Walter Green, Wahpeton, N. Dak.; Mr. Matt Kouba, Lidgerwood, N. Dak.; Mr. Anton Burda, Dickinson, N. Dak.; Rev. J. G. Morrison, Jamestown, N. Dak.; Mr. N. A. Mason, Bismarck, N. Dak.; Rev. E. F. Movius, Lidgerwood, N. Dak.; Mr. F. P. Homan, Wing, N. Dak.; Mr. Paul Lebo, Medora, N. Dak.; Dr. O. G. Libby, Grand Forks, N. Dak.; and last, but not least of all, I wish to thank David F. Barry, the noted Indian photographer, for the gift of his wonderful collection of copyrighted photographs that illustrate the following chapters. D. F. Barry was frontier photographer in the days when Gen. Custer, Gen. Miles, Gen. Crook, and other famous soldiers were making history in the Indian country in our West. Mr. Barry was very popular with the Indians and was adopted into the Sioux tribe. He was a fast friend of Chief Gall and other chiefs and spent much time with the Indians at Standing Rock and other Agencies. He has the best collection of Indian photos and Indian curios in the country.

At the time of the capture of Chief Gall, Barry was located at Bismarck, and started for Fort Buford to secure photographs of this famous warrior. Upon his arrival he reported to Major Brotherton, and having asked and received permission to take photographs of the Indians, he set up a portable gallery, went to the hostile camp and through the interpreter made arrangements to take photos of the Chiefs at their price of $6 per sitting. But before the sittings took place, the interpreter failing to get anything for himself, maliciously informed the Indians that the "paleface" would make lots of money by selling their photographs,

D. F. Barry, the Noted Indian Photographer

whereupon they at once raised their price to $21 per sitting, and Barry consented to pay them the amount. But to his dismay all the chiefs had come except Chief Gall when finally through persuasion Gall came to the gallery in company of Captain Clifford and Scout Flurey. Gall came just as he was dressed at camp, and made no preparations of any kind. He wanted his photograph taken standing, and would have it no other way, in fact he failed to consider his photographer at all in the matter. Barry made an effort to get his chin down, but he stood as firm as a rock, and would not budge, and rewarded Barry with a hard look for his efforts.

For some reason, Gall was later dissatisfied with himself for having allowed Barry to take his picture. He called to see the picture, but Barry had nothing to show him but the plate and he could not see much from that. He declared, however, that it was "bad." Taking the plate out of his hand, Barry placed it in his little dark room. Gall then said he wanted the picture to throw away. As Barry did not go for it immediately, Gall started to get it himself. Barry acting quickly, gave Gall a push

from the door. As quick as a flash Gall became furious and drew out a knife. With a quick step Barry stepped back into the dark room, reached for his revolver on the shelf, and covered Gall with it, who was almost upon him with uplifted knife.

Just one instant's terrible pause—with flashing eyes Gall studied his adversary's face, to see if he had the nerve to do what he threatened, and being convinced of the other's intent purpose, he slowly backed out of the place. In less than an hour Barry was summoned into the presence of the commanding officer, where Gall had reported that Barry wanted to shoot him. As Barry had been warned on his admittance to the Fort to avoid any trouble with the Indians, it was only owing to his diplomacy in denying the incident that he was not deprived of his privilege of remaining at the Fort, and escaped all consequences.

Barry's Portable Gallery at Fort Buford, showing Chief Shields leaning against the building and Barry in the doorway

In 1883 Barry saw Gall for the first time since the exciting episode at Fort Buford. It was at Standing Rock. The other chiefs greeted Barry warmly, but Gall stood aloof and eyed him

with a dignified and deep resentment. Later Gall and Barry became good friends, but neither ever referred to the Fort Buford affair.

The picture of "Gall, the Hostile," used to illustrate chapter: "Noted Indians," is considered by Barry as the choicest, all things considered, of his valuable collection of western Indians. It is the one he risked his life to retain the plate before he had time to print a picture from it. Had the "Little Shadow Catcher," as the Sioux Indians called him, not been made of mettle that carries men through danger by prompt and courageous action, this picture would not now be in existence, and Barry would have died at the hands of his famous Indian subject. The picture is of much interest and value to the blood-stained history of the West.

Chief Gall's face as shown in the bust picture used to illustrate chapter: "The Battle Of Little Big Horn," is admitted to be the strongest face ever found among the Indians of North America. Perhaps the highest tribute ever paid to Chief Gall, came from Mrs. Custer, the widow of General Custer. Coming from her, with the knowledge that Chief Gall was the master spirit of the Indian bands that killed her husband and every man of his command, it has peculiar force. In a letter to Mr. Barry she said:

> "Mr. Barry:
>
> Painful as it is for me to look upon a pictured face of an Indian, I never dreamed in all my life there could be so fine a specimen of a warrior, in all the tribes, as Chief Gall."
>
> —Mrs. Elizabeth B. Custer.

Other tributes are as follows:

> "The photograph of Chief Gall, with his head and body unadorned by savage finery of any kind, with the Buffalo robes thrown back, baring his magnificent torso, is one of the most striking of all Indian pictures, and it is a speaking likeness too,

looking just as if he had stepped forth to address his people."

—Gen. Chas. King.

"The monarch Chief, with the Daniel Webster face, of all the North American Indians."

—D. F. Barry.

"The greatest and strongest Indian face that I have ever seen."

—Trentanova,
The Sculptor, of Florence, Italy.

This book is of special value to North Dakotans, in that it contains, in his own handwriting, the message of greeting of Theodore Roosevelt, sent together with his photograph, a few months prior to his death, to be used with Chapter: "Roosevelt in North Dakota." Theodore Roosevelt believed in, and loved our North Dakota, and his message seems like a benediction from him from across the "Great Divide." It seems to be symbolic of a greater North Dakota, carrying with it a prophecy of "good luck" to the people within its borders.

And like a magic wand wafted on the breeze, so the name of Roosevelt vibrating on the hearts of North Dakota people will ever awaken memories of by-gone days, days when the prairies of Dakota resounded with the stamping of thousands upon thousands of herds of bison, when the plains re-echoed with the merry pranks of the cowboys, days when men staunch of heart and of dauntless courage braved the perils and hardships of pioneer life in their eagerness to build a home for their loved ones, days of constant fear of the war whoop of the wily red man, days when the howl of the coyote joined that of the wolf in a nightly serenade, days vibrating with neighborly love and good fellowship, days of a West when romance reigned supreme, days fragrant with memories of Roosevelt.

In bringing to a close this foreword to the wonderful, roman-

tic history of our West, there comes before one's vision the panorama of the brave men and women whose deeds of valor and bravery shall pass on through the aeons of history, and there comes the thought, that a life well lived, with a definite purpose in view, is good to live, for it leaves a wonderful heritage in its wake. Life, after all, is but a dream—a dream full of hope and expectancy, wonderfull in the belief of its fullfilment, but the cross roads of which all lead to the inevitable

"GREAT ADVENTURE"

Only a dream of a span of years,
Of laughter and love and song;
Merely a stroll thru flowery lanes
Of gurgling waters and running brooks.
Sometimes a sojourn on stormy seas,
With many a toss on the turbulent waves,
When the soul in anguish for surcease cries,
Before each traveler in turn embarks
For where the Great Adventure lies.

Yet look again—for clouds divide,
A gleam of light on water shines.
Behold! afar where sky and waters meet
A white-robed figure walketh on the sea
As once he trod the waves of Galilee.
A wondrous radiance in his wake,
As the weary traveler meets his pilot face to face,
A promise there of Paradise, of dreams come true,
That's where the Great Adventure lies.

—Zena Irma Trinka.

THE WILD ROSE

STATE FLOWER OF NORTH DAKOTA

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

CHAPTER I.

THE LAND OF THE WILD ROSE

Yes, I love it, dearly love it, with a heart
that's true as steel;
For there's something in Dakota makes you live
and breathe and feel;
Makes you bigger, broader, better, makes you know
the worth of toil;
Makes you free as are her prairies and as
noble as her soil.

Makes you kingly as a man is; makes you
manly as a king;
And there's something in the grandeur of her
season's sweep and swing
That casts off the fretting fetters of the East
and makes you blest
With the vigor of the prairies—with the
freedom of the West!

—J. F.

The wealth of historical incident and romance that belongs to North Dakota is not often appreciated as it should be. If the modest little wild rosé, our state flower, shedding her fragrance

on the June air, could speak, what tales she might tell us of times long past. Tales of a prehistoric race whose people lived, loved, and very likely battled here ages and ages ago, but are now long since gone, and forgotten, save when the sight of the mounds left by them causes the inhabitants of today to pause a while and wonder what manner of men were they who cast up these mounds of earth.

Wooing his Dusky Lady Love

She might tell us of later times: When the gallant warrior wooed his dusky lady love, as she sat at the door of her tepee in the soft air of a summer evening; of days when the prairie resounded with the stamping of thousands upon thousand of herds of bison; days when only the red man inhabited the forests, and paddled over the surface of placid lakes and rippling rivers; days when the streams, the woods, and the prairies abounded with game.

Then she would relate the story of the white man's coming, of the forts he built, of the long lines of steel over which thun-

dered fiery monsters. She would tell how the heart of the red man was angered because of the encroachment of his white brother, how they fought on the plains till the cheek of the rose was dyed a deeper crimson than its natural hue, and how at last the white intruder conquered the native and taught him the arts of civilization.

The King of Dakota Prairies

She would tell the story of how a band of Sioux warriors rode upon a high hill, far above the level plains, of a chief who dismounted and strode to the front of his band, trailing his war-bonnet behind him, his bronze body covered with unhealed scars, his face lined with age, stern and inscrutable, his eyes showing like arrowy lightning, as his gaze followed the direction of the long lean arms of his warriors, pointing to the fiery monster that

thundered over the railroad track, leaving a cloud of smoke behind it.

Foreseeing the Destiny of the Indian

She would tell of the deathlike stillness of the sombre group, no word being spoken, no sign made, no face changed. She would tell us of how in the red and dusky light of the setting sun, the old chief swept aloft his arm, and then in acceptance of inevitable bitterness, he stood in magnificent austerity, sombre as death, seeing in the railroad train creeping, fading into the ruddy sunset a symbol of the destiny of the Indian—vanishing—vanishing —vanishing.

Behind the squaw's light birch canoe,
The steamer rocks and raves.
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves.

I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of cities yet to be—
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

Then our wild rose would tell us of the herds of cattle, which roamed the plains in the bisons' stead, of gay reckless herdsmen who galloped hither and yon. She would speak of the settler who came with his law, of the feuds which followed, because of the cowboy's anger against his kin who spoiled the range. Of the settler's victory she would tell—for our rose is still with us, thriving under cultivation even as she throve of old on the grassy prairie—and of the cities, railroads, the telegraphs, all the things which go to make up our modern state.

The state flower is not an empty token. There is a meaning in every petal; there is a thought in its heart of gold. A modest flower the prairie rose, blooming in forgotten nooks, in neglected hollows, tinting the landscape and filling the air with its delicate fragrance.

Open your petaled lips, my rose,
And sing with your perfumed tongue,
For every day is made anew,
And all the world is young.

CHAPTER II.

FRENCH MISSIONARIES IN NORTH DAKOTA

The first European visitors to the territory of the present state of North Dakota were the French missionaries of the Roman Catholic church. Father Le Caron, a priest of the order of St. Francis, was probably the first to come. Visits to the Indians in the Red River Valley were made by priests in 1630.

Previous to that time, the headquarters of the Catholic missionaries for the French possessions in northwest America had been established at Quebec, from which place there were sent out missionaries to the various tribes in New France, as the Canadian provinces were then called. The boundary line between New France and the United States being then not well defined these missionary tours often extended into the region now known as North Dakota. These pioneers of the cross were priests of the Franciscan order. In 1632 the order of St. Francis was succeeded by the order of Loyola, and henceforth the Jesuits or members of the Society of Jesus, were the leaders of evangelization in the new country.

In 1641, Father Yagues and Father Raymbault, Jesuit priests, came to the headquarters of the Ojibway (Chippewa) Indians, and traversed the country, preaching to the Indians.

Father Raymbault died in 1642 as the result of hardships and exposure he endured in his wandering life.

In 1660, the Jesuits at Quebec sent out new missionaries, among them Father Rene Menard, who unfortunately perished. Father Claude Allouez was his successor in 1665. He in turn was relieved by Father Marquette in 1669, who with Father Doublan established the mission of St. Mary's in what is now the state of Michigan.

In 1671 there was held at St. Mary's Mission a grand convocation of the Indian tribes of the region, at which were representatives of the Indians of the Red River Valley. A treaty of peace was made and accepted by all the tribes present—Hurons, Ojibways, Crees, Miamis, and Kickapoos, from the region of the Mississippi River and Lake Superior—and the Sioux from the Red River of the North. All acknowledged the supremacy of the French government and adopted the Catholic church as their mother.

It was the French missionaries who planted Catholic civilization and missions in an almost unknown territory, and their exploration led to broader Christian work in the great Northwest, a hundred years before the exploration of Lewis and Clark led to the establishment of trading posts and to the final extension of railroads.

Among the devoted missionaries who extended their labors from the headquarters of St. Boniface into Pembina region was Father Belcourt who came in 1846, and in 1848 built a chapel and convent, devoting his time between the French Canadians who were the chief inhabitants of the country, and the Ojibway Indians, the latter being peacefully inclined towards the whites. A post-office was established at St. Joseph, as Walhalla was then called, with Father Belcourt as postmaster. In the year of 1852 there occurred a terrible flood along the Red River, from which the missions suffered greatly.

In 1852, the evangelization among the Ojibway Indians in the Turtle Mountain region was being carried on by zealous missionaries, and a large cross was planted by Father Belcourt on the St. Paul Butte, one of the highest peaks of the mountains, to serve as a rallying place for the Indians of that region. At that time he wrote a dictionary and grammar of the Ojibway language, which was published after his death, by Father Lacombe. In 1854, Father Belcourt visited Washington, D. C., to bring before the government the complaints and requests of the half-breeds and the Indians under his charge, which at the request of the Indian Commission at Washington was placed in writing. The complaint was that although two years ago they had sent a petition to the President of the United States, signed by over 100 chiefs and great men of war, it had remained unanswered, and they were inclined to believe that their request had not reached the President's cabinet.

They asked that the government purchase from them the land on each side of the Red River of Minnesota, as it was poor in furs, and that their relatives, the half-breeds, could be firmly settled among them at Pembina, and have a feudal right on each side of their lots, and that this treaty be made as soon as possible. The next complaint was lodged against the Hudson's Bay Company and the British subjects, who they claimed came two or three times each year over the line, staying four and five weeks at each time, hunting on the Indians' hunting ground, to the detriment of the Indians, especially in the fall. That when the Indians had made a choice of winter quarters, from the appearance of the buffaloes being abundant, then the British subjects would come, hunt, load their carts, and set to flight all the buffaloes, leaving behind them the Indians in starvation and despair.

On his own part, Father Belcourt lodged a complaint against the Hudson's Bay Company for their disregard of laws prohibiting the sale of liquor on Indian lands, and their almost inhuman

traffic in same, which led to impoverishing and demoralizing the Indians. Matters, however, were not much improved in spite of the complaints lodged. In 1859 Father Belcourt left Pembina to take charge of other missions. He died in 1874.

Father Goiffon succeeded Father Belcourt in 1859, as pastor of Pembina and St. Joseph. In November, 1861, Father Goiffon, while journeying near the site of the present town of Neche, was overtaken by a snowstorm, and lay exposed on the prairie for five days, subsisting upon the raw flesh of his horse, which had succumbed to the fury of the storm. His escape was miraculous, as he survived with the loss of both feet; after which he returned to St. Paul.

Father Andre succeeded him, and sought diligently to effect a peace between the Sioux and the Chippewas. In 1862, Father Andre at the head of 3,000 Chippewa half-breeds carried valuable information to General Sibley at Fort Atkinson, respecting the movements of the hostile Sioux. The same year Father Andre was employed by the United States Government to visit the chiefs of the hostile Sioux to reconcile them to the government, but his mission although faithfully executed was without results.

Father Andre was succeeded by Father Jean Baptiste Marie Genin. An account of this missionary who was so closely connected with the annals of early North Dakota history, will be found under chapter: "FATHER GENIN."

CHAPTER III.

COUREURS DES BOIS

For many years before any permanent settlers came to what is now North Dakota, the country along the Red River of the North, westward towards Devils Lake and Turtle Mountains, and down to the Missouri, was well known to the fur trader, and the country was scoured by voyageurs and employees of various fur companies. Those French adventurers who settled on the St. Lawrence, soon found out that in the rich peltries of the interior they had sources of wealth that might almost rival the mines of Mexico and Peru.

The Indians, as yet unacquainted with the artificial value given to some description of furs in civilized life, brought quantities of the most precious kinds, and bartered them away for European trinkets and cheap commodities. Immense profit was thus made by the early trader, and the traffic pursued with avidity.

As the more valuable furs became scarce in the neighborhood of the settlements, the Indians of the vicinity were stimulated to take a wider range in their hunting expeditions. They were often accompanied on these expeditions by some of the traders, or their employers, who shared in the toil and perils of the chase, and at the same time made themselves acquainted with the

best hunting grounds and with the more remote tribes, with whom they came in contact.

Through this trade there sprung up a new and anomalous class of men, called "Coureurs des Bois," a French word for rangers of the woods. These men would set out from Montreal with canoes well stocked with goods and with arms and ammunition, and make their way up the many and wandering rivers, creating new wants and habitudes among the Indians, which they could supply. Sometimes they sojourned for months among the Indians, assimilating their tastes and habits with the happy facility of Frenchmen. They adopted to a certain degree the Indian dress, and often took to themselves Indian wives.

Fur Traders

Many of these became so accustomed to the Indian mode of living and the perfect freedom of the wilderness, since their trips often lasted a year, that they lost all relish for civilization. Their conduct and example by corrupting the Indians, impeded the work of the good Catholic missionaries. To check those abuses, and protect the fur trade from various irregularities practiced by these loose adventurers, an order was passed by the French government prohibiting all persons from trading in the interior of the country, under pain of death, unless they procured a license from the Governor-General.

At first these licenses were granted only to persons of respectability, to gentlemen of broken fortunes, to old officers of the army, who had families to provide for, or to their widows. By degrees private licenses were also granted and a number which could be issued in a year limited to twenty-five. Later these were largely increased. Those who did not choose to fit out an expedition themselves, were permitted to sell their licenses to the merchants. The latter employed the Coureurs des Bois to undertake the long voyage on shares, and thus the abuses of the old system revived.

At length it was found necessary to establish fortified posts at the confluence of various rivers and on the lakes, for the protection of the trade and for the restraint of these profligates of the wilderness. The post at Mackinaw became a great center and market for the fur trade.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY EXPLORATION

It is shown by French and Canadian history, that in 1734, Pierre Gaultier Sieur de la Verendrye was the first explorer of the Red River Valley. In 1728 while Verendrye was commander at the post on the shores of Lake Nipigon, in the northern part of Lake Superior, he met at Mackinaw Father de Gonar, a Jesuit priest. Both were interested in the belief existing at that time that there was a connection by water between the Lakes and the Pacific Ocean.

An Indian by the name of Ochagach drew a rough map of the country west of Lake Superior, for Verendrye. This map which is still preserved among the archives of France showed several rivers, and especially one mythical one called: "The River of the West," which was supposed to be the connecting link between the Lakes and the Pacific Ocean.

Father de Gonar after conversing with Verendrye upon the subject of the river—which in reality did not exist—promised his influence with the Governor-General of New France (as Canada was then called) for fitting out an expedition to discover and explore it. Charles de Beauharnois, the Governor-General, gave Verendrye a respectful hearing, and carefully examined the map of Oschagach and was duly impressed.

Shortly after, orders were issued for the fitting out of an expedition. It left Montreal in the early summer of 1731 under the command of two son of Verendrye, and his nephew de la Jemeraye. Verendrye himself, detained by business, did not join the party until in 1733, at which time he visited the valley and established his two sons and nephew in business as fur traders to buy skins of the Indians. This first expedition of 1731, got as far as the Lake of Woods and further advance was stopped for want of provisions and supplies.

In 1736 another expedition was planned by Verendrye, and another of his sons joined the expedition. This was the fourth son. On their way to the Red River Valley, while a number of the party were hunting on an island in the "Lake of the Woods," they were attacked by the Sioux and killed, the island being since named "Massacre Island." Among the killed was Father Ouneau and one of the sons of Verendrye. The bodies were found a few days after the event and buried.

All of the dead had been scalped, and Father Ouneau was found kneeling on one knee, an arrow in his head, his breast bare, his left hand touching the ground, and his right uplifted to the heavens, as if calling for protection upon his maker. Verendrye was at the foot of the lake when he heard of the murder of his son, learning at the same time of the death of his favorite nephew Dufrost de la Jeremaye, who had been a bold and enterprising man, and a great support to his uncle in forming the expeditions.

In 1738, the survivors of the massacre built a post and mission house on the Assiniboine River, which they named Fort la Reine. This fort became the headquarters for all trade carried on with the Indians. In 1741 this party in their explorations ascending the Assiniboine River, as far as the mouth of the Mouse River, and following the Mouse River, crossed the international boundary into what is now the United States, and explored the Turtle Mountains, and afterward journeyed as far west as the

land of the Mandans on the Missouri River. It was the first time that the foot of white men were planted in that part of North Dakota.

In the same year, Verendrye himself left the Lake of the Woods. Following the trail of the first party, he reached the Missouri, pushed on to the Yellowstone River and reached the Rocky Mountains and made arrangements for future trade with the Indians in that region, afterward returning by the same route to their station at the Lake of the Woods.

After some years of varied fortune, Verendrye died on Dec. 6, 1749, just as he was about to start on a new expedition. He was singularly unfortunate, and notwithstanding his labors, and the toils and labors of his children, he died much poorer than when he embarked on the laborious business of adding empire to the possessions of his king. He bore the main part of the expedition himself, it being expected that he could recoup himself from trade with the Indians.

EXPEDITIONS OF DAVID THOMPSON

The next to visit the present state of North Dakota was David Thompson, the surveyor, geographer, and astronomer of the Northwest Company. He was an Englishman by birth, and had been in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, but upon the expiration of his term he entered the employ of the Northwest Company. In 1797 he was commissioned to proceed to the Missouri River with a party and make geographical and astronomical observations.

On Dec. 20th of that year, he reached the Mandan villages on the Missouri River. Here Thompson and his party remained a short time making observations and writing up his journal, surrounded by this particularly semi-civilized tribe, who were advanced enough in the mechanic arts to make pottery.

In 1798 with three Canadians and an Indian guide to ac-

company him Thompson made another expedition. They had with them three sleds drawn by dogs. The snow was very deep and they had to rest every two or three hours. On the 7th of March they reached the Red River of the North, and there the sleds fell into the river and they were compelled to stop. The next day it stormed heavily and they found it difficult to make any headway. The Indian guide became exhausted, and Thompson had to take the lead. That night, a bitter cold one, was spent in the open air without any shelter. After many hardships they reached the post of the Northwest Company on March 14th, and remained six days to recuperate after the exhausting journey. This expedition terminated Thompson's connection with the annals of North Dakota history.

ALEXANDER HENRY, JR.

Alexander Henry, Jr., besides being a partner in the Northwest Company was also a fur trader in its employ. He was known during his period of trading as one of the famous "Northmen." He traded among the Indian tribes for fifteen years, from 1799-1814. He was called Alexander Henry, Junior, to distinguish him from his uncle, Alexander Henry, Senior, another of the famous "Northmen," and American fur traders.

In the year of 1800, Alexander Henry, Jr., was the leader of an expedition which set out from Lake Superior bound for the Turtle River, to establish his headquarters on that stream, for use while in charge of the Red River district to which he had been recently assigned by the Northwest Company. His part bore the name of "Henry's Red River Brigade."

He established the Pembina River Post in 1801, which was occupied by him intermittently in the next seven years. During the year of 1800-01, Alexander Henry had almost undisputed control of the lower Red River trade. But in the fall of 1801, both the Hudson's Bay Company and the X. Y. Company built

upon the Red, south and north and also west of him. Rivalry of course followed.

In his journal under date of January 17, 1801, Henry relates of a terrible snow storm he witnessed, and his surprise that the buffalo which he saw in from twenty to thirty herds, could resist the cold piercing north winds, which blew with such violence over the bleak plains, as to cause such a drift that it was impossible to face it for any length of time. In April of the same year he relates of the vast number of buffalo that perished in the river. The river clear of ice, the drowned buffalo drifting down in entire herds formed a continual line for two days and nights.

Under date of October 3, 1802, he writes about the first Red River cart train, as he viewed it from the top of his house. He speaks of the men in charge being up at break of day, but were not in readiness to move until 10 o'clock. Then began the order of the march, as he calls it. First came Anthony Paget, a guide and second in command, leading a cart drawn by two horses, loaded with his own private baggage, bags, and kettles. Madame Paget follows the cart with a child one year old on her back. Then very merrily comes C. Bottineau with two horses and a cart loaded with one and a half packs and his own baggage, while two young children hang on to his cart with kettles and other trash. Following the cart is Madame Bottineau with a squealing child on her back, which she is scolding and tossing about. Joseph Dubord goes on foot, with his long pipestem and calumet in hand. Madame Dubord follows her husband carrying his tobacco pouch.

Anthony Thellier with a cart and two horses loaded with one and a half packs of goods and Dubord's baggage follows. Then comes Anthony Lo Point, with another cart and two horses loaded with goods and baggage belonging to Brisbois, Jessenim, and Poulliote, and a kettle hanging suspended on each side, being followed by Jessemin and Boisbois, each with a gun in hand and

pipe in mouth, puffing volumes of smoke. Mr. Poulliote, the greatest smoker of the Northwest, carries nothing but his pipes and pouch. These fellows having taken a parting drink and lighting fresh pipes go on brisk and merry, playing numerous pranks. Livermore, with a young mare, the property of M. Langlois, loaded with weeds for smoking and an Indian bag, takes his place next in the procession.

Now comes the young horse of Livermore, drawing a travois with baggage, then comes Madame Cameron's young mare, kicking and rearing, hauling a travois which was loaded with a bag of flour, some cabbage, turnips, onions, a small keg of water, and a large bottle of broth. M. Langlois, who is master of the band, now comes, leading a horse that draws a travois nicely covered with a new painted canopy, under which is lying his daughter and Mrs. Cameron, extended full length, and very sick. This covering or canopy has a pretty effect. Madame Langlois now brings up the rear, following with a slow step and a melancholy air, attending to the wants of her daughter. The rear guard consists of a long train of dogs, twenty in number. The whole formed a string nearly a mile long, and appeared like a large band of Assiniboines.

Alexander Henry dealt with many Indians. In the region of the Red River he traded with the Ojibways and others of the Algonquin lineage. He warred with the Sioux, developed friendly relations with the Mandans and their associates, and also visited the Cheyennes in company with the Mandans. He founded the posts at Grandes Fourches (Grand Forks) on the Park and Pembina Rivers, and on the Red Lake River, a tributary of the Red River east of Grand Forks.

On August 1, 1805, while Henry was at Kamamistiquia, he was informed that the Sioux had attacked on July 3rd, a small camp of his Indians on the Tongue River, not very far from the fort, and had killed and taken prisoners fourteen persons, men,

women, and children. His father-in-law and mother-in-law were among the slain. The attack is described as a horrible slaughter; the dead bodies being dismembered and scattered in brutal fashion.

Henry's father-in-law was the first man to fall. About 8 o'clock that morning he climbed a tree to see if the buffaloes were at hand—the little band of Indians having camped there to make dried provisions. He had no sooner reached the top than the Sioux had discovered him and fired at the same time, both bullets passing through his body. He had only time to call out to his family, who were one hundred paces from him: "Save yourselves! The Sioux are killing us!" and fell dead to the ground, his body breaking several branches as he dropped.

All was grief and lamentation on Henry's return. The Saulteurs were assembled and preparing for war, waiting for the Assiniboines to join them, when they would form a body of three hundred, mostly mounted. Henry gave them a nine-gallon keg of gunpowder and 100 pounds of balls to encourage them to revenge his father-in-law and his family. At this they said among themselves that he had almost as much sense as an Indian, and if he had added a few kegs of rum, would have been considered fully as wise as they. This manner of comparing a white man to an Indian is the highest compliment they can pay.

In his journal, Henry adds: "Let no white man be so vain as to believe that an Indian esteems him, or supposes him to be his equal. No, they despise us in their hearts, and all their outward profession of respect and friendship proceeds merely from a necessity under which they labor of having intercourse with us to procure their necessities."

In 1806, Alexander Henry and his brother William, with two other men and a horse, left Pembina for the Missouri River. At Lake Platz they found a Mr. Darwin located. Shortly after this the party reached the Mandan villages. Henry has written some

very graphic accounts of the habits of these Indians in his journals. From there they went further west and visited the Gros Ventres tribes, after which they returned to Pembina.

In 1808-11 Alexander Henry was in charge of posts on the North Saskatchewan in British America, exploring the country thoroughly and reaching the Rocky Mountains on one of his Western trips. In 1813 he visited the Columbia valley, in what is now the present state of Oregon and Washington. He was drowned in the Columbia River, on May 22, 1814.

LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION

On the acquisition of the Louisiana Purchase in 1803, President Jefferson proposed to Congress that an expedition be sent to trace the source of the Missouri River, and to discover the best water communication to the Pacific Ocean. Congress made an appropriation, and Captain Meriwether Lewis, who was a personal friend of President Jefferson, and up to now had served as private secretary during the latter's administration, was offered the position of leader and a consent to choose a companion to accompany him. His choice fell on Captain William Clark, his boyhood friend and comrade in Wayne's Indian campaigns.

They started from St. Louis on May 14, 1804, passed up the Missouri River, reached the Platte River on July 26th, and arrived at the camp of the Mandans, about 1,600 miles from St. Louis, in October. On Saturday morning October 27, 1804, Captain Clark left the boat and set forth to inspect the site of the Mandans. It consisted of several villages, some sparsely inhabited, others having as many as 40 and 50 lodges, these houses being round and very large, containing several families, and also their horses which were tied on one side of the entrances. Entering into the first village, Captain Clark after smoking a pipe with the chiefs of the village was invited to eat with them. Feel-

ing indisposed he declined, which seemed to arouse their displeasure, but finally a full explanation pacified them.

The advent of the arrival of Lewis and Clark's party awoke much curiosity among the Indians, and great numbers flocked down to the river to view them. After the Indians had returned to their villages, Captain Clark sent three young men to the three villages, each carrying 3 carrots of tobacco, and inviting the Indians to meet in a council with his party the next day.

The next day, however, the wind blew so violently that the council was not held, as the Mandans who lived in the lower village could not cross the river. The Indians living near by, who had come to the council, were entertained by Lewis and Clark's party by being taken on board the boat, which was viewed by them with wonder. Also presents were distributed to them. Among those who came that day was also a Frenchman by the name of Jessomine, who had originally been a fur trader, and had spent many years among the Indians, and whom Lewis and Clark then and there engaged as an interpreter.

Then Lewis and Clark in company with the Grand Chief of the Mandans, Black Cat, and an interpreter, walked about one and one half miles up the river to examine a site and timber for erecting a fort. Capt. Clark describes the site as good but the timber very scarce. That same day the party received presents from the squaws, such as soft corn, boiled hominy, etc., whereupon Captain Clark gave a glazed earthen jar to the Chief's wife, who received it with much pleasure. After further consultation with the Chief, it was decided to hold a council the next day, and the Chiefs of the Gros Ventres were sent to smoke a pipe of peace with the Grand Chief of the Mandans in his village and announce the council for the morrow.

The day of the council, which took place October 29, 1804, dawned bright and fair. Soon after breakfast the Chiefs began to arrive. The first guest was the old Chief of the Gros Ventres

who was then in war against the Snake Indians, who inhabited the Rocky Mountains immediately westward. At 10 o'clock the southwest wind rose very high, so the sails were stretched to keep out as much wind as possible and the Chiefs were placed under an awning and the council commenced. Captains Lewis and Clark each delivered a long speech the substance of which was the necessity of maintaining peace between the warring nations. The old Chief of the Gros Ventres became very restless before the speech was half ended, observing that he could not wait so long, that his camp was exposed to hostile Indians. But he was rebuked by one of the Chiefs, for expressing his uneasiness at such a time as the present.

When the council came to an end, the Indians were presented with gifts with much ceremony. The Chiefs were decorated with medals, and coats, hats and flags were given to them. To the Grand Chief of each tribe was given a medal with the President's likeness on it. At the end of the ceremonies, an air gun was shot off, which caused much astonishment among the natives. Then the Indians were asked to give their answer the next day or as soon as possible, on some points which required their deliberation.

That same evening Chief Recare came to Captain Clark and told him he wished to return to his village and tribe, but was prevailed upon to wait until the morrow when the answer to the talk was expected, and he would then be presented with a string of wampum informing what had been passed at the council.

The next morning the Chief of the Mandans sent a Chief to invite the party to his lodge, to receive some corn and hear what he had to say. When they came he expressed the belief that peace would be general, and that it gave him and his people much satisfaction to know that now they could hunt without fear, and the women work in the fields without looking every moment for an

enemy. Captain Clark then gave an iron mill to the Mandans, to grind their corn, with which they were greatly pleased.

On November 4, 1804, our expedition party started to build huts. The work progressed very slowly as all the timber had to be carried, and was large and heavy. Fort Mandan, the wintering place of the expedition, was located on the left bank of the Missouri River, some seven or eight miles below the mouth of the Knife River. It was nearly opposite the site of the later Fort Clark. The latter post, which was one of the most important on the river, was on the right bank. On its site a fortified trading post was built in 1822. The structure named Fort Clark was erected in 1831 as a post of the American Fur Company.

On November 30, 1804, an Indian messenger came to Captain Clark, saying that five men of the Mandans had been sent out hunting and were surprised by a large party of Sioux, among whom were some Panies who had signed the treaty of peace; that they had killed one man, wounded two, and stolen nine horses. Captain Clark decided to show a disposition to aid and assist the Mandans against their enemies, and made a trip to the village. There with tact he prevailed upon the Grand Chief to let him deal with the Sioux, and pointed out that it was perhaps only a few of the Panies that were under the influence of the Sioux, and not to go to war against the Panies until they were convinced that these men were countenanced by the tribe. In his conciliatory manner, Captain Clark prevented much hostility among the Indians, who truly regarded him as their father protector and lavished many gifts of food upon him, he in turn giving them such presents as brought pleasure to them.

On Christmas day, the Indians were told not to visit Fort Mandan, as it was one of the white men's medicine days. Captain Clark speaks of being awakened on Christmas morning by a discharge of three platoons by the party and the French. The men were very merry. Three rations of brandy were served, and flour,

dried apples, pepper, and other articles were distributed in the different messes to enable them to celebrate Christmas in a proper and social manner. The evening was spent in dancing. No women were present save the three wives of Charboneau, the French interpreter, and they were only spectators.

New Year's day was ushered in by the discharge of two cannon. Seventeen men of the party with musical instruments were allowed to visit the first Indian village (there were five villages). At 11 o'clock, Captain Clark with two men and an interpreter walked to the village, in view of allaying some misunderstanding which had taken place through jealousy. He found the Indians much pleased with the dancing of the men, particularly with that of a Frenchman who danced on his head. He then ordered his black servant to dance, which amused the crowd very much and somewhat astonished them that so large a man could be so active. Captain Clark then went into the lodges of all the Indians of note except two, who had made unpleasant remarks about the party, comparing them with traders from the North. These two afterward told the Captain that what they said had been only in fun.

Among the interpreters of the Lewis and Clark expedition was Charboneau. One of his wives was Sakakawea, the Shoshone captive purchased by him. He had two other wives among the Mandans. Sakakawea was the only woman taken along when the expedition continued the following spring. She was of great help as an interpreter when the explorers came to the Shoshone Indians, the Chief of which tribe was her brother. While the party was at Fort Mandan, a son was born to Sakakawea, on February 11, 1805.

On April 7, 1805, the Lewis and Clark expedition completed the arrangements for their departure from Fort Mandan. The barge and its crew were dismissed with orders to return without loss of time to St. Louis. Corporal Warfington was one of the

party returning to St. Louis, and the only one whom Captain Lewis could entrust with despatches to the Government, and who upon his arrival at St. Louis was praised by his commander for his fidelity.

At the same time the barge left for St. Louis, Captains Lewis and Clark embarked with the rest of the party and proceeded up the Missouri River toward the mouth of the Yellowstone. As previously stated, the only woman on this expedition was Sakakawea, with her two-months-old baby strapped to her back. Their vessels consisted of six small canoes, and two large perogues. The party comprised in addition to Lewis and Clark, three sergeants, twenty-three soldiers, three interpreters, and Clark's negro slave.

Their trip to the Yellowstone was very fatiguing and trying, though at the same time very picturesque. Encampments were made from time to time on the beautiful plains, over which vast herds of buffalo roamed, and where the prairies and woods abounded with game. During such stops the men hunted antelope in the river, or chased the otter along the shore, shot geese, the game being so tame that they could walk among it and touch it without scaring it away.

From the mouth of the Yellowstone they proceeded up the Missouri to its triple-fork, where they came upon the Shoshone Indians, whose Chief was Sakakawea's brother. During this entire journey her services were invaluable to the expedition. By her presence they were saved from attacks of hostile Indians. She acted in the capacity of interpreter, counselor, and friend. She mended and made moccasins for the men, and when the guides no longer knew the country, she acted as guide for the expedition, her wonderful memory of places over which she had traveled when a child never failing her.

Owing to Sakakawea's influence, the Chief of the Shoshones gave assistance to the expedition by sending guides with the

party to show them the way through the Rockies. Without such aid they would not have succeeded. Finally on November 15, 1805, the Pacific Ocean, their goal, was reached. A fortified camp was pitched on the shores of Young's Bay, which was called Fort Clatsop by the explorers, and here with much hardship the winter was passed. In the spring, on March 26, 1806, the return journey was commenced, the expedition reaching St. Louis on September 23rd, of the same year, Sakakawea and her husband having parted from the expedition on reaching the land of the Mandans.

ASTOR OR HUNT EXPEDITION

In the year of 1810, John Jacob Astor, a wealthy merchant of New York, who had grown rich in the fur trade, formed what is known as the Pacific Fur Company. The headquarters of this company were established at the mouth of the Columbia River, in what is now the state of Washington. It was discovered that on the shores of the channel that connected with the Pacific Ocean, much heavy material and goods could be carried by sea. Accordingly an expedition was fitted out to go round the Horn. This expedition was more or less unfortunate. Another expedition was fitted out, this time across the continent, for the purpose of exploring the country and seeking sites for trading posts, as well as to make arrangements for trade with the Indians.

On June 12th, this expedition reached a village of the Arickaree Indians, which was within the bounds of what is now North Dakota. While they were regarding this village, they beheld a singular fleet coming down the Missouri River. It consisted of a number of canoes, each made of a single buffalo hide stretched on sticks, so as to form a kind of circular trough. Each one was navigated by a single squaw, who knelt at the bottom and paddled, towing after her frail bark a bundle of floating wood intended for firewood.

At the village the expedition remained a short time and traded with the Indians. They procured horses here of the Arickarees and departed at first northwest, but soon turned southeast to avoid the country of the Blackfeet. On July 23rd, they reached what they called the banks of the "Big River." Here they rested again but soon passed into what is now South Dakota, having established a fur trade with the Indians, and located sites for trading posts in what is now North Dakota.

MAJOR STEPHEN LONG'S EXPEDITION

The interesting information brought back by the expedition under Lewis and Clark, relating to the tributaries of the Missouri River, the adjacent lands, and of the Rocky Mountains, induced the Government of the United States to send out another expedition to explore the country along the Red River of the North, and to locate the international boundary line between the United States and Canada, which by the treaty of 1818 was fixed at 49 degrees north latitude.

Major Stephen Long, a topographical engineer, was in command of the expedition, which started in the summer of 1823. Attached to the force to assist him in his researches were: Thomas Say, zoologist and antiquarian; William H. Keating, mineralogist, geogolist, and historian; and Samuel Seymour, landscape painter and designer. The 22nd of July found them on Lake Traverse, a body of water at the head of the Red River of the North. Here for the first time the party fell in with a party of Dacotah or Sioux Indians, who visited them.

The traders of the Columbia Fur Company at Lake Traverse received the party with a salute and exhibited the most hospitable disposition. On August 2nd, after following the crooked course of the Red River, the expedition reached Pembina, which at that time consisted of some 60 log cabins, with a population

of about three hundred people, mostly half-breeds. At Pembina the party were kindly received by Mr. Nolen, then in charge. At this point Major Long's party remained several days, spending four of them in determining the international boundary. The distance to the boundary was measured off, and an old post fixed on it, bearing on the north side the letters G. B. for Great Britain, and on the south side U. S. for the United States.

On August 8th, the United States flag was hoisted on the staff and the national salute was fired, and due proclamation made that the territory in the Red River south of that was part of the United States of America. When it was discovered that Pembina was on American soil, many of the settlers of British sympathy moved farther north.

PROF. ROBERT OWENS

In 1849, Prof. Robert Owens, a distinguished geologist, visited the North Dakota country and studied its geology. He was one of the first to advance the theory that the basin of the Red River Valley had once been a great lake.

CHAPTER V.

THE FUR TRADE

For years the fur trading business had been in the hands of various rival companies, who were united in but one thing—to keep the business to themselves and to drive out all intruders. Among these was the famous Northwest Company, Hudson's Bay Company, American Fur Company, Missouri Fur Company, X. Y. Fur Company, and others. The Columbia Fur Company was organized in 1822, by parties formerly in the employ of older organizations. The Rocky Mountain Company was organized in 1826, and sent agents up the Missouri River. In 1882 the American Fur Company, of which John Jacob Astor, the founder of the present Astor family, was the originator, became the leading one in the Northwest, and through them the fur trading business took on a more permanent form. About 1840, independent traders began to establish themselves at various points throughout the Red River Valley and elsewhere.

THE NORTHWEST FUR COMPANY

The origin of the Northwest Fur Company dates back to the 18th century, when an organization of French-Canadian traders entered the fur trade as a rival of the Hudson's Bay Company, which had enjoyed a monopoly for 200 years. In 1805 the Northwest Company established trading posts on the Pacific coast, and

in 1813 absorbed the Pacific Fur Company, established by John Jacob Astor. In 1821 the Northwest consolidated with the Hudson's Bay Company.

The Northwest Company were the pioneers of the inland trade, and they blazed the trail which was followed by the Hudson's Bay Company. To them must be attributed the true spirit of enterprise and exploration. They were essentially a company of explorers; the real pathfinders of the West, and to them in no small measure belongs the credit of revealing to the world its boundless possibilities. To this company belonged the Henrys, the Frasers, the Thompsons, the McGillivrays, the Mackenzies, and a host of other undaunted explorers, who left their names on the lakes, rivers, and other features of the country, from the Great Lakes to the Pacific.

On the advent of the Northwest Company into what is now North Dakota, a line of Red River carts running to St. Paul was established, and navigation of the Red River above Fort Abercrombie was begun by the whites, by means of flat boats. C. J. Chaboillez built a trading post for the Northwest Fur Company, near the mouth of the Pembina River, on its south side, in 1797. This post was called Fort Paubna, and was abandoned in 1800. Chaboillez became agent for this company and together with Alexander Henry visited the Mandan and Gros Ventre Indian villages on the Missouri River, in 1806.

During the year of 1800-01, the Northwest Fur Company had undisputed control of the lower Red River trade. The establishments of other companies were distant enough to offer no appreciable competition. But in the fall of 1801, both the Hudson's Bay and the X. Y. Companies built upon the Red River, south and north of them, and also upon the Pembina. Then rivalry developed over the control of the Indian trade.

In his effort to hold the Indian trade, Henry was often in peril of his life. On one occasion he had a serious dispute with

Grosse Guele, an Indian. The latter wanted to give his furs to the X. Y. Company. Henry prevented him at the risk of his life, as Guele was advised by the X. Y. people to kill Henry. J. Desford of the X. Y. threatened to kill Henry's servant Pierre Bonza, a negro, in the former's absence, and got a sound beating for his trouble. On April 1, 1804, Henry went to the upper part of the Tongue River to meet a band of Indians returning from hunting beaver, and fought several battles with the women to get their furs from them. He states it was the most disagreeable affair he ever had, but that he got all they had, about a pack of good furs, although he was vexed at having to fight with women.

Peace between the Northwest and X. Y. seemed impossible. The X. Y. ladies were busy stealing the gleanings of Henry's potato patch. Their agents tried to hire Henry's men on the Red River. The country being almost destitute of beaver and other furs, and as the X. Y. people were very lavish with their property, selling very cheap, the Northwest to keep the trade in their own hand had to follow suit. This drew a daily increase of Indians from the Red Lake and the Fond du Lac country. By their obstinate proceedings they spoiled the Indians.

Every Indian who killed a few skins was considered a Chief, and treated accordingly. There was scarcely a common buck to be seen. All wore scarlet coats, had large kegs and flasks, and nothing was purchased by them but silver works and blankets. Every other article was either let go on credit and never paid for or else given gratis. This kind of commerce ruined and corrupted the natives to such a degree that there was no bearing with their insolence. If the Northwest Company checked their misbehavior, their neighbors the X. Y. were ready to approve of their rascally behavior and encourage them to mischief, even offering them protection if they were in need of it.

In 1804, the X. Y. Fur Company sold out its holdings to the Northwest Fur Company, thus enlarging the holdings of the lat-

ter. Before the coalition of the two fur companies, the conditions were really at their worst for Alexander Henry, who was agent for the Northwest Company. Competition was a disturbing as well as a dangerous factor between the two companies, and no less than seven were the attacks of the Sioux. Even the Company's servants of every grade were getting extravagant in their demands, indolent, and lavish with the property committed to their charge. Henry remarks that he was confident that another year could not have passed without bloodshed between them and the Saulteurs. This was prevented by the arrival of a packet by express from Montreal, containing circular letters informing them of the coalition between the Northwest and X. Y. on November 4, 1804. Further troubles of the Northwest Company are related in the "Selkirk Settlement."

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

The coming to the region of the Hudson's Bay Company as the harbinger of the hordes of white men who would follow, was the beginning of the doom to the Indians of the Northwest. The Hudson's Bay Company established trading posts on the international line between Canada and the United States. The Red River was taken possession of by this company in 1799, according to the statement of Alexander Henry, who states that in 1800 when he was in Pembina, there was close to the boundary line on the east side of the river the remains of a fort. It has been stated that to follow the career of North Dakota, one must go back to the founding of the Hudson's Bay Company, over two hundred years before, as the Selkirk Settlement is identical with the founding of the Hudson's Bay Company. The history of this company is uneventful until the year of 1812, when Lord Selkirk arrived with his colony of settlers on the Red River of the North, which was the chosen site for the new colony. This site was a

mile below the confluence of the Red and the Assiniboine rivers.

The Selkirk Settlement was located at Fort Douglas, which again was located on Point Douglas. On account of scarcity of provisions, the settlers were forced to move to Pembina, where the large herds of buffaloes promised a plentiful supply of provisions. At the point on the south bank of the Pembina where it empties into the Red River, and directly opposite the Northwest Company's fort, which was on the north bank of Pembina, they built a collection of rude huts, surrounded by a stockade, which they named Fort Daer. Some of the settlers pushed on to the neighborhood of the Turtle River, and wintered there.

In November, 1812, the Hudson's Bay Company erected a fort in the Red River region at Grand Forks. From the advent of the Hudson's Bay Company into the territory up to then occupied by the Northwest Fur Company began the struggle for the mastery of the fur trade in the interior between the two companies, and, following the winter of 1812-13, began the strenuous times in the history of both companies as well as the Selkirk Settlement.

THE AMERICAN FUR COMPANY

It was in 1809, that John Jacob Astor obtained a charter for a company under the name of the American Fur Company. It was then that he conceived his great project of making the American Fur trade independent of the Hudson's Bay Company. As his scheme was partly based upon the fact that such an enterprise would have a strong tendency to spread civilization of the East into the far western country, he asked the aid of Congress in carrying it into execution.

Astor's idea was to establish a connected chain of trading posts from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean, with a central depot at the mouth of the Columbia River; to acquire one of the

Sandwich Islands as a provision station; and to establish a line of vessels to sail from the west coast of North America to the important posts in India and China.

Astor saw his enterprise on the high road to success, established trading posts along the northern line of the Missouri River, when in 1813 he was treacherously sold out to the Northwest Company by his resident partner; the latter claiming that, as the United States was then at war with Great Britain, the British soldiers would have taken the establishment by force if he had not made other disposition of it.

After that, Astor confined his operations east of the Rocky Mountains, and became immensely successful, and in 1827 the house of John Jacob Astor & Son, was merged into and again known as the American Fur Company. In 1832 it had become the controlling company in the Northwest Territory. Up to that time this company had been chiefly engaged in fitting out small traders and assigning them to different points in our territory. Under the auspices of this company, old Forts—Cedar, Lookout, Pierre, Union, Clarke—and others were erected and made depots of trade. The agent for the American Fur Company at Fort Pierre was the noted French fur trader, Honore Picotte, who was in charge of most of the Missouri River trade. He had married the daughter of the famous Chief Two Lance, with whom he had three children—Charles Picotte, Mrs. William Harmon, and Mrs. L. Van Solen. Honore Picotte's Indian wife, who at his death married Major Galpin, was a sincere friend of the white people and through her influence saved the whites from many massacres and attacks by the Indians.

THE CHOUTEAU BROTHERS

In 1808, the Chouteau Brothers and a number of others who were in the employ of the Laclede, Maxon & Co., of St. Louis, Mo.,

withdrew from this company to form the Missouri Fur Company. This company prospered until 1813, when, because of the war with Great Britain, it was dissolved. During the next few years some of its members transacted business independently, but in 1827 the Rocky Mountain Fur Company of St. Louis was formed to send trappers to the Pacific Coast. At this time the perils of the work were so great that fully 40 out of every 100 persons employed in it perished. And yet the life of adventurers offered so many fascinations, that there was no lack of hardy men eager to take the place of the slain.

In 1843, Pierre Chouteau, Jr., who had been educated in the fur trade by his father, organized the house of Pierre Chouteau, Jr., & Company, a firm name that was practically a houseword from the Mississippi to the Pacific Coast. In 1859, the business was sold to Martin Bates and Francis Bates of St. Louis and New York.

JOE ROLETTE

In 1840, Joe Rolette, a half-breed, and a very interesting character, began to play an important part in the affairs of the settlement. His father Jean Baptiste Rolette, almost always called "Joe Rolette, the elder," was a French-Canadian of the province of Quebec, who had been educated for the priesthood. But the bold adventurous spirit within him, drew him into the ranks of the "Coureurs des Bois," who roamed the lakes, woods, and rivers of Canada and the United States. His native ability and the advantages of a superior education soon placed him in the foremost ranks, and soon he became a successful trader. He was Captain of the British service during the war with Great Britain, and helped to make Prairie du Chien. He married Miss Fisher, who became the mother of Joseph Rolette, Jr., but soon afterward divorced her. He died, after having been one of the most noted traders, in poverty.

Joseph, or Joe Rolette, the son, was probably the best known of all traders of the great Northwestern Territory in that day. Taken by the relatives of his mother to New York, he was reared and educated where he had the best advantages. As he grew to manhood the spirit of adventure born in him came out, and he determined to join that band of bold spirits upon the frontier. Enthusiastic, bold, witty, well educated, and shrewd beyond his years, he was well fitted for border life.

He came West, entered the employ of a fur company and became connected with the transportation industry between the Red River and St. Paul. By them he was sent to the Red River valley and made his appearance there in 1840. He rebuilt the fort at Pembina. At that time he was but 22 years of age. For a young man at that time of life to take charge of a reckless crew of voyageurs, build and defend a fort, employ and control half-breeds, upon whom the actual part of the labor fell, successfully deal with friendly Indians, and combat with those that were hostile, to cure and pack and ship large quantities of furs, keep account of all the transactions, and show a profit on each season's work, shows that he was a young man of no common mettle.

A scheme evolved in his brain to start a line of carts between Pembina and St. Paul was put into execution in 1842. In this enterprise a Mr. Fisher, his mother's brother, was a partner. In 1843 the well known Norman W. Kittson, a native of Canada, came to Pembina, and took charge of the post, from which time as the business developed largely, Joe Rolette served as his first lieutenant. Commodore Kittson saw that Rolette's idea of a regular cart line to St. Paul was an excellent one, and immediately inaugurated another.

This mode of travel grew to an immense size, some years reaching the unprecedented figures of six or seven thousand carts employed. These carts or wagons were often drawn by oxen. Other posts were established about this time at St. Joseph, now

Walhalla, at Devils Lake, and in the Turtle Mountains. In 1844 a mail station was established at the Pembina post by Norman Kittson, who was the first postmaster in North Dakota.

It is recorded that Kittson gave the post the name of Pembina, which it bears today. It is an abbreviation of the Ojibway word, "Anepeminansippi," meaning "the river of the red berry." This name was given to the Red River by the Indians, on account of the red berry that grew in such luxuriant abundance along both banks.

Troubles at all times kept Joe Rolette busy at the posts—trouble with all kinds of people, civilized and savage. In 1847 some river trader set up a post not two miles from Rolette's, and as they were ready to trade whiskey for furs, a practice not allowed by our government, they had the advantage of him. Others suffered in the same way. As the government failed to protect him, Rolette took matters into his own hands. He gathered a few of the most plucky men, marched them over the line, threw the goods of the rival firm upon the ground, burned down the buildings, and bade the owners to leave the country, which they did. Joseph Rolette married Angeline Jerome, a lady of half-Chippewa blood, was the father of eleven children, many of whom are now residents of the state. He died May 16, 1871, having lost much of his little fortune.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SELKIRK SETTLEMENT

Pembina was first inhabited by fur traders, many of whom were French half-breeds. These were followed by the Northwest Fur Company, whose agent, Alexander Henry, Jr., lived in this vicinity for several years. Almost at the same time the Hudson's Bay Company established its post there, in fact, it has been a dispute of rivalry between the two as to who was the first to establish a post. Each claims priority. But the real beginning of progress and civilization begins with the Selkirk Settlement in 1812. This contingent of settlers made their homes on the bank of the Red River. Their coming was due to a widespread spirit of unrest that prevailed in Great Britain. Thousands of the very best among the industrious working classes bade farewell to the soil that gave them birth, and turned westward to seek new homes.

The general cause of affairs was due to overpopulation and lack of opportunity in England to people without means. A few years previous to this, Sir Alexander McKenzie, a member of the Northwest Fur Company, had explored the great river that bears his name, won his way across the mountains to the Pacific, and was rewarded by Knighthood and given the merited distinction of being the first white man to make this journey on British soil. In 1802 he published in Britain an account of his travels, and by this work the attention of the British public was aroused.

Among those whose attention was attracted to this western country, was a young Scottish nobleman, Thomas Douglas, Earl of Selkirk. Some state that full of the fire and ambition of youth he cherished schemes for the betterment of the Empire and conditions of its people; others say, that his motive was speculation and pecuniary profit. However, the fact is that in 1803, he led out a colony of 800 souls from the British Isles, mostly from Scotland. He originally intended to bring the colony to the Lake Winnipeg region, but the British government at the last moment refused to sanction his plan, so he brought the colonists to the Red River Valley, in what is now Manitoba.

Having landed his colony safely, Lord Selkirk visited Montreal, where as a distinguished nobleman he was graciously received and entertained. Principal among his entertainers were the members of the great Canadian trading corporation, the Northwest Company. He being of a genial disposition, was received with open arms, and was given the fullest information regarding the method and practice of the fur trade; which later to their great dismay he used against them to injure their trade. Lord Selkirk did no further colonizing for a number of years, but devoted his time to working up the interests of the Hudson's Bay Company, which previous to his taking hold had been almost insolvent.

In 1811 Lord Selkirk prevailed upon his friends and relatives to further his colonizing plans, and caused a special Court to consider the proposition to be called in London. At this meeting, which composed a majority of his relatives and friends, a tract of land was given him, situated on the Red and the Assiniboine rivers, on the sole condition that he establish a colony on it, and furnish year by year from among the settlers such servants and laborers as the company might require in their trade.

The block of territory thus given to Lord Selkirk comprised about 110,000 square miles, and embraced the major portion of

what is now Manitoba, as well as a small slice of North Dakota. Having gained his desire by the aid of his friends and in opposition to a number of the influential members of the London branch of the Hudson's Bay Company, Lord Selkirk lost no time in carrying out his project. A glowing prospectus was issued, and agents were set to work in Scotland and Ireland to enlist men for the new colony. Some 60 or 70 were ready to embark.

Under the leadership of Captain Miles Macdonell, whom Lord Selkirk had selected to be the Governor of his new establishment, they assembled at Stornoway in the Orkney Islands, and after much trouble in mutiny and desertion, were put on board a rotten old craft belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, and sailed out of the harbor for Hudson Bay on July 26, 1811. After a voyage of much suffering and hardship, lasting two months, they cast anchor at last in the harbor of York Factory, Hudson Bay, on September 24, 1811.

On their arrival it was found that no preparation whatever had been made for their reception, and it was too late in the season for them to continue their journey to the Red River that year, so they were compelled to go several miles up the Nelson River from York Factory to a place known as Seal Creek, and erect temporary winter quarters for themselves out of logs. Here they passed the winter of 1811-12.

Discontentment and insubordination prevailed among the colonists, and in the spring a few of the most unruly ones were left at the Bay to be sent back by the next ship, while the rest continued their journey inland. After much suffering and hardship these colonists reached the Red River of the North, the chosen site of the colony, late in the summer. Here they found no preparation whatever had been made by Lord Selkirk for their maintenance, so they immediately busied themselves to erect a roof over their heads, and in other activities incidental to the making of a home in a new land.

Food was very scarce at Fort Douglas, and with the setting in of winter, the colonists saw that to winter there was out of the question. Southwest on the plains of Dakota were herds of buffalo, and here they decided to go. Pembina, where already the Northwest Company had a post, was selected as the site for their new encampment. Here in September, 1812, they started to build a collection of rude huts surrounded with a stockade, which they named Fort Daer, after one of the titles of their noble patron.

Thus the first winter of 1812-13 was spent on Dakota Territory. It was only a temporary encampment, and when spring opened up and food could be gotten nearer home, the colonists returned to Fort Douglas to engage in agricultural activities. But they found the task not an easy one, for Lord Selkirk had provided them with no agricultural implements for the tilling of the soil. Hoes were the most effective implements to be had. Neither were they furnished with seed to put into the ground. Had it not been for the Northwest official at this point, the colonists would have found themselves in a worse plight at the end of the season than they were on their arrival. The Northwest Company partner in charge of Fort Gibraltar, came to their rescue and furnished the Colony Governor with wheat, barley, garden seeds, potatoes, a few horned cattle, and some pigs and poultry. For this kindness the Northwest Company was ill repaid when Governor Macdonell had gotten over his first difficulties and was no longer dependent on the generosity of that company.

During the time the colonists were engaged in their pitiful agricultural operations, Lord Selkirk was in Scotland making preparations to take over another contingent of colonists. Among this contingent when in mid-ocean, fever broke out, and those who escaped the fever were worn out with nursing the sick and the dying. Notwithstanding this fact, upon landing, these poor souls were put ashore on barren rocks, without a shelter of any kind to protect them, and were left in this unenviable condition until

the approach of winter, when they were taken some fifteen miles up the river to a place known as Colony Creek, where there was timber. Here rude huts were constructed, without windows or floors, and in these they passed the dreary winter of 1813-14. To make their position more difficult, all their provisions had to be drawn on sleds from Fort Churchill, necessitating a toilsome trip of thirty miles once a week, during the entire period of winter.

In April, 1814, most of the able-bodied men, women, and children were bundled off on sleds across the snow for York Factory, where they were to take the boat for the interior by the way of the Nelson River, as soon as navigation should open. What they endured in privation and hardships can well be imagined. Scantily clad women, many of them carrying babes on their backs, struggled along through the bitter blasts of that snowy and trackless wilderness.

Arriving at the Red River these colonists were put in possession of land, and a few Indian ponies, as their promised start in an agricultural way. It is a noteworthy fact that these colonists were no better provided with agricultural implements than their predecessors. But Lord Selkirk did not forget to send a battery of field artillery with ammunition and many chests of muskets and bayonets. The absence of the former and the abundance of the latter seems to raise the idea that the noble Lord intended his immigrants to become soldiers, rather than agriculturists.

The feeling among the colonists was most bitter. They felt they were imposed upon and cheated. This country with its harships was not what in glowing colors Lord Selkirk had painted to them, with flattering promises of help and future favors. However, the first two years of the colony were not marked by any special acts of hostility, either between the two companies or the settlers. But the time had come when Governor Macdonell considered he had force enough to drive the Northwesters out of the territory. On July 8, 1814, he issued a proclamation from

Fort Daer, forbidding the carrying of any kind of provisions out of the country without a license from himself, on pain of prosecution and the seizure of goods and conveyances carrying same. This seriously affected the Northwest Company, who soon found themselves on the verge of famine. Fort Douglas, so situated as to command the river, turned its gun on and captured any conveyances bearing provisions, and what conveyances tried to evade the route were waylaid on the prairies and the goods confiscated.

Convinced by these high-handed proceedings that Lord Selkirk and the Hudson's Bay Company were bent on their destruction, the Northwest Company decided not to be driven out, but to use force against force. Duncan Cameron, who was in charge of Fort Gilbraltar, and between whom and the colonists a warm friendship existed, they having confided to his ear the whole tale of their disappointment, now fanned their discontent into a flame. Encouraged by him, three-fourths of the colonists, some 134 in number, embarked in the Northwest Company boats and proceeded under his guidance by the way of Fort William and the lakes into Lower Canada. A short time before their departure, Cameron, as justice of peace, had Governor Macdonell arrested for his unlawful acts of plundering the Northwest Company posts.

Later on, Lord Selkirk brought still another colony of settlers from across the seas, placing a new governor in charge. Robert Semple, the new governor, seized the Northwest Company's Fort Gibraltar and razed it to the ground, at the same time arresting and sending to England its governor, Duncan Cameron. To avoid reprisal, Pembina House on Dakota soil was also destroyed. Their trade paralyzed, the Northwest Company was face to face with ruin. Desiring to re-establish their broken communications, they organized a strong expedition, mostly of half-breeds, and proceeded on their way to Fort William to take

the Northwest Company boats from there. As this expedition reached the prairie, it was observed from Fort Douglas by the watchman, who gave the alarm. Governor Semple either thinking they intended to attack the settlement, or to show his authority, placed himself at the head of twenty-eight of his men, and started out to intercept them. They met about one mile from Fort Douglas, and after an exchange of a few words between the leaders, a shot was fired, and a general shooting followed. Governor Semple and nearly all his men were killed, and the Northwest Company took possession of Fort Douglas. The remaining colonists having lost their protector, took to boats, and the colony was broken up.

Lord Selkirk, who was spending the winter in Montreal, having heard of the dispersion of the settlers, organized an armed expedition of over 100 disbanded British soldiers, and 130 canoemen. On his way inland he captured, in the summer of 1816, Fort William, the headquarters of the Northwest Company, and early in the spring of 1817, a detachment of his military force recaptured Fort Douglas. Soon after, Lord Douglas and the rest of his force arrived on the scene. On his arrival the colonists were brought back and the colony reorganized.

In the meantime the Canadian government, roused to action by the insufferable state of affairs, had taken a hand in the matter and issued a proclamation ordering all hostilities between the two companies to cease, and a restoration of all property belonging to each. A truce was formed which continued between the two companies until their amalgamation in 1821, and the harassed colonists were left in peace to pursue that purpose that led them to this country.

After spending some time in Canada engaged in incessant litigation over events that had grown out of his troubles, Lord Selkirk returned to England, and in 1820 died at Pau, in the

south of France, whither he had gone in search of health, after the wearing strain of his strenuous and disappointing activities in laying the foundations of a new civilization on the prairies of our western world.

CHAPTER VII.

GEORGE CATLIN AMONG THE INDIANS

The career of George Catlin, the Indian painter, who was born July 26, 1796, at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., was that of one crying in the wilderness. The prophetic voice, however, was bound up with the fibre of a healthy American boy, who whiled away time with books held reluctantly in one hand, and a rifle and fishing-rod affectionately in the other.

At the hospitable fireside of Putman Catlin, on a farm in Broome County, New York, trappers and Indian fighters exchanged experiences during the long winter nights. During the day the ploughs on his father's farm turned up Indian skulls, arrow-heads, and beads, which he preserved in a little cabinet; and to his death he bore a scar made by an Indian tomahawk, which he had found, and was thrown at him by another boy while playing Indians. To this valley where he lived, shut up by the high mountains, Brant, the Mohawk Chief, retired after the Massacre of Wyoming. Amidst all this the boy grew up, fed on stories of Indian life and traditions.

Later, at his father's request, Catlin studied law. But his brief career as a lawyer was chiefly occupied by covering the table in front of him with sketches of the judge, jurors, and the culprit. The result was that he gave up his profession and entered the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and later became a distinguished painter of portraits. It was at this time that a dele-

gation of Indians passed through Philadelphia on their way to Washington. Their painted robes and eagle feathers, the splendid color, and classic dignity of form, appealed to the artist, and his early interest in the Indian took possession of him. He wished to see the Indian in his native state and if possible discover his past. The future he knew—the Indian would disappear before the advancing civilization.

In spite of the persuasions of his elderly parents, and the pleadings of his young wife, we find Catlin in the spring of 1832 a passenger on the little steamboat "Yellowstone," bound for Dakota Territory. The other two passengers on the boat were Major John Sanford, the government Indian agent, and Pierre Chouteau, one of the owners of the boat. They were all bound for the fort erected by the American Fur Trading Company, at the junction of the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers, in northwestern part of Dakota.

As the boat made its way up the upper half of the navigable length of the Missouri River, there unrolled before the eyes of the passengers a wild and strange country, over whose fertile slopes herds of buffalo, elk, antelope, mountain goats, and wolves, roamed. For defense the boat was armed with a twelve-pounder cannon, and several small swivel guns. These, fired in rapid succession, sent the wild herds in frightened confusion over the prairies, and the Indians prostrate to the ground with cries to the "Great Spirit," who spoke to them in wrath from the big "thunder canoe," whose eyes found the deep water in the channel and flashed lightning from its sides. Even the playful discharge of the steam-pipe, when the boat landed at their villages, caused men, and women, and children, and dogs, to tumble over one another in their flight.

Finally the little steamboat reached the fort, which as the headquarters of the company, was the largest and best equipped fort in that region. It consisted of eight or ten log houses and

stores within a stockade built to withstand assaults from a possible enemy, and was manned by a force of fifty men under Alexander McKenzie, the company's Scotch agent. Here Catlin was received with the greatest hospitality, and soon found himself in the midst of surroundings that inspired his artistic sense. The Crows, Blackfeet, Assiniboines, the Knisteneaux, Ojibways, and the Mandans, who were there in camp around the fort for the purpose of trade were the best equipped and the most beautifully costumed of any Indians on the continent.

One of the bastions of the fort was set apart for a studio. The breach of a twelve-pounder served as a seat in front of the easel. To the chiefs was explained the mystery of the brush, which they decided was "great medicine." In consequence none but the most distinguished did they permit to be painted. Outside the door the curious throng passed, but guards were placed at the door by the chiefs who determined matters. The regulations of the fort required that all Indians leave their weapons in the arsenal.

The Crows and Blackfeet were hereditary and deadly enemies. The Assiniboines were foes of the Blackfeet. The chiefs of those tribes were for the first time brought together unarmed, and smoking their pipes peacefully sat and lay around the room relating to each other the battles they had fought; pointing to the scalplocks fringing their shirts and leggings as a proof of their prowess, while they watched Catlin paint a portrait of the head chief of the Blackfeet, and anticipated their own turn.

Among those painted, was a very distinguished young brave, the son of a chief, named Wi-jun-jon (Pigeon's Egg Head), who had just returned from a year's sojourn in Washington, D. C., where he had been with Major Sanford in the polished and fashionable circles of the Capital. While there, he was presented by the President with the uniform of a colonel. He arrived from Washington dressed in a beaver hat and feather, gold epaulets,

sash, belt, and broadsword, high-heeled boots, a jug of whiskey under one arm, and a blue umbrella in his hands. At first Wi-jun-jon created quite a sensation among his tribe by relating his wonderful and to them incomprehensible adventures. But soon they began to regard him as a liar and impostor. Far from envying him his fashionable tour, he became a disgrace among the chiefs and spurned among the leading men of his tribe.

Catlin remarks that some time later while he was out canoeing on the Yellowstone River, his party came upon several thousand Assiniboines who had pitched their tents on the bank of the river, and in their midst was Wi-jun-jon, still lecturing on the manners and customs of the "pale-faces," relating without any appearance of exhaustion the marvelous scenes which he had witnessed among the white people while on his tour in Washington City. Many were the ardent listeners who seemed to be crowding round him to hear his recitals. But the plight in which he was rendered his appearance ridiculous. His beautiful military dress had been so shockingly tattered and metamorphosed that his appearance was truly laughable.

His keg of whiskey had dealt out to his friends all its charms; his frock-coat, which his wife thought was of no earthly use below the waist, had been cut off at that place, and the lower half of it had supplied her with a beautiful pair of leggings; and his silver-laced hat band had been converted into a splendid pair of garters for the same. His umbrella the poor fellow still held on to, and kept spread at all times. His theme though seemed to be exhaustless, and he, in the estimate of his tribe, an unexampled liar.

One of the most interesting features of Catlin's sojourn in North Dakota was his visit to the village of the Mandan tribe. Nothing was more completely astonishing to these people than the work of Catlin's brush. Soon after he arrived he commenced painting the portraits of the two principal chiefs. No one was

admitted to the lodge until they were finished, and no one, not even the chiefs who posed for the portraits, knew just what he was doing. Great was their astonishment when the pictures were finished and they recognized their likenesses. For a time they pressed their hands over their mouths in dead silence, a custom among the tribes when greatly astonished, all the time looking at the portraits and then on the palette and colors which had produced such unaccountable results.

They then walked up to Catlin, and in the most gentle manner each took his hand in a firm grip, and with eyes bent downward, in a tone scarcely above a whisper, pronounced him "The Medicine Man." They then repaired to their wigwams and deliberately seated themselves by their respective firesides, and according to their custom smoked a pipe or two, and then began gradually to tell what had taken place. Catlin soon found his lodge surrounded by a throng of women and children, and through every crack and crevice he could see their glistening eyes as they tried to see what was going on within.

Finally the men, unable to overcome their curiosity, with a sheepish grin on their faces began siding toward the lodge. Soon the rush became general, and the chiefs and medicine men took possession of Catlin's lodge, stationing braves with spears in their hands at the door, and admitting no one but such as the chiefs allowed to enter. At length the necessity of showing the portraits to the crowd became imperative, and the portraits were hung together over the door, so that the whole village could see and recognize their chiefs.

The likenesses were instantly recognized, and the Indians betrayed their emotions in various ways, some commenced yelping, some dancing, others either singing or crying, hundreds covered their mouths with their hands and were mute, others were indignant, while some threw a reddened arrow at the sun and went home to their wigwams. The picture seen, the curiosity

was to see the man who made them, and Catlin was called forth. He was hemmed in by the throng. The women were gaping and gazing at him, warriors and braves offered him their hands, while little boys and girls by the dozens were struggling through the crowd to touch him with the ends of their fingers. They all pronounced him the greatest medicine man, because they said he made living things.

But they had not counted on the squaws, who insisted that Catlin's medicine was too great for the Mandans, that he had put life into the pictures, they could see it move, and that he must have taken life from the subject; also that Catlin was a dangerous man to the community, that bad luck would follow those who were painted, because he would carry away the portraits and with them a part of their lives. They set up a mournful chant with weeping and wailing. Catlin for a time found it hard to secure subjects for his paintings and had trouble to convince the chiefs that he was a man like themselves and that his art was no mystery, but could be learned by them if they tried. Also that he lived in a country where brave men never allowed squaws to frighten them with foolish whims and stories. The latter had effect, and the chiefs, braves, and medicine men, immediately dressed for their pictures.

Thus by complimenting each one on his good looks, and taking them according to their rank and making it a matter of honor with them, he succeeded in giving his art and himself a certain standing. After this signal success, he was taken by the chiefs and led to their lodges and feasted in the best manner the country afforded.

On another occasion Catlin got himself in serious difficulty, and almost by a miracle escaped violence. It was while he was away among the Sioux painting the chiefs. After going through the necessity of observing their rank, which gave rise to no little difficulties, as there were forty bands among the Sioux, and each

had its chief and other big braves. He desired to paint some of the younger men for their looks. Mr. Laidlaw of the American Fur Company brought Catlin a fine young man for the purpose, of such distinction that the chiefs were willing to allow him to be painted. This young brave whose name was Mah-to-chee-ga (Little Bear), came in his war-dress, and as he took his place his attitude was so striking that Catlin decided to paint him the way he stood. The young brave was gazing off toward the sides of the wigwam, as if gazing over the boundless prairie. It was what painters call a "three-quarter face," one half in the shadow.

When Catlin had the portrait almost finished, one of the secondary chiefs, Shonka (The Dog), whom he had painted a few days before, crept around him, and watching Catlin's brush for a while said: "I see you are but half a man." "Who says that?" asked Mah-to-chee-ga in a low tone, and without the change of a muscle or the direction of his eye. "Shonka says it," replied The Dog. "Let Shonka prove it," answered Mah-to-chee-ga. "Shonka proves this way: the white medicine man knows that one half of your face is good for nothing, as he has left it out of the picture." Mah-to-chee-ga, still with his eyes as if gazing over a distant prairie said: "If I am but half a man, I am still man enough for Shonka in any way he pleases to try it." This repartee kept up for some minutes, to the amusement of the chiefs. As Mah-to-chee-ga seemed to have the advantage, Shonka drawing his robe around him left the wigwam in a rage.

The chiefs seemed somewhat disturbed, but Mah-to-chee-ga without change or apparent emotion stood still until his portrait was painted, then took off his legs a beautiful pair of leggings fringed with scalp-locks and asked Catlin to accept them. After smoking and commenting on his portrait with the chiefs, he left for his wigwam. Fearing The Dog might do mischief, he loaded a gun, and according to the Indian custom when danger is near, prostrated himself before the Great Spirit. His wife, to prevent

mischief, took the balls from his rifle unknown to him. Just then the voice of Shonka was heard outside: "If Mah-to-chee-ga is man enough for Shonka, let him come and prove it!" Like a flash the young man rushed out, both guns were fired, and Mah-to-chee-ga fell, that side of his face blown off that had been left out in the painting.

At the shooting all the chiefs ran out of their wigwams, women and children were running about, horses were brought in at full gallop and a hunt for Shonka begun. Laidlaw rushed in and excitedly told Catlin that they were in for it now, as the Indians blamed Catlin as the cause of Mah-to-chee-ga's death, and if they couldn't kill Shonka they would look to him for satisfaction. Both men fled to the fort and barricaded the doors, and, armed, awaited results. In the night they knew by the distant report of guns that The Dog and his warriors were retreating pursued by the friends of Little Bear. In the morning the village was silent but sullen. Several young men were reported dead. But Catlin's wigwam and paintings were untouched. He accordingly made liberal presents to Little Bear's wife and relatives, which doubtless saved him from violence.

Another perplexity arose when Catlin, having painted the chiefs and braves, proposed to paint some of the women. This unaccountable condescension on his part brought him the laughter of the whole tribe. Those who had their portraits painted were now jeered at by those who had not been painted, for assuming as an honor that which was now given to the squaws, and accordingly came to Catlin asking to have their portraits destroyed.

Catlin explained to them that he wanted to take and show the portraits to the great white chiefs because they were distinguished men, and that he wanted the portraits of the women to hang *under* those of their husbands, merely to show how their women looked and how they dressed. After considerable delay

he succeeded in convincing them, and got a number of women's portraits. The vanity of the Indians was beyond all description. They would often lie in front of their portraits from morning till night, admiring their own beautiful faces and faithfully guarding them from accident or harm.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SIOUX MASSACRE OF 1862

The chief cause that led to these Indian hostilities was the non-fulfillment of the stipulations of the treaty of "Traverse des Sioux" of 1851, by which various tribes were to receive sums amounting in all to $555,000, but which sum the Indians claim was never paid, except in some trifling sums expended in improvements on the reservation. Thievery was rife among the Indian agents and political employees of the Indian Bureau, and no doubt there was much truth in these claims of the savages.

In 1867 the Indian department at Washington sent Major Kintzing Prichette, a man of large experience and unsullied integrity, to investigate the cause of ill-feeling. Major Prichette reported the strained feeling existing in all councils of the Indians, but whether it was justified was not for him to discuss. Later the government was forced to investigate the charges brought against Alexander Ramsey, then Governor of the Territory of Minnesota, and Superintendent of Indian affairs for that locality. He was charged with having paid the greater part of certain money that should have gone to the Indians to one Hugh Tyler for distribution among the traders and half-breeds, contrary to the wishes and remonstrances of the Indians and in direct violation of said treaty. It was also stated that said Hugh Tyler deducted the large sum of $55,000 as brokerage, and those of the traders and half-breeds who objected were told to take

what was offered them or they would get nothing. The Senate of the United States examined these charges, but for political reasons the charges were not sustained.

The other direct cause for the growing irritation among the Indians grew out of the Massacre of 1857 at Spirit Lake, Iowa. Inkpaduta Scarlet Point, was an outlaw of Wapakuta, who had been driven from his tribe for the murder of one of their number. He gradually gathered about him a little band as bad as himself to share his roving life around the headquarters of Des Moines River, and they were nearly all the time in trouble with red or white men. At that time there was a small settlement of Whites at Spirit Lake, Iowa, and in this vicinity the desperadoes hung all the winter of 1856-7. The settlers finally became tired of the depredations of the band, and finding themselves strong enough took away the arms from the Indians. The Indians secured other guns, returned to the settlement, and massacred nearly all the people thereabouts, numbering about forty, and carried the women into captivity, two of whom they afterward killed, and the other two were finally rescued by friendly Indians.

Inkpaduta was connected with several bands of the Sioux, and similar relations existed with the other bands among his followers. After the massacre, the government required the Sioux to deliver up to them for punishment these outlaws, and to enforce the demands withheld their annuity. Considerable opposition and bad blood was manifested over this, and in a sullen rage Little Crow pursued Inkpaduta and his followers with a number of Indians and in an engagement killed three of the band and wounded another, and took prisoners two women and a child. They returned home saying they had done enough. The Government, although otherwise advised, condoned the matter and paid the annuity due, without insisting upon the surrender of the whole band.

This action of the Government was construed by the Indians

as cowardice or weakness. They became more unmanageable than before. The leaders would manufacture tales at councils to stir up the bad blood of the naturally savage instincts. Little Crow, a prominent chief, was a deeper thinker than his tribe, and has been called the "Napoleon" of his people for his cunning and unusual foresight. With the patience of his tribe he laid a deep scheme for the extermination of the entire white race west of the Mississippi. The Indians knew the government was at war, and by the illustrated papers at all posts and trading places could see the tide of battle in the Civil War setting against the "Great Father."

Finally one lovely Sunday, on August 17, 1862, four Indians from the Yellow Medicine Agency, who had been on the trail of a Chippewa for the murder of one of their tribe, after an unsuccessful pursuit reached on their return the cabin of a man by the name of Robinson Jones, in the Big Woods of Minnesota, in what is now the town of Acton, Meeker County. This man was a sort of trader and supposed to carry on an illicit trade in liquor with the Indians. His family consisted of himself, wife, an adopted child, and a young girl. Here the Indians demanded drink which they received, and on demanding more were refused, and finally went away. Jones and his wife left shortly after for a visit to the home of Mrs. Jones' son by a former marriage, Howard Baker, who lived about a mile distant. At Baker's cabin they found Viramus Webster and his wife, a young couple who were journeying westward in search of a home, and had stopped for a rest at Baker's home, where they were received with true western hospitality.

Shortly after Jones and his wife arrived, the men folks who were sitting around outside the house saw three Indians approach with guns in their hands. The usual exchange of greetings took place. After a while it was proposed that all shoot at a mark, and the guns of the party were brought out. The victory

was, as is nearly always the case when markmanship between the Whites and the Redskins is a question, with the settlers. This seemed to nettle the Indians. A proposition to trade guns between the white and red men now ensued. In the meantime the Indians loaded their guns, while the white men stood around with empty weapons. Suddenly without warning, one of the Indians raised his gun and fired at Jones, mortally wounding him. Webster was killed by another.

Mrs. Howard Baker hearing the firing came to the door with her infant. At her approach one of the Indians lifted his gun to shoot at her, when her husband with the chivalry of a knight of old, threw himself in front of the rifle and receiving the discharge fell dead. The women retreated into the house. The young wife inadvertently stepped into an opening and fell into the cellar and thus saved her life. Mrs. Jones was also shot by one of the red fiends. The Indians then left the vicinity to spread the news, stopping on the way to kill the girl and the child left at Jones' cabin.

When the news reached the Redskins at the agency, which it did long before the Whites had an inkling of it, it caused a sensation. The gauntlet had been thrown, war was declared, and they must go forward with their plans. In vain did Little Crow and his friends, the elders of the tribe, plead for delay, urging the want of time to complete their plans to send the token of war to the other tribes. The younger members were for immediate uprising, and as they were in a majority, so war at once it was. At dawn the meeting was broken up and the massacre of the Whites began. At the agency blood was shed and all the red fiends started off on the warpath to kill the Whites.

When the news of the outbreak at Yellow Medicine and New Ulm reached St. Paul there was considerable consternation. Most of the able-bodied men had gone to the front to protect the Union. There were no arms at hand in the state arsenals, no

ammunition in its magazines, even transportation was wanting. Governor Ramsey energetically exerted himself to supply this deficiency. He telegraphed for arms and ammunition to Washington, D. C., and to the governors of neighboring states. He also authorized the taking of private teams for public use, and other timely acts.

Fortunately there were still at Fort Snelling a couple of regiments not yet filled, and some recruits for regiments then at the front. General Henry H. Sibley, who was then Colonel, a man well fitted for the place by years of experience among the Indians, was appointed to command a column to march to the relief of the settlers and to punish the Sioux for the murders and depredations. Hastily gathering some four hundred men of the Minnesota volunteer infantry, he started on August 20th for the scene of the butchery. He overtook the Indians at Wood Lake, near Yellow Medicine, and a fearful battle ensued, the Indians retiring westward into Dakota.

Like a thunderbolt from the sky came the painful tidings confirming the rumors of the bloody massacre in Minnesota by the rebellious bands of Sioux. The fearful tale that hundreds of people had been hurried to death by the savages in the short space of five days, and that the revengeful army, reeking in innocent blood, decked in the garb of victory, and proud with spoils and bleeding captives, was moving westward on to the defenseless settlements of Dakota, could not but cast terror and tears around the hearth of many a happy home.

When the Sioux war cry was heard on Dakota soil, and the news came that two citizens were murdered at noon, the panic flew from house to house, village to village, until three-fourths of the entire population was a moving caravan of people. Stout-hearted men stood blanched with terror, pale-faced mothers concealed their tears and strove with saddened smiles to calm the night sobs of their weeping young. And when the mantle of night

closed over river and wood and plain, and the sound of industry was heard no more, surely the pall of death seemed to be settling over the grave of the territory. But not so—Dakota had men of nerve and daring; and some three hundred of these pioneers remained in the territory and threw up hasty fortifications, and with rifle in hand stood sentinel day and night to protect their homes and families from the nightly fear of attack of the red man's knife and tomahawk.

CHAPTER IX.

ATTACK ON FORT ABERCROMBIE

On the 23rd of August, 1862, the hostilities began in the valley of the Red River of the North. The settlers fled for protection to Fort Abercrombie, which was situated on the west bank of the Red River, in what is now Richland County, about fifteen miles north of the present city of Wahpeton.

Word was brought to the commander of the fort that five hundred Sioux had crossed the Otter Tail River, with the intention of capturing the train and the cattle which were being driven towards Fort Abercrombie to effect a settlement with the Red Lake Chippewas. This included thirty wagons loaded with goods, and at this time had reached the neighborhood of the fort. Messages were at once sent to the train, and also to Breckenridge, Old Crossing, Graham's Point, and all the principal settlements in the vicinity, warning the people to flee to the fort, and nearly all of them did so. A Mr. Russell with two men undertook to stay at Breckenridge in a large hotel building, believing they could defend themselves. On the evening of the same day, six men from the fort rode in the direction of Breckenridge and found the place in possession of a large body of Indians. As the Indians were on foot, they were able to make good their escape.

On the 24th, a venture was again made towards Breckenridge, and it was found that the Indians had deserted the place. The bodies of the men who had undertaken its defense were found

terribly mutilated. Chains were bound upon their ankles by which they had been dragged about until life was gone. At a sawmill in the neighborhood an old lady by the name of Scott was found. She had crawled on her hands and knees sixteen miles to the mill. Her son had been killed, and her grandson, a boy of twelve, was taken prisoner by the Sioux and carried into captivity, but later ransomed through the agency of a Catholic priest, and sent to St. Louis to his grandparents. They also found the body of Joe Snell, a stage driver, three miles from Breckenridge.

On their way back to the fort, the Indians attacked them and killed Bennett, the teamster, and nearly captured Captain Mill's wagon containing Mrs. Scott. Rounsval, who was in command, made a charge and brought back the team with Mrs. Scott, and the body of Bennett who was buried the next day. The mail taken from Snell's stage coach had been scattered all over the prairies, but much of it was gathered by the detachment which was commanded by Judge McCauley.

Some fifty men had now taken refuge in the garrison, and as they were destitute of arms—the commander of the fort had none to furnish them—the men helped to strengthen the position of building outside entrenchments. A fortification for quarters was made by using barrels of pork, corned beef, and flour, mingled with earth and cordwood for this purpose. Special provision was made for women and children and those who were sick. About August 25th, a message was dispatched to the headquarters stating the danger of a severe attack. At this time some thousand or fifteen hundred excited savages were gathered around the fort, determined to capture the place and carry off the stores. Steps were at once taken at the headquarters to relieve the distress at the fort, but owing to the war in the South, most of the vigorous young men of Minnesota and Iowa were away at the front.

The garrison did their best. On the 27th of August, a party went out from the fort and buried several bodies of murdered settlers. On the 30th, a small party was sent to Old Crossing to collect and drive to the fort as much live stock as they could find. After going about ten miles they were fired upon from ambush by a party of Sioux. One was killed, and the rest of the party escaped to the fort, losing their wagon, five mules, and camp equipage. At 2 o'clock that day the Indians surrounded the fort, stampeded the herd of cattle belonging to the fort. This also included a herd of cattle belonging to the Chippewas, with whom the government was about to make a treaty. The garrison could not go to the defense of the cattle without endangering the citizens and risking their capture.

On September 6th, at daybreak, the garrison was alarmed by firing by the sentinels in the vicinity of the stock yards belonging to the post, and the Sioux were found to be advancing in considerable force. A couple of haystacks were found to be on fire. The settlers, emboldened by the sight and inflamed by the thought of seeing their remaining cattle carried off, rushed at once to the stalls and killed two Sioux who were about to enter the building. The conflict was kept up for about three hours. Three of the garrison were wounded, one fatally, by shots of the enemy as they were forced to retreat.

A second attack was made on September 23d. At daylight, about fifty Indians on horseback approached on the prairie of the fort. They sought to draw pursuit on part of the soldiers, but as the garrison was too wise to be induced to leave the fort, the Indians threw off all disguise, and appearing in large numbers entered upon a bitter conflict. The stalls were upon the edge of the prairie, the grove of heavy timber lying between them and the river. Repeated efforts were made by the Indians to capture the animals, but they were surprised by the opening upon them of six-pounder guns and the sharp explosion of a shell, whose

hissing sound and explosion in the vicinity of the Indians was followed by their immediate disappearance. This fight lasted until nearly noon, when the savages retreated carrying off most of their dead and wounded. The loss at the garrison was one man killed and two wounded.

On the 24th of September, an expedition was sent from St. Paul under the command of Captain Emil Buerger to the relief of Fort Abercrombie. As they neared the fort a dense smoke was observed, but on reaching an eminence they found the American Flag still flying from the fort. The Indians who were aware of the coming of the reinforcement had set fire to the prairies, and as the troops approached, a band of thirteen savages appeared on the opposite shore of the river and discharged their rifles at a distance of fifteen hundred yards without effect, whereupon they fled. Captain Buerger with his command tried to capture the hostile Indians, who were soon found retreating in the direction of the Wild Rice River. After crossing the river a pursuit was considered useless, and the line of march was resumed for the fort.

The expedition arrived at Fort Abercrombie at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of September 24th, and were heartily received by the citizens and garrison. On September 26th, Captain Freeman's Company while watering their horses at the river, were attacked by a party of Indians from ambush, and a teamster was mortally wounded. The soldiers were unarmed, but a fire from the fort was speedily opened and the Indians withdrew. They were followed by fifty mounted men of the Third Regiment and a squad in charge of a howitzer, who overtook the Indians two miles up the river. A shell from the howitzer was fired at them and they fled hastily. Their camp was taken possession of, and valuables taken to the fort. This was the last skirmish with the Indians near Fort Abercrombie.

In the meantime, Little Crow, the instigator of the Massacre

and predominant figure in the whole deplorable affair, who fled to Canada with some of his warriors, returned to the vicinity of his old home, and while with a small band attempting to steal some horses, with which he, an outlaw now, wanted to go west again, was shot by Chauncey Lampson, a settler. Thus the Massacre commenced with Little Crow, began in Meeker County, Minnesota, and ended with Little Crow in the same county. His scalp now hangs on the wall of the Historical Society of Minnesota.

In the course of time, the leaders of this Massacre were tried by a military commission, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged, but through the kindness of President Lincoln, only thirty-eight of the guilty were sentenced to a just fate, and hanged at Mankato on the 26th of December 1862. The remnant of the condemned Indians was after some time taken to Davenport, Iowa, and held in confinement until the excitement had generally subsided, when they were sent west of the Mississippi and set free. An Indian never forgets what he regards as an injury, and never forgives an enemy. All the troubles that transpired after liberating these Indians was due to their evil counsel among the Indians.

CHAPTER X.

INDIAN WARFARE

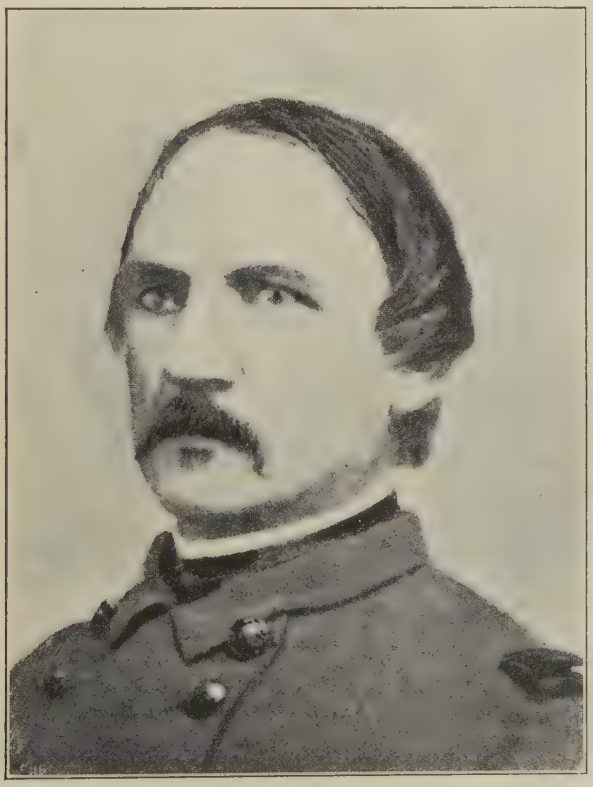
THE BATTLE OF BIG MOUND

The execution of the Indians practically terminated the Indian campaign of 1862. The remnant of Little Crow's followers were rendezvoused at Devils Lake, where during the cold season the Indians with Inkpaduta at their head were preparing for the next summer by recruiting and solidifying their forces, and when spring opened they presented a strong and united opposition to the columns sent against them. From the valley of Minnesota, leaving Camp Pope on June 6th, General Sibley again moved towards Devils Lake and the upper Dakota River, with the purpose of driving them westward to the Missouri River; while General Alfred Sully with another force ascended the latter stream to intercept their retreat. Proceeding southwesterly from Devils Lake, General Sibley encountered the Indians at Big Mound, on July 24, 1863.

In anticipation of an attack from the large force supposed to be in the neighborhood, the General corralled his train and threw up earthworks for its protection, so as to enable it to be defended by a smaller force than would be necessary if it was uncovered. The Indians soon appeared in considerable numbers. Dr. Weiser, a surgeon of the mounted rangers, supposed he recognized some old acquaintances among the Indians and uncau-

tiously approached them, talking in their native tongue, but was immediately shot dead, and in the midst of a terrific thunderstorm the battle opened.

A general advance was ordered against the Indians, who occupied the head of the ravine. The Indians, about 1,500 strong, retreated before the troops in the direction of their camp, some five miles southward. The battle of Big Mound was a striking scene—the lonely lake, the rocky hills, the naked, yelling Indians discomfited and fleeing, the battery of the four guns all doing



General Henry H. Sibley

their best, the charging cavalry with sabres drawn, the infantry

following—while over all the darkened sky, the heavy rolling thunder and incessant lightning with but little rain. It was a scene to be remembered.

The pursuing troops created a general panic among the Indians, the Indian camp was abandoned and the whole throng, men, women, and children, fled before the advancing troops. All this time the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed. One private was killed by lightning, and Colonel McPhail's sabre was knocked out of his hand by the same force. The Indians lost in this fight eighty killed and wounded, as well as nearly all their camp equipment which was strewn along the trail in reckless profusion, as it was abandoned in their flight. The Indians were pursued some fifteen miles by the cavalry. An order sent them by Lieutenant Beever, to camp where night overtook them, was misdelivered or misunderstood, and the pursuing column returned and was met by the advancing force just about the time of starting. This misunderstanding gave the Indians two days' advantage.

THE BATTLE OF DEAD BUFFALO LAKE

On the 26th, General Sibley's command again moved in the direction of the fleeing Indians. About noon they encountered the Indians, who made a stand on the shore of a small lake, where lay the body of a buffalo so long dead that the troops did not need sight to be aware of its presence, and hence called the fight here, the Battle of Dead Buffalo Lake.

The artillery and cavalry drove the Indians several miles, the infantry mostly going into camp. A running fight was kept up until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when a bold dash was made to stampede the animals herded on the bank of a lake, and cut off a party of foragers out cutting the coarse grass and reeds on the shore of the lake. The attack was repelled by a company of rangers who more by accident than design happened to be right on the spot at the right time. The men cutting the

grass and the teamsters were terribly frightened. Supposing themselves out of danger, most of them were unarmed. This was a mistake they did not again make. The Indians, foiled at all points and having suffered severe losses in killed and wounded, retired from the field.

General Sibley, now convinced that the Indians were going toward the Missouri with the purpose of putting that river between themselves and his company, and expecting General Sully's forces to be there to intercept them, he was determined to push them as rapidly as possible, inflicting all the damage he could in their flight. The campaign was well conceived, and had Sully arrived in time the result would undoubtedly have been the complete destruction or capture of the Indians. But owing to the fact that the low water detained the steamboat on which his supplies were embarked, Sully was unable to accomplish his part of the plan.

THE BATTLE OF STONY LAKE

On July 28th, General Sibley again engaged the Indians at Stony Lake, their forces having been largely increased by parties returning from the hunt. These re-inforcements were composed of a considerable body of Unkpapas and Blackfeet, and at their head was Black Moon, an hereditary chief, and the last to be recognized as the principal chief of the Indians of "Seven Council Fires." The Indians endeavored to encircle the troops, but the enemy was repulsed at all points. The firing was rapid and incessant on both sides. But the artillery and long-range rifles were a new element of warfare to the Indians, who, becoming discouraged, retreated, and in a panic and rout toward the Missouri.

So great were their numbers that they formed two-thirds of a circle around Sibley's lines five or six miles in extent, seeking some weak point for attack, rushing back and forth to keep out of range of the unerring frontier riflemen who emptied many sad-

dles, and wary of the artillery which had previously wrought such havoc among them.

THE BATTLE OF APPLE CREEK

In hot pursuit of the fleeing Indians was General Sibley with his troops. On the 29th, the troops crossed the Apple Creek, a small stream four miles from the present site of Bismarck. Here the Indians fiercely assailed the soldiers, but were repulsed, and, retreating, made for the Missouri River. General Sibley, pushing on to intercept them, struck the Missouri at a point four miles above Burnt Boat Island (now known as Sibley Island), but the Indians succeeded in crossing the river with their families, but in a very demoralized condition as to supplies and camp equipage. They were plainly visible on the opposite side. It was during this engagement that Lieutenant Beever, a young English gentleman, acting as volunteer aid-de-camp on General Sibley's staff, lost his life. He was carrying an order, missed the trail and was ambushed and killed.

General Sibley remained in camp on Burnt Boat Island for a few days, sending up rockets at night and firing cannon occasionally by day, hoping to get into communication with General Sully, who was ordered to meet him at this point. Finally, forage and rations growing scarce, and General Sully's troops not appearing, he marched his men back to Minnesota and so ended the matter.

To this day the name of Sibley is a good one among the Indians, who feared him as they did but few other men. Like relentless, resistless fate he pushed on, rolling the panic-stricken red men before him, until they put the floods of the Missouri River between them and their foe.

THE BATTLE OF WHITE STONE HILLS

Later, in the same year, General Sully, who had been delayed

coming up the river by the low water of the Missouri which had delayed the steamboat, came to the camp deserted by Sibley. He came too late to follow the course they had laid out, so he continued up the river as far as Fort Clark (near Mandan). Then he turned and followed the trail of Inkpaduta and his band, and, passing into the buffalo country in the James River valley where

General Alfred Sully

the Indians had sought refuge, he pursued them and overtook them on September 3d, 1863. There was fought the battle of White Stone Hills, in what is now Dickey County, some fifteen miles from Ellendale, north of the South Dakota line.

Major A. E. House, with four companies of the Sixth Iowa,

was scouting some twelve miles in advance of the column, which had gone into camp to await the result of the scouts, Sully believing that the Indians were close at hand. It was on the afternoon of September 3d, that the half-breed scout, Francois la Franboise, who was with House, came suddenly within sight of the Indian camp. He saw only a few tepees, and House was convinced that he could surprise and capture the Indians without support from the main column.

The Indians sighted him at the same time, and watched his maneuvers, which consisted of getting into a shallow ravine and following it until it opened on the Indian encampment. When he came within striking distance of the village, he found, instead of a few tepees, the entire force of Inkpaduta, and as though out of the ground on every side of him Indians sprang up. He was surrounded and cut off in an instant, with scarcely a chance for escape. The Indian half-breed, Framboine, got away without being discovered and rode like mad to bring Sully up.

Inkpaduta, seeing that the soldiers were completely trapped, made the mistake of his career by stopping to gloat over his victims instead of striking. He began making medicine before entering upon the joyous slaughter that would give him a commanding position among the Indians. He deliberately held off the attack while the braves painted themselves and the women prepared the feast. Major House held his men in check, hoping against hope that Sully would come. But when evening came he had made up his mind to force the issue. The only alternative was to die like rats in a trap.

The Indians encircled the battalion and approached near enough to heap abuse on the men, and make insulting gestures, expecting House would give the order which would be the death signal for him. Inkpaduta had even raised his arms as a signal to start the attack, when a terrorized scream from one of the women who had gathered about to look on at the killing, stopped

the savages. A hush fell on the hordes of savages, and House and his men could hear the thunder of the hoofs of Sully's cavalry only a few hundred yards away.

Instantly the Indians turned and fled to the defense of the camp, while the women took down the tepees and made a hurried preparation for flight. There was no time to make an orderly retreat, and the Indians were forced into a ravine; Sully striking them in the rear and House attacking them from the east. The tables had been wholly turned in the course of a few minutes. The trapped Indians madly attacked the battle line of cavalry. They sang their death song as they went into the fight, for they knew it was hopeless.

A few of them broke through and got away, others escaped by frightening the cavalry horses with buffalo robes and stampeding them. The rest fell back into the ravine and Sully went to the work of putting a stop for their capacity for murder. He threw his men into the ravine and there was sharp work for one bloody hour. Then the darkness saved the remnant of Inkpaduta's band, and the battle of White Stone Hills was over. Of the Indians 300 were killed, and a singular fact about it is that there were no wounded Indians found, and no men taken prisoners.

In the darkness Inkpaduta got away and with him the greater part of the women and children. Two hundred and fifty of the latter were taken prisoners, and the equipment of the Indian camp was taken and destroyed. The fugitives made their way to the Missouri and lived among the Tetons for a time. Sully took his captives down to Crow Creek. Sully lost twenty-two men killed and fifty wounded.

The state erected a monument on the site of the battleground in the summer of 1909, as a testimonial to the valor of the brave men who died there that the frontier might be made a less haz-

ardous place to live. Elaborate ceremonies followed the commemoration of the battlefield.

THE BATTLE OF KILLDEER MOUNTAIN

The next year, 1864, Sully delivered another crushing blow to the Sioux. Marauding bands had made the settlement on the frontier a thing to be dreaded. They were carrying the torch and the scalping knife to the homes of the hardy men who tried to establish themselves on the southwestern part of the territory. It was decided that these atrocities must be effectively punished, and Sully was again put in command of the expedition. And again Dakota—and for the last time—was made the scene of a great battle.

General Sully left Sioux City, Iowa, on May 31, 1864, and established Fort Rice on July 9th, which was eighteen miles below the present site of Mandan, and ten miles north of the Cannon Ball. The Sully expedition left Fort Rice with fifty teams of emigrants bound for Idaho under their protection. From Fort Rice they proceeded to the Indian stamping grounds.

On July 26th the wagons were corralled under a strong guard at a point on the Heart River not far from the present Underwood ranch, south of Antelope. General Sully with 2,200 men pushed on a northerly course to the Killdeer Mountains to repulse the Indians. On the 27th they camped on the Knife River, some fifteen or twenty miles from Dickinson, and on the 28th of July, 1864, at 10 a. m. the command came in sight of the Indians. This was near the present site of Diamond C ranch, located at the head of Spring Creek.

The camp was an extensive one, and embraced one hundred and ten bands of the Sioux. They had congregated this great force to clear out the white soldiers, and appeared to believe they could do it. They were in a frenzy of rage over the fact that General Sully while on the march had ordered his men to cut off the

heads of two Indians who had been guilty of the murder of Captain Fielner, a topographical engineer who was with Sully's forces, and for which act they had been shot by the soldiers, and had the heads impaled on posts, intending to drive the savages to a fight, in which he succeeded; for the desecration of their dead, and what it implied to them, brought them more terror than the wiping out of a whole band would have had.

Sully's men were about eight or ten miles from the camp when they were discovered by the scouts. There was no excitement apparent on either side, and both prepared for the battle with equal confidence. Sully's line was formed by dismounting every three men out of four, leaving the fourth man in charge of the horses, who followed the line in close columns. These dismounted men were formed in line as skirmishers, about four paces apart, with a heavy reserve of cavalry to cover the flanks, and the artillery within supporting distance of the line of battle.

It was a formidable looking force, and when "Forward!" was sounded, there was a determined look on the faces of the men that indicated that they now had a chance to get at the Redskins. The Indians, gathered on their horses, stripped for battle, but decorated with gaudy ornaments and paint, with shield and lance, as well as more formidable weapons, began to leisurely ride toward Sully's troops. Then a few fine fellows rode up nearly within gunshot to reconnoiter, and then little bands would leave the camp and advance, but without any demonstration other than waving their arms in the air or cantering across the plains. At last they came within reach of Sully's men and a few rifle shots precipitated the conflict, but not until the latter had passed half the distance to the camp of the Indians.

The rifle shots changed everything. The band concentrated, and uttering their war cries they dashed toward Sully's troops. Rushing at full speed they would fire their guns and wheel and disappear to load their guns, and come again in front, in flanks,

and in rear. Time and again was the eagle-plumed baton of the chief waved as a signal for concentration; then a dash would be made that was followed by an equally rapid retreat, in which they would be severely punished, having inflicted but little damage. Sully's men kept continually advancing, the Indian camp being their objective point. The Indians' confidence was so great that they did not make an effort to save it, until the troops were within half a mile; then for the first time Sully's men set the artillery to work, and threw shells from eight guns with terrific effect.

One piece of artillery under command of Lieutenant Whipple and a company of cavalry were instantly ordered in motion, and the first shell killed five men and ponies, three of whom were literally torn to pieces. The right flank being threatened by a large body of Indians, Major Bradley was ordered to charge with his battalion, which he did in good style, pursuing them about one and a half miles, and dispersing them with a loss of three men killed, seven wounded, and sixteen horses and twenty-seven Indians being found dead on the ground, all of whom were killed by the sabre alone.

The scene was a magnificent sight—1,600 lodges filled with women and children, dogs, horses, and all the paraphernalia of their homes, and attempting to save them from the shells bursting about them, carrying destruction in their path. The lodges came down, but too late. The warriors shot their guns, and arrows hissed through the air, but onward came the blue-coated line and the camp was taken. The fighting kept on in a desultory way until the sun went down, but the Indians were whipped and what was worse lost their camp and all supplies, and were fleeing almost naked into the mountains. While the terrified squaws were fleeing into the mountains, a bear sprang out of the thicket into their midst and killed one squaw.

The white soldiers camped upon the grounds. General Sully

ordered Major Camp with Companies E, F, H, and I, of the Eighth Minnesota, to follow the Indians through the deep ravines and drive them off the high hills beyond the camp; which they accomplished with some loss to the Indians. From these hills a fine view of the Indians and their families could be had as they swarmed away through the ravines of the Bad Lands, mostly beyond reach. This detachment reached camp where their horses were, at 11 p. m., and supperless and exhausted lay down, only to be called into saddle at midnight. Sully had 2,200 men, and he estimates the Indians at from 5,000 to 6,000, and that their loss was from 100 to 150 killed.

Half of the next day was spent in destroying the camp and killing the dogs that were left behind. The one supremely sad thing about a battle is burying the dead, and in this case although they were few, it was very sad indeed. In the middle of the night the graves were prepared and without a light or the sound of a bugle, their bodies were placed in the earth and carefully covered up, leaving the surface so that the graves would not be noticed, and when the command marched over them, they would be hidden from the sight of the Indians who would mutilate or despoil them. This battle occurred on the field of Tah-kah-o-kuty or "place where we killed the deer," now known as the Killdeer Mountains.

After destroying camp and an immense amount of material left by the Indians, Sully's troops moved some six miles south of the battlefield to camp for the night. That night the Indians drove fiercely through the picket place of Sully's army, and tried to stampede both horses and men, and succeeded in killing two guards.

Sully and his men then marched back to their corral at Antelope on the Heart River, and after a few days, on August 3d, they pushed westward toward the Yellowstone, meeting the Indians between the Little Missouri and Flat Top (near Sentinel Butte),

and on August 7th, 8th, and 9th, engaged in a skirmish known as "The Three Days' Battle of the Bad Lands."

An interesting incident of the Killdeer Battle is that Mrs. Fanny Kelly, a white woman captive, was a nurse prisoner at this battle. She was also at the battle of the Bad Lands and later in the season in Bowman County when Captain Fisk was surrounded at Ives. One of the hard things for Mrs. Kelly to explain to the Indians was the explosion of shells. They thought the cannon shot twice.

THE THREE DAYS' BATTLE OF THE BAD LANDS.

The march of Sully's column through the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri proved extremely slow and arduous, and was attended by unusual hardships of savage warfare and inhospitable nature that often fall to the lot of military expeditions even in a wilderness land. The region was covered with varied colored scoria and wastes of broken rock, due to burning of the coal veins. When General Sully, standing on its brink, beheld that forbidden sweep of jagged hills and naked valleys extending away to the horizon, confused and tumbled as a stormy sea, he is said to have turned to his staff and exclaimed with characteristic vigor:

"Gentlemen, there is hell with the fires put out!"

Nor was his description short of mark. Truly it seemed that Dante must have received his inspiration from such a scene. For forty miles to the west, and as far as eye could see to the north and south, the body of earth was rent and torn, leaving gorges, buttes, and yawning chasms, and everything showing the color of burnt-out fires. It was an awe-inspiring sight. No description can bring to the mind the comprehension of its magnitude.

General Sully would have gladly turned back, but his depleted supplies and the exhausted condition of his animals forbade the long march to Fort Rice. Of all his scouts, only one

professed to have any knowledge of the gloomy region. Under this man's directive guidance they reluctantly moved forward, only to find themselves in extreme difficulties. In order to bring the wagons through, it became necessary to grade hills and span ravines. In the semi-arid waste the grass grew but sparsely, and what little water could be found was bitter with alkali, so that along the way scores of horses and mules died of exhaustion and starvation.

It was courting certain death for man to stray even a short distance from the main body, for the Indians, recently defeated at Killdeer Mountain, of whom there were at least 1,000 warriors, had followed them, and hovering among the hills harassed the troops night and day by incessant attacks, while they were also at pains to burn the grass in advance of the column, leaving no forage.

On the 7th, 8th, and 9th of August, so bitter were the attacks of the Indians, that it seemed that the command was doomed in that Dantesque region out of which they could see no exit. For a time it seemed that the tragedy of Kabul Pass was about to be enacted in the Bad Lands of North Dakota, five hundred miles beyond the frontiers of civilization. But the men fought stubbornly and succeeded in repulsing the savages, and at length, after what seemed a whole eternity to them, they reached the Little Missouri where the hills ended and the plains began. And on the 12th of August, almost when they had reached the end of their endurance, their eyes gladdened at the sight of the swift-rolling Yellowstone, and the memorable march came to an end at the appointed place. Sully's command went down the Yellowstone to Fort Union, and thence down the Missouri back to Fort Rice, which they reached on September 8th, only to hear that the Indians had surrounded Captain Fisk and an emigrant train he was guiding to Idaho, at Ives, near Marmarth, in Bowman county, and General Sully at once sent troops to their relief.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FISK EXPEDITIONS

EXPEDITION OF 1862

The discovery of gold in what is now Montana and Idaho turned the thoughts of the adventurous towards this new El Dorado. Thousands of gold seekers in a few years found their way through the intervening wilderness, coming from all parts of the Union. Under the instruction of Edwin Stanton, then Secretary of War, Captain James L. Fisk, one of the most enterprising and picturesque figures produced by the conditions then governing the frontier, was dispatched on June 3d, 1862, to proceed at once to organize, equip, and conduct an escort for an emigrant train to Fort Benton, Dakota Territory, and from there across the mountains to Fort Walla Walla, there to dispose of the expedition property and return via Oregon and San Francisco.

This expedition left St. Paul June 16th, following the trail which ran northwestward from Fort Abercrombie to Fort Benton and to Fort Walla Walla. The train consisted of 117 men, 13 women, 168 oxen, 8 mules, 14 team horses, 13 saddle horses, 17 cows, with the inevitable camp accompaniment of numerous dogs.

That the first expedition, being wholly an experiment and got up in a short time, succeeded beyond all sanguine expectations, was largely due to the fact that nearly all of the men of the escort and emigrants had seen more or less of frontier life, were not afraid to encounter hardships, and knew how to sur-

mount obstacles in whatever shape occurring. The season was wonderfully favorable, plenty of grazing and water for their purpose, and yet not sufficient rain at any time to swell the streams or soften the basins of the prairie country.

On July 14th, they rested on the west side of the Sheyenne river, whose banks were well timbered and offered an ideal place for camping. At this camp occurred an incident that served to break the monotony of camp life, and to consecrate the spot in the memory of at least two of the party of emigrants. A young

Captain James Fisk

couple—Henry F. Taylor of St. Anthony, Minn., and Miss Caroline Abbott of Boston—had been observed at the beginning of

the journey to evince a strong and growing affection for each other, and with the consent of the young lady's relatives who were in the train, determined to celebrate their nuptials with all forms and solemnities that the absence of a priest would permit.

So after the evening meal, with the moon shedding a bright, chaste light over the scene, the verdure of summer everywhere, with the wild rose shedding its fragrance on the air, the young couple in the presence of all the members of the train, pledged their troth to live together as husband and wife "until death should part them." The forms of the Episcopal marriage service which was read by one of the party were used for this occasion. Following the congratulations and good wishes of friends, a dance upon the green sward to the music of a violin closed the ceremony of this wedding on the prairies of North Dakota.

On July 23d, the expedition camped at a place they called Camp Halleck in honor of the successful commander of the armies of the west. Here for several nights they were serenaded by a large number of wolves, which kept up the most dismal howling and barking, with the prairie dogs and foxes joining in the chorus. Some nights their noise was indescribably dismal, constant and loud, varying from the crying of human beings to the fierce and savage yells of the red man when infuriated by the taste of blood.

On this first expedition they had no difficulty with the Indians, although the Indians lurked at times waiting for a chance to steal horses. But owing to the alert watch of the guards, who approached the camp at once, the Indians were warded off. They were not aware until they met in the mountains an express from Fort Walla Walla in Oregon, how narrowly they had escaped the terrible raid on the border of Minnesota, even laying a siege to the very post from which they had but shortly previous started from.

A few days out from Fort Benton they met four men return-

ing from a prospecting town in Montana who reported that gold had been found in the valley of Prickly Pear River, a small tributary of the Missouri, and hither the emigrants decided to go, and on September 21, 1862, arrived there.

EXPEDITION OF 1863

The second expedition in the year of 1863, was in most respects a repetition of that of the preceding year. New gold fields had been discovered in the Missouri River Valley. Congress appropriated the sum of $10,000 for the protection of an overland train from Fort Abercrombie. This train consisted of 20 wagons and 60 men, 25 of whom were mounted, and one howitzer. Five of the men returned, leaving 55 with Captain Fisk to continue the journey. They expected to overtake Sibley's army in about six or eight days. On July 16th, Captain Fisk left Fort Abercrombie and on September 15th arrived at Fort Benton. From Fort Benton they wended their way to Bannock City, Idaho Territory, and arrived there on September 29th, their presence creating quite a stir, as many reports had come that they had been massacred by the Indians. They had on their way met bands of Indians but had been successful in driving them to the Upper Missouri.

EXPEDITION OF 1864

The Fisk expedition of 1864 is of great interest in our state history, since it is connected with the establishment of Fort Rice, with General Sully's expedition of that year, and because the gold seekers were obliged to fight the Sioux in the southwestern part of the state and to return to Fort Rice without getting farther west.

As all information and every indication from the plains pointed to a combination of the powerful bands of Ehanktonias Sioux, and other strong bands of the Teton Sioux, south of the Missouri, to obstruct the navigation of the river and to resist the passage of emigrants across the plains, it was decided that the

expedition take the route at the center point of the Missouri above the mouth of the Grand River. Also that General Sully with a large force of cavalry would march against the Indians and give them battle or otherwise secure peace.

Until this expedition, it had been considered unsafe for any steamer to pass up the Missouri above Fort Rice. If the Indians failed to make this concentration, heavy forces of cavalry would scour the country on both sides of the river and pursue and drive away the Indians. The interest in Captain Fisk's venture by a new route was such that he had more offers from men who desired to go with him than he could well make use of.

The expedition started out July 4th, 1864, from Fort Ridgely in Minnesota. The train consisted of about a hundred wagons and 150 men, besides the women and children along. When they had traveled about 112 miles, the country they were passing through was filled with burned farms and fields, destroyed villages, etc., that clearly indicated the path of murderous Indians. They reached Fort Rice on the Missouri River in perfect safety. There the escort of fifty cavalry men of the 2d Minnesota Regiment, under Lieutenant Phillips, dispatched by General Sibley with Captain Fisk's train from Wadsworth to Fort Rice, arrived at the last named post in safety with their charge on the 15th of July, and on the 18th left on the return trip, reaching Fort Wadsworth, which was located just south of Fort Abercrombie, the same evening.

Captain Fisk's party left Fort Rice on the 23d of August, with fifty soldiers acting as body guard, for Bannock City, Idaho, their destination. It was a great venture and Captain Fisk is criticized only that he attempted the trip without more soldiers. He should have had at least three hundred men to insure safe journey through the country which was hitherto untraveled by white men.

THE BATTLE OF RED BUTTES

For eighty miles from Fort Rice, Captain Fisk followed the trail of General Sully and then turned a little southwest across the country, headed for the Big Horn and Yellowstone rivers. There was no trail, and no guides were with the expedition, as there were no white men who knew more about the country than did Captain Fisk. They were getting along nicely until they had arrived in Bowman County, at Ives, not far from Marmarth, and some 160 miles from Fort Rice, when in crossing a ravine one of the wagons by accident upset. Instead of halting the train until the wagon was reloaded, the main body moved on, while two men, a guard of nine soldiers, and one wagon were left behind to assist the man with the overturned wagon.

The Indians put in an appearance about noon, and swooped on the rear of this little party, of whom eight were killed, and four afterwards died of wounds. One escaped, being sent on to warn the train, from which at once a squad was sent under Lieutenant Smith to their assistance.

When the relief party came in sight of the place, they saw the Indians strip the bodies and mutilate them. They opened fire on them, killing quite a number. A scout by the name of Jefferson Dilts, who was also an old trapper, was with this party. He shot one Indian and charged out of sight of the rest of his comrades. They called to him to turn back, but he kept on. Shortly after, they followed to see what had become of him. They found him crawling up the side of the hill, having been shot through with bullets and five arrow wounds in his back. This man lived fifteen days. It is said that Dilts killed eleven Indians in all.

The fighting continued until sunset, and the expedition was saved from annihilation by the terrific thunderstorm that occurred that night and which had the effect of scattering the Indians. The dead were buried that night, and the wounded were brought in, suffering intense pain, their moaning mingling with the rumbling of the thunder and the flashing of lightning.

The emigrants lost in this affair one wagon loaded with liquors and cigars, and one containing among other things, 4,000 cartridges for carbines and several carbines and muskets. In the morning as the train moved on, they were surrounded by drunken Indians, some smoking cigars, some of them being reckless in their intoxicated condition. For two days the Indians followed, attacking the expedition at different times.

Fisk's expedition was nearing the Bad Lands, and as they could plainly see that this was a natural fortification where the Indians could easily dispute the passage of white men, Captain Fisk halted the train, and threw up intrenchments, building a sod corral of six feet in height and large enough to enclose the entire train, on the Little Missouri River between Bacon and Coyote creeks, about eight miles from Marmarth (the remains of the corral or rifle pits, can still be seen there today). A squad of thirteen men under Lieutenant Smith was then dispatched with messages to Fort Rice for reinforcements. These men got away in the night.

By great caution the men reached Fort Rice after three days and nights of hard riding. As General Sully was hourly expected at the fort, nothing was done until his arrival, when a detachment of 750 men under the command of Colonel Dill was at once fitted out. They left Fort Rice on September 8th, and took with them eighteen days" rations and were to bring the train back to the fort, as any other course would be sheer madness.

In the meantime the men in Captain Fisk's party worked hard digging trenches and throwing up sod walls to protect themselves, burning parts of their wagons, and feeding the cattle on bread and flour, which they did in the middle of a stormy night. The third day found the Indians in force, they being about three hundred strong while Captain Fisk had only seventy-five available men. The rest were busy with fortifications. The Indians began to harass the camp on one side while they endeavored to

break through the camp on the other. They were repulsed with a loss of a number of braves, and finally gathered on an eminence and sent a flag of truce, asking for a large quantity of supplies, ammunition, beef, cattle, and iron for bow-heads, upon the receival of which they modestly agreed to raise the siege.

The next communication was a letter written by a white woman, Mrs. Fanny Kelly, whom they held captive. The head men, some of whom could speak English, dictated what she was to write, but at the end of each sentence she appealed for help. The Indians being unable to read, she in this broken way enabled to inform Captain Fisk of her capture, although the Indians counted the words in her letter. The truce ground was maintained for two days in hope of securing her release. Captain Fisk offered three of his best horses, some flour, sugar, coffee, and a load of supplies if they would surrender her. They agreed to do so on the next day, but failed to keep the agreement.

The third day after the messengers left, the Indians took their departure and nothing more was seen of them. Captain Fisk was anxious to proceed, as he had discovered an open plateau, between the Bad Lands and the Black Hills, which he thought would be a feasible route should they continue their journey west. But the emigrants desired to wait, thinking that General Sully would sent a large force to see them through. They remained in their sod corral sixteen days, when Colonel Dill arrived with the positive orders to take them back, much to the joy of some of the emigrants, while others regretted they had not agreed to go on when Captain Fisk had suggested same.

This sod corral or intrenchment occupied by Fisk's expedition was named Fort Dilts, in honor of Jefferson Dilts, the wounded scout, who died of his wounds and was buried under its walls. As a great deal of fighting was done in a deep ravine with hills all around covered with red stone, the battle was appropriately called "The Battle of Red Buttes."

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. FANNY KELLY IN INDIAN CAPTIVITY

All through the history of these struggles, a white woman, Mrs. Fanny Kelly, was a captive in the hands of the Indians. It is not strange or singular that a woman be captured by these people, but it is strange and singular that her life was spared for so long a time, and that she was later ransomed by her people.

Mrs. Kelly was captured from an emigrant train some distance from Fort Laramie on the Platte River, in Wyoming, by a band of Ogallala Sioux Indians. This tribe of Indians were the best fighters of all the red men. They were of good physique and were rich in horses and traveled very rapidly. At the time of her capture Mrs. Kelly was but nineteen years of age, and during her career with the Indians she was subjected to more thrilling and blood-curdling experiences than the ordinary woman could withstand. After carrying her into the Dakotas, the Big Chief spared her life because she showed so much skill in dressing the wounds of their wounded and made herself useful to them in many ways. More severe than the long marches must have been the witnessing of the battles in which her own people were killed, and the fiendish acts of the blood-thirsty Redskins.

It was on May 17, 1864, that Josiah S. Kelly, his young wife, and their adopted little daughter, Mary, left their home in Geneva, Kansas, and with other emigrants started for the golden fields of Idaho, with high wrought hopes of future prosperity and

Mrs. Fanny Kelly

pleasant anticipations of a romantic and delightful journey across the plains. They experienced no disturbances from Indians, safely crossed the Platte River, until July 12, 1864, when they came into the Little Box Elder Valley, 12 miles from Deer Creek Station. When suddenly without warning, the bluffs before them were covered with a party of about two hundred Indians. Gaudily painted, uttering their wild war-whoops, firing a volley of guns and revolvers, they descended on the train of emigrants. In the massacre that followed, Mr. Kelly succeeded in making a miraculous escape. Favored by the fast approaching darkness, he hid himself in the tall grass and sage brush. Closer and closer to the hiding place of the terrified man came the stealthy tread of an approaching Indian, when to heighten his terror a huge rattlesnake raised its curved neck close beside him, thrust forth its venomous fangs and gave a warning rattle. But fear of the descent of the tomahawk and the gleam of the scalping knife was greater, and crouching to the ground Mr. Kelly awaited his fate. But the rattlesnake had warned the Indian of its presence, and the latter quickly left the vicinity.

Tortured by agonizing fears for the fate of his wife and child, Mr. Kelly crawled away to seek help, and after going many miles came upon a train of emigrants. Great consternation and alarm had spread with the tidings of the massacre, and fear for their own safety prevented anyone joining Mr. Kelly in his efforts to rescue his wife. It was not until re-inforced by other emigrant trains coming along, did the train move to the place of the massacre, but the Indians were by that time far beyond pursuit.

As soon as Mr. Kelly reached Deer Creek Station, he telegraphed to Fort Laramie of the outbreak of the Indians and the capture of his wife and child. Immediately two troops were ordered out to pursue the Indians, but after an absence of two days returned unsuccessful. Kelly then offered a reward of 19 horses, the money value of which was deposited with the com-

mander of Fort Laramie, and it was circulated thorugh the Indian villages that the reward would be paid on the safe delivery of Mrs. Kelly and child. The reward was the means of liberating another white woman and her child. Some Indians, wishing to enhance their fortunes and thinking one white woman like another, brought a Mrs. Ewbanks and her child to the commander of the fort, and were paid the reward. During the entire period of Mrs. Kelly's captivity, her husband made effort after effort for her rescue or ransom, outfitting friendly Indians time and again who promised to bring her to him, but who accepted his reward and never returned, or if they did return, it was to tell him they could not find her. But to return to the scene of the massacre. Besides Mrs. Kelly, there was another woman in the train of emigrants, a Mrs. Larimer, who also with her 8 year old boy escaped the tomahawk, her husband also being saved by flight. Before their flight, the Indians plundered the wagon train, destroying all the property that they could not carry away with them. When Mrs. Larimer saw them destroying her property, consisting of chemicals and picture cases and such articles as belong to the daguerreotype art, with which she had indulged in high hopes of a fortune from the prosecution of the art among the mining towns of Idaho, her grief had reached its climax. Her wild despairing cry brought the chief of the band down upon her with a gleaming knife in his hand. But Mrs. Kelly, whose presence of mind never left her, assuming cheerfulness she did not feel, pleaded successfully for Mrs. Larimer's life, and was herself rewarded with a wreath of gay feathers which Chief Ottawa took off his head and presented to her as a token of his favor and protection.

From the plunder, a few articles of clothing as also a few books and letters were given to Mrs. Kelly by an Indian named Wechle. The latter she joyfully received, and concealed about her person as many as possible, as she readily conceived a plan to make use of them, which plan she also carried out when seated

on a horse with little Mary in front of her: she started to drop the letters at intervals as they journeyed from the place of the massacre, thinking friends would come to her rescue by means of them, or to retrace her steps by should a chance of escape present itself.

That same night Mrs. Kelly conceived a plan of escape for little Mary, who, a bright child for her age, readily consented to it. At the first opportunity she gently dropped the child down the side of the horse into the tall grass, having first told her to lie there still until the Indians had passed and then to retrace her steps back to the main road by means of the dropped letters, on a chance that she might soon meet one of the many frequently passing trains of emigrants.

But as the distance between herself and little Mary grew, Mrs. Kelly began to grow desperate with fears for her child's safety, and determined to follow her, so she also slipped off her horse, but her flight was soon discovered and the Indians rode back in pursuit of her. Her concoction of a story that the child had fallen in her sleep off the horse and that she had gone back in search of it saved her life. The next morning a search party was sent out after the child. But it was not until sometime later that an Indian brave one day rode up to Mrs. Kelly's side with the scalp of little Mary dangling from his side and her shawl in his hand. At the sight of which Mrs. Kelly swooned.

It was found out later, that Mary had reached the main road, and seeing a small troop of soldiers not far off, reached out her hands joyfully to them, but just at that moment the pursuing Indians appeared back of her, and the soldiers thinking she was being used as a decoy, and that the place was swarmed with hidden Indians, turned and fled, and little Mary met her sad fate at the hands of her captors. Mr. Kelly, hearing at the fort the story of the soldiers, hastened back with them to the place, only to have his worst fears realized. The mutilated body of the

child was buried by them on the spot where she had met her death.

Mrs. Larimer and her boy escaped by the aid of an Indian after only a night and a day in captivity. But Mrs. Kelly was not so fortunate, having found favor in Chief Ottawa's eyes, she was never allowed out of his sight, and no one else was allowed to approach her. Hence during the entire time of her captivity she was spared any personal indignity. But to her lot fell the part of carrying her chief's possessions on the long journey to the Indian village. Leading an unruly horse in one hand, her other arm loaded with gun, bow and arrow and other belongings of the chief, she found her burden so heavy that one day without thinking she threw away the pipe of the old chief. This so enraged the chief when the loss was discovered that, grinding his teeth in wrathful anger, he told her by signs that she would see the sun no more.

Accordingly the journey was halted, and a fire built before which the warriors danced, while Mrs. Kelly trembling and horror-stuck awaited her doom. In the midst of her prayers, she remembered some money she had in her pocket—some one hundred and twenty dollars in notes. Drawing the money out with suffused eyes, she divided it among the savages, explaining to them with signs its value. To her astonishment a change came over their faces, and they laid weapons on the ground, seemed pleased, requesting her to explain the value of the money by holding up her fingers.

On the sixth night Mrs. Kelly tried to steal away toward some growing timber, but the watchful Chief Ottawa did not risk his prey so carelessly. With his keen eyes upon her, his iron hand grasped her wrist and drew her back. Throwing her fiercely on the ground he hissed a threat through his clenched teeth. When Mrs. Kelly came to she found it was morning and that she was watched by a relentless guard. From this time on she

felt her captivity was for life, and a dull despair took possession of her.

On one occasion, the chief's brother-in-law presented Mrs. Kelly with a pair of stockings from his store, which was gladly accepted, never suspecting for a moment that she was outraging the custom of the people among whom she was. Chief Ottawa saw the gift, made no remark, but soon after shot one of his brother-in-law's horses, to which the latter objected, and a quarrel took place. Realizing that she was the cause of the disagreement, Mrs. Kelly tremblingly watched the conflict, unable to conciliate either combatant and dreading the wrath of both.

The chief would brook no interference, nor would he offer any reparation for the wrong he had inflicted. His brother-in-law, enraged at his arrogance, drew his bow and aimed the arrow straight at Mrs. Kelly's heart, determined to have satisfaction for the loss of his horse, when suddenly up sprang a young Blackfoot, whose name was Jumping Bear (John Grass), snatched the bow from the savage and hurled it to the ground, thus saving Mrs. Kelly's life. The chief then presented his brother-in-law with a horse, which calmed the latter's fury. From this time on Jumping Bear began to form a liking for Mrs. Kelly, and in various ways tried to impress upon her that he was not in favor of pillaging and killing. But his former activity in the attack on the train and the energy he displayed on that occasion made Mrs. Kelly doubt the sincerity of his statement.

As they neared the Indian village with their captive, the Indians paused to dress to make a gay appearance and an imposing entrance. Chief Ottawa (Silver Horn) was arrayed in full costume, and presented a gorgeous appearance as he sat on his noble-looking horse. His face was painted red with black stripes, with yellow circlets around his eyes. He was seventy-five years old, but very savage and ferocious looking. As he rode to the village elated over the capture of his white captive, the

entire village turned out to welcome him and his warriors. Riding between a double column of Indians, the chief, followed by his captive, made for his lodge, where he was greeted by his six wives. The greeting consisted of each wife in turn crossing her hands across his breast and smiling at him. They eyed Mrs. Kelly with astonishment. Mrs. Kelly was then told to dismount and led to the chief's lodge, which became her abode.

One day Mrs. Kelly was invited to the wigwam of one of the squaws, to partake of some deer meat the squaw had cooked. Mrs. Kelly entered the wigwam, when Chief Ottawa, relishing a toothsome dish, followed after her. But his jealous eldest wife came flying into the lodge like an enraged fury, and brandishing her knife vowed to kill Mrs. Kelly, who sought her escape in flight, the squaw following in close pursuit. The chief tried to interfere, striking the squaw, who in her rage turned on him like an infuriated tiger, stabbing him several times. Her brother, who was a short distance, thinking Mrs. Kelly the cause fired six shots at her, but succeeded only in lodging one of the shots in the arm of the chief, breaking it near the shoulder. The injured chief was taken to his lodge, and as soon as Mrs. Kelly was able to stand up from her fright, she was required to attend to his injuries, which were very severe, made more so from the visit of the "Medicine Man," who in probing for the bullet had pierced the arm of the chief with a long knife. The old chief never fully recovered from his injury and it became Mrs. Kelly's duty to be his sole attendant, dress his wounds and prepare his food, for which he rewarded her by severely pinching her arm at times, to make her share the pain he was suffering for her sake.

The 25th of July was observed by continual feasting in honor of the safe return of the braves who had been on the warpath. Into the large tent, where all the chiefs, medicine men, and great warriors met for consultation and feasting, Mrs. Kelly was invited and given an elevated seat while the rest all sat

upon the ground. Following the speech by Chief Ottawa and others, the pipe was passed around to all present and then kettles of dog's meat were brought in and bowls of it passed to all present. Mrs. Kelly was also forced to partake some of the delicacy, but a few mouthfuls were all she could eat in spite of all urging. The women later signified to her that she should feel highly honored by being called to feast with the Chiefs and great Warriors.

One of the occupations given to Mrs. Kelly, while resting in the villages, between war times, was to prepare the bark of a red willow called "killikinnick," which the Indians used in place of tobacco. On these occasions as she sat in front of the wigwam rubbing the bark of the willow, the warriors who having discovered she could sing, would gather around her and request her to sing for them, and as song after song floated out on the open air, they would gaze in awed wonder and respect at this marvelous white woman whose bird-like notes rivaled the songsters of their forest.

On the 27th of July, the day before the great Killdeer Battle, the Indians having been pursued by General Sully's army had returned to camp and entered upon a course of feasting and rejoicing. It was here that Mrs. Kelly witnessed the Scalp Dance. The performance is only gone through at night and by the light of torches, consequently its terrible characteristics are heightened by the fantastic gleams of the lighted brands. The women too take part in this dance, and Mrs. Kelly was forced to mingle in the fearful festivity, painted and dressed for the occasion, and holding a staff from the top of which hung several scalps.

The braves came vauntingly forth, with the most extravagant boasts of their wonderful prowess and courage in war, at the same time brandishing their weapons in their hands with the most fearful contortions and threatenings. A number of young

women came with them carrying the trophies of their friends, which they held aloft, while the warriors jumped around in a circle, brandishing their weapons and yelling the fearful war-cry in the most frightful manner, all jumping upon both feet at the same time, with simultaneous stamping and motions, with their weapons keeping exact time. Their gestures impressed Mrs. Kelly as if they were all actually cutting and carving each other to pieces. They became furious as they grew more excited until their faces were distorted to the utmost, their glaring eyes protruded with a fiendish indescribable expression, as they grinded their teeth and imitated the hissing, gurgling sound of death in battle. Furious and faster grew the stamping, until the sight was more like a picture of fiends in a carnival of battle than anything else to which the war-dance can be compared to.

The next day, during the Killdeer Battle, Mrs. Kelly was kept in advance of the moving column of women and children, who were hurrying on, crying and famishing for water, and trying to keep out of the line of firing. The Indians hurried on in great desperation. The sound of battle warned her of the proximity of her own people, but she was forbidden to even turn her head and look in the direction of the battle. Once she broke the rule and was severely punished for it. At this time General Sully's soldiers appeared in close proximity, and she could see them charging on the Indians, who according to their habits of warfare skulked behind trees, sending their arrows and bullets vigorously into the enemy's ranks. Pursued by Sully's army the Indians continued retreating until plunging into the Missouri they swam across. Mrs. Kelly was forced to plunge in with her horse also.

The morning following the Killdeer Battle, the Indians entered a gorge, a perfect mass of huge fragments which had fallen from the mountains above. Here the wounded warriors were brought and great was the lamentation among the Indians over

their great loss. Some blackened their faces, cut their hair, others cut deep gashes an inch in length on their bodies and limbs, in frantic efforts to express their deep mourning. Mrs. Kelly expected nothing else at this time than that her life would be taken in revenge for the killing of the Indians by the Whites, but again she was spared her life by ministering to the wounded as none of their own tribe could do.

She was still with them at the Three Days' Battle of the Bad Lands, and dressed the wounds of the Indians there, as also when they were holding Captain Fisk and his emigrant train near the Bad Lands at Ives in Bowman County. Here she was the means of negotiations between Captain Fisk and the Indians. She wrote messages for the Indians to Fisk, and although they were careful to have her spell out each word to them, she managed to say a few personal words to Captain Fisk of her captivity, pleading with him to rescue her, also advising him and his men of the danger they were in.

On the return of Captain Fisk to Fort Rice, he made known to General Sully that Mrs. Kelly was a captive among the Indians and of his unsuccessful attempts for her release, when the Blackfeet presented themselves before the General, and avowed their weariness of hostility and their desire to purchase arms, ammunition, and necessaries for the coming winter. They were told by General Sully that he wanted no peace with them, but for them to deliver the white woman they held in captivity and he would believe in their professions. The Blackfeet assured General Sully they had no white woman, that she was among the Ogallalas, but the General answered: "As you are friendly with them, go to them and secure her and you will be rewarded. But unless you do so, we will raise an army as numerous as the trees on the Missouri River and exterminate the Indians."

Therefore the Blackfeet called on the Ogallalas, but the latter were not afraid and refused to let Mrs. Kelly go. Old Chief

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Jumping Bear

Ottawa who was now ailing had expressed the desire that, if the Great Spirit should summon him away, Mrs. Kelly be killed, in order to become his attendant in the Spirit Land. The Indians held a solemn council for two days, and at last resolved that the Blackfeet should take Mrs. Kelly as a ruse, to enable them to enter the fort, and a wholesale massacre of soldiers would follow. Mrs. Kelly was to be taken first to the Blackfeet village until all the Indian bands had concentrated. As a final pledge of her safe return to the Ogallalas, the Blackfeet left three of their best horses.

It was here in the Blackfeet village that our Chief John Grass, or Jumping Bear, on a moonlight night came to remind Mrs. Kelly of her indebtedness to him for saving her life from the arrow of Chief Ottawa's brother-in-law. Cupid had sent his quivering arrow down deep in the true heart of the red man, making no distinction between color or race.

Trembling with fear Mrs. Kelly listened to his avowal of love for her, and his assurances that she had no cause to fear him—that he always liked the white woman, and would be more than a friend to her.

Mrs. Kelly answered that she did not fear him, but felt grateful for his kindness and protection, but that unless he proved his friendship for her, no persuasion could induce her to listen to become his wife.

"Will you carry a letter to my people at the fort, delivering it into the hands of the Great Chief there? They will reward you for your kindness to their sister; they will give you many presents, and you will be rich."

"I dare not go," he replied. "Nor could I get back before the warriors come to our village."

But Mrs. Kelly finally prevailed upon him to go, assuring him that the letter contained nothing that would harm him or his people, that she had written of him and his kindness and of

his good will toward her people. Invoking the bright moon as a witness to her pledge of honor and truth, Jumping Bear consented to deliver the letter; and in the moonlight Mrs. Kelly watched him start out on his long journey, casting one last lingering farewell glance at the white woman who had won his heart. With love and expectancy singing in his heart, he minded not the cold of the night, nor the long journey through the snow drifts, for before his eyes loomed the vision of a wigwam, and a white woman coming to greet him on his return from hunting trips.

On the 6th of December Jumping Bear reached Fort Sully, and delivered Mrs. Kelly's letter to the Commander of the post, Major House; receiving a suit of clothes, some presents, and a letter for Mrs. Kelly, which she never saw, as the Indians started out with her before Jumping Bear returned. The contents of Mrs. Kelly's letter having warned the Commander of the intended attack on the fort and the massacre of the garrison, preparations for a defense were immediately carried out and when the Indians came bringing Mrs. Kelly, only ten or twelve of the chiefs who were her bodyguard were allowed to come inside with her, when the gates were immediately closed, shutting out the body of Indians numbering about 1,000 to 1,200. A bargain was made for her and the articles agreed upon were delivered for her in exchange. The day she was brought in was a bitter cold day, the 12th of December, and she was poorly clad, having scarcely anything to protect her from the bitter cold. Her limbs, hands and face were terribly frozen, and she was placed in the hospital at Fort Sully where she remained two months.

The Indians seeing the fort was armed made no attack, but were greatly enraged at losing Mrs. Kelly. For two days they stayed around the fort trying to induce her to visit them at their lodges, doubtless with the design of capturing her. Two months

later they came again and were greatly disappointed when told she had left for her home.

During the two months Mrs. Kelly was at Fort Sully, she had not a word of her husband. Mr. Kelly having time and again failed at Fort Laramie in his efforts to release her left for Leavenworth, Kansas, to obtain help from the citizens there, and to get permission of the Commander to raise an independent company for her release. There he met his brother, General Kelly, who had just returned from fighting in the south, and who had received a letter from Mrs. Kelly acquainting him of her release.

When Mr. Kelly was told of the letter, he would not at first be convinced, but, after being shown the letter he said: "Yes, I know that is Fanny's writing, but it cannot be possible!" But by daylight he was already on the way to Dakota, and the two months' stay at Fort Sully ended for Mrs. Kelly by finding herself one day, on the arrival of the mail coach, in her husband's arms, which held her in a grip as though fearing to lose her again. She found him much changed, the seven months of anxiety had turned his hair white. He remained two days at Fort Sully and then they left for the old home in Geneva, where an aged mother was joyfully waiting to clasp her daughter in her arms.

Subsequently Congress voted Mrs. Kelly $5,000 for saving Fort Sully. In 1871 Mrs. Kelly wrote a book "My Captivity Among The Sioux," which is since out of print. She died at Washington City in 1906. Mr. Kelly had died within three years after his wife's rescue from captivity during the cholera epidemic that followed after the Civil War. An only son resides in Jefferson, Okla.

CHAPTER XIII.

FATHER GENIN

Among the most devoted of missionaries was Father Jean Baptiste Marie Genin, who devoted his life to the Indians, and whose self-sacrifice stands as a monument to his memory. He was born near Lyons in France in 1837, and was educated for priesthood at Marseilles and Paris. He was brought to America in 1860 by Bishop Guiges as an instructor in the Ottawa seminary, where for three years he taught rhetoric and philosophy. But his soul was filled with pity for the ignorant Indians of the plains, and he soon was at work as a missionary among them in the McKenzie River district.

He began his traveling missionary labors in 1864. Later joining the tribes of Teton Sioux he traversed with them through North Dakota and northern Minnesota, enduring all the hardships and poverty inseparable from their mode of life. During the summer and hunting season they usually went as far south as Fort Randall, occasionally making trips to the Black Hills, which they claimed as their own. The winters were spent in the sheltered timber along the Missouri and the Red River of the North. Father Genin continued among them teaching and baptising.

On May 13, 1867, at Fort Abercrombie, Father Genin met the Red River buffalo hunters, some six hundred in number, returning from their hunt on the Sheyenne River, with dead and dying

people on their carts, seeking help after a fierce encounter with the Sioux of the Cut Head tribe, who claimed the hunting ground. Their battle had been so fierce that the women had to burn the arrows shot by the Sioux to melt the lead to make bullets to keep their husbands able to defend themselves with their double-barrelled shotguns. One revengeful woman made bullets over a fire of burning arrows, her dead child, killed by an arrow, still bound to her back. Some of the unfortunate half-breeds were left with but one eye, the other having been put out by an arrow. After several days' work among the dying and burial of the dead, Father Genin in company of two Indians on horseback left for the great Sioux camps at Lake Traverse and Big Stone.

As Father Genin's small party headed by an Indian on horseback bearing the mission flag, a white banner with a large red cross in the center, reached the camps of the Indians on June 24, 1867, an immense shout resounded through the hills, and all the Indians came forward to meet the "Black Gown." Only two men kept away. The priest was welcomed and had to shake hands and say something to every one, both young and old. This ceremony lasted from 1 o'clock p. m. until 7 o'clock. Then the chiefs had supper served to the priest. The two men who stayed away and did not present themselves to shake hands with the priest were: Omahakattle (Omaha Killer), and his first soldier, Canta Tanka. They were heardsmen of the Yanktonaise Sioux, who some weeks before had fought with the half-breed buffalo hunters.

After supper the two giant-like men appeared and sat in silence before the priest and some twenty chiefs of the Sioux nation. This silence lasted until every one had smoked out of the great calumet of peace. This calumet was carried by Canta Tanka (Great Heart). After having filled the pipe he raised it toward heaven to make the Great Spirit smoke first and thus obtain his supreme protection; then he passed the pipe down to

the earth, silently offering it to the evil spirit to avoid his jealousy. After this the pipe was lit and offered to the "Black Gown," and after him in succession to all the chiefs, the last being Omahakattle and Canta Tanka. Then Omahakattle begged permission to address the priest, and said:

"Cina Papa, Black Gown, I am old, my hair is white, it is a long time since my forefathers told me of a messenger of the Great Spirit, wearing a black gown. I have always desired to see him, and have asked the favor from the Great Spirit. At last he has come. But I cannot raise my eyes to look at him. I feel ashamed. I am covered with shame, for it was my people who shed the blood of so many victims, and who also fought with those people (the half-breeds) whom you have adopted and given to the Great Spirit. My soldiers were not led by me to the battle, but acted against me, but I feel the blood of the innocent on the hands of my people cries also against me and mine."

"Black Gown, I am covered with shame, and yet I wish to ask you a favor, the favor of having you stay with us. You will instruct our young men and our children from growing up like savages like ourselves. Black Gown, you will pity our children, and so long as my heart beats, no hand shall ever be raised against you or yours. You shall be our father and we will be your children." Thus spoke the great Omahakattle, the slayer of the Omahas. Thus spoke his companion, the Great Heart.

After three weeks spent in teaching baptism, four tribes presented themselves for baptism in the Catholic faith. The ceremony began at 7 o'clock in the morning and lasted until 2 o'clock in the afternoon, it being necessary for each chief of the four tribes to explain after the priest every article to his people. Thus was founded the Mission of the Sacred Heart. Then came the petitions of the representatives of several thousand Sioux of all tribes asking the "Black Gown" to stay in their

midst. The priest's mission flag was adopted by the Indians as the nation's flag.

Father Genin offers us several instances of the feeling an Indian heart is capable of. We have seen the Indian despised, and been taught to consider him our inferior, and it is well to also know another side of his nature. At one of Father Genin's visits to the Sioux at Big Stone Lake, in Dakota Territory, he baptised one morning in 1867, before mass, thirty-five young Indians ranging from 5 to 13 years of age. This tribe was very poor, for the buffalo were scarce and they had failed to provide sufficient food. Father Genin was poor himself, very poor, and his provisions were all gone. After mass, he was surprised to see all his young Catholic Indians disappear.

"Where have all the children gone?" he asked Chief Sweet Corn (Wasiutsiapa), a faithful friend of his. "They will soon be back," answered the chief. In a few minutes the young Indians returned, each holding and presenting to Father Genin from two to five muskrat skins. "What is that for, my children?" he asked. They answered: "Father, we are very poor and have only muskrat meat to eat; we think you would not like it very well, white people never do. You have not much yourself. You will change these furs for pork at the trader's store. That will do you better." Was there any feeling in these young Indian hearts?

In 1872, while the Dakota division of the Northern Pacific was being graded, Father Genin happened to be one day in July in the company of one of the grading contractors near Pipestem, a little stream tributary to the James River, when a tall Indian came to meet them. He took Father Genin by the hand and held it so tight that the priest thought he would break his fingers in the grasp. The Indian kept looking at the heavens for several minutes and speaking to the Great Spirit, thanking him that at last he had the "Black Gown's" hand in his. Then he

said to Father Genin: "I come from Sitting Bull's camp. I am a Teton. I come to ask you one question in the name of our people: Do you love the Whites so much better than you do us, or do you suppose that we love you less than they?" "Why?" asked the priest. "Because," he replied, "you spend nearly all your time with them and we cannot see you at all, although we desire you very much."

Hon. G. J. Kenney, a pioneer of Cass county, said that the first church service he attended in North Dakota was at the Holy Cross Mission. He was looking for the signs of a possible railroad survey in the summer of 1872, and, when near the mouth of the Wild Rice River, looming up before him and the survey party was a large cross. He remarks that he was not much given to church thoughts in those days, but that he stood still and took off his hat to that cross. Going down to the bend of the river, he saw Father Genin making hay with some Indians and half-breed assistants, clad in priestly garb, but doing work with the fork. When Father Genin saw the approaching party he went out to meet them, and they spent a most delightful day with him. Mr. Kenny asked Father Genin why he had placed the cross there. "For the good it might do," was the answer. "Were you not better for seeing it?"

This cross was erected by Father Genin in 1868, on a bluff called Sacred Heart, in the middle of a splendid bay on the south shore of Devils Lake. This bluff is an elevation of land in the shape of a perfect heart. At the time of the planting of the cross, high mass was held at the place, attended by five hundred half-breeds and about nine hundred Sioux. This cross became a gathering place for all the Indians, and once every year Father Genin went there to baptise the infants and receive into the church all those of proper age, and to advise all who came. His word was the only restraining influence they recognized, and his word was always for peace and quiet.

Dr. Slaughter who was in command as Major to his post in Dakota Territory, while his wife was the first postmistress of Bismarck, first met Father Genin at Fort Rice. After the first meeting both Major Slaughter and his wife were puzzled over the resemblance of Father Genin to some one they had seen. They often spoke of this illusive resemblance, but neither could solve the mystery. It had been their custom to walk every pleasant evening from the Bismarck post-office down to the river. On one occasion as they were returning from their walk, they beheld Father Genin, clad in priestly garb, for he never laid aside his robes during labors, his small plump hands holding a plane as he wrought at a carpenter's bench in a church that was being constructed. Hearing their approach he turned toward them, his face radiant with pleasant greeting and lighted up with the glow of the setting sun. Then suddenly they remembered who it was that he resembled, and moved by the same thought turned simultaneously toward each other, each one murmuring: "St. John, the beloved disciple!" Major Slaughter and his wife had in their possession a beautiful painting of "The Last Supper," showing the divinely beautiful face of St. John as he leaned on Jesus' breast, and like a flash it came to them that this was the face to which the countenance of this humble, hardworking, unassuming priest bore so great a resemblance.

In Father Genin the Indians had a true and loyal friend, and amid the dark shadows of their desperate struggle to preserve for their unhappy children the lands of their ancestors, there ever shines the memory of the heroic Catholic missionary, who devoted his life, his learning, and his great talents to their service, seeking to lead them to immortal life through the knowledge of a true God, and to instil in their pagan minds the undying truths of religion. The missionary influence among the Indians resulted in a respect for the cross, and any victim of the battles fought by the Indians was left unmolested if he wore a cross.

CHAPTER XIV.

YELLOWSTONE EXPEDITIONS
WHISTLER EXPEDITION

On July 2, 1864, Congress passed an act granting right of way through the Indian country, to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. It was entitled: "An Act Granting Lands to Aid in the Construction of a Railroad and Telegraph Line from Lake Superior to Puget Sound on the Pacific Coast by the Northern Route."

When in 1871 the news of the prospect of building the Northern Pacific through this wild region was first conveyed at Fort Rice it was regarded as the wildest piece of folly by every officer on the frontier. But the orders came from the headquarters to fit out an expedition at Fort Rice to accompany the engineers of the proposed railroad to the Yellowstone River. On the morning of September 2, 1871, the expedition left Fort Rice for the West. The military escort consisted of 500 mounted men, a detachment of artillery with two Gatling guns, and fifty mounted Indian scouts, with a train of 100 wagons; the whole under the command of General Whistler.

It should be borne in mind that what is now the map of North Dakota was then a blank as far as settlements or railroads are concerned. There were no roads at all, only trails, and those were limited to the mail trails running up and down the Missouri River between the military trails of Forts Buford,

Stevenson, Totten, and Abercrombie. The result of the expedition was that in 1872 the Northern Pacific was built as far as Bismarck.

STANLEY EXPEDITION

In 1873, another expedition of some seventeen hundred men under General Stanley, who was then Colonel of the 22d Infantry, was sent out for the purpose of exploring the Yellowstone River and guarding the surveyors who were locating a route for the Northern Pacific west of the Missouri River. General George Custer and the Seventh Cavalry formed a large part of the command. The expedition arrived at Yankton, then the Capital of Dakota Territory, on April 10, 1873. From there they proceeded up the Missouri River until they reached Fort Rice, from which place the expedition was formed for escort duty.

The wagon train consisted of 400 six-mule teams. No white people lived at that time between Bismarck and Pompey's Pillar, Mont., with the exception of a man named Warren, near where Sims now is; consequently no white scout could be engaged who knew of any way through the Bad Lands for the wagon train. Finally, two Sioux Indian scouts, "Goose" and "Good Wood," and an Arikara scout, "Bloody Knife," were engaged by General Stanley. The wife of General Custer, as well as the wives of the other officers of the Seventh, had accompanied the command, when orders came from Washington not to allow ladies to go with the expedition. The only one allowed being General Custer's cook, a colored woman.

The country, especially in the Bad Lands, was a terrible one to cross. Custer volunteered to ride ahead each day with a small escort party to mark a road. General Custer possessed a faculty for this kind of work that was simply marvelous. He was a born pathfinder—better even than Fremont. When the expedition came to the Bad Lands, Custer, a few officers, and eleven of the

enlisted men, went ahead to find a passable route for the wagon train. They were obliged to lead the horses most of the time in following the ravines. All day the little "advance" had been winding its way between the ravines, and steep bluffs and buttes. Evening came and the little party found they had lost their way —every attempt to find their way out of the Bad Lands resulted in a failure.

Slowly the shadows lengthened, the buttes seemed stranger and wilder than ever, the fantastic outlines of the higher cliffs stood out with startling clearness, while the lower gorges were in black shadows—shadows brought out the mysterious, ever-changing goblin figures on the buttes—and for a time it seemed as though the little party was doomed. They had no rations left, saw no visible way of getting out of the weird place. Hour after hour they wandered, disheartened at their failure. But their absence and the approaching night had caused a sense of uneasiness at the camp, and General Stanley had a fire built upon a high bluff. The advance saw it and following in the direction of the fire they succeeded in reaching camp late in the night. General Custer received orders to increase his escort to two troops of cavalry for advance duty the next day.

The following day, on August 4th, General Custer left camp at five o'clock in the morning with the the troops of Moylan and Tom Custer, eighty-six men, five officers, and the favorite scout, Bloody Knife. At ten o'clock they reached the cliffs of some bluffs along the river, and saw before them a beautiful valley, through which the river gently meandered between the tree-clad banks. They advanced two miles and made camp under the trees for a noonday rest. They had come at a smart pace and were far ahead of the main column. The weather was hot, and after picketing their horses and partaking of the noonday meal, and posting sentries, the officers and men threw themselves on the grass and slept.

At one o'clock the sentry on the edge of the timber gave the alarm. A small party of Indians was approaching and attempted to stampede the horses in the hope of forcing the soldiers to fight where they were, dismounted, at a disadvantage over the mounted Indians. Custer was on his feet in an instant, shouting: "Run to your horses men!" The troopers were no less alert. Before the Indians could stampede the horses, each man had reached his animal and led him back into the timber. A few shots drove off the Indians. The horses were then saddled and the command moved on. Suddenly six mounted Indians appeared on the crest of a little hill. Custer led the way toward them, and they kept retreating slowly, and in this manner drew the soldiers some two miles up the valley.

Finally, in the hope of getting nearer to them, General Custer took twenty men, with his brother Tom and Lieutenant Varnum in command, and rose some two hundred yards ahead of the main body under Captain Moylan, who was directed to keep that distance in rear of the advance. Then Custer, accompanied only by an orderly, rode about the same distance ahead of the advance. As he came nearer to the Indians, they slackened their pace and suddenly stopped. To the left of the soldiers was a thick wood. It occurred to Custer that Indians might be concealed there, so he sent his orderly back to the advance to caution them to be on guard. Scarcely had the orderly reached the advance, when the Indians started at full gallop toward Custer, now alone in the valley. At the same time with a terrific war whoop three or four hundred Sioux burst out from the trees on the left.

Custer was riding a magnificent thoroughbred. In a second he was racing for his life toward the advance guard. The Indians had two objectives in view, namely, to intercept Custer and to cut the advance party from Moylan's men, who were coming up at a gallop. As he galloped toward the advance he

shouted to Tom Custer to dismount his men. He was not heard in the confusion, but young Custer knew what to do. While five men held the horses, the other fifteen threw themselves on the ground. On came the Indians after Custer, only to be met with a repeated volley of fire as they came within easy range of the dismounted skirmishers. Several of the savages were hit, and many of their horses. They reeled, swerved, and Custer rejoined his men. A few moments later Moylan came up with the main body.

Custer now dismounted most of his men, and keeping a bold front to the Indians retreated into the timber, fighting hard all the way. Reaching the river they made good their defense. The Indians tried all their devices to get them out, even setting fire to the grass, but it was green and would not burn easily, so failed. Later in the afternoon a heavy squadron came up from the main body under Stanley and put the Indians to flight. The only losses to the expedition that day were two civilians—Doctor Honzinger, a fat old German, who was a veterinarian of the regiment, and Mr. Baliran, the sutler. Both were quiet, peaceful men, very much liked, especially the doctor. They were amateur naturalists and frequently wandered from the main body on botanizing excursions. They had done so that morning, and the Indians had come upon them and murdered them. It was the finding of their bodies that caused General Stanley to send the squadron to the relief of the advance.

On the evening of August 8th, Custer, with ten troops of his regiment, left General Stanley's main division to follow a large well-defined trail of about 600 Sioux hostiles. On the evening of the 9th he arrived with his men on the north bank of the Yellowstone River and found the trail leading into the stream. Indian scouts, swimming across, established the facts that the hostiles had crossed to the south bank, and thence, as Custer believed, over into the Valley of the Big Horn. On the morning

of the 10th Custer forded a small branch of the river on to a good-sized sand bar with the entire command, and from there endeavored to float the rations and ammunition across on a raft built during the night. The swift current prevented the raft reaching the south bank, although every effort was made to have it do so. Custer then ordered the troops back to their camp of the previous night. While the command was trying to cross the Yellowstone, approximately 1,200 Indians were watching them from ambush on the bluffs on the other side, no doubt imploring the "Great Spirit" to permit the command to cross over, as the extermination of the soldiers, thus hemmed in between the bluffs and river, would have been mere play for the savages.

The Indians, seeing that the soldiers had abandoned the plan of crossing, attacked the command at daybreak on the 11th. The soldiers were favored by being hidden under the face of a bluff, and in firing only required to expose head and shoulders, yet in spite of this advantage were never out of danger of ultimate defeat. One troop under Captain French was especially in imminent danger, being stationed on the down-stream side of the valley, and only the timely appearance of General Stanley, with his infantry and 3-inch rodman, drove the Indians back. Skirmishers were dismounted, and these followed by three troops drove the Indians back a mile, when a stop was made and a heavy fire kept up over a deep canon for a few minutes. The Indians were pursued then for about five miles, until they disappeared in the Big Horn Valley, and remained in hiding for the remainder of the summer.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CAPTURE OF RAIN-IN-THE-FACE

The next year, 1874, word was brought to General Custer, who with the Seventh Cavalry was stationed at Fort Lincoln, near Bismarck, by Charley Reynolds, the scout, that Rain-in-the-Face, a famous Sioux chief, was at Standing Rock Agency, and during a Sun Dance had boasted of the murder of Dr. Honzinger and Mr. Baliran, both of whom he had killed because an Indian maiden had dared him to go to Fort Lincoln and kill a white man, and had laughed and taunted him when he told her it was too risky. To prove his bravery he killed the two men, cut off the brass buttons on their coats and brought them to the maiden who sewed them on her shawl.

Custer immediately determined upon the capture of Rain-in-the-Face, although to effect it would be a matter of no little difficulty and danger. He detailed Captain Yates and Captain Tom Custer with one hundred men to make the arrest. The arrival of one hundred men at the Agency immediately excited the suspicion of the Indians. To divert it from the real object, Captain Yates ostentatiously detached a Lieutenant with fifty men to ride to some villages ten miles away, in quest of certain Indians who had sometime before raided a settlement and run off with some stock, killing the herders. With the remainder he proposed to wait for the return of the detachment. Meanwhile it was learned from a scout that Rain-in-the-Face was in the

sutler's store, of which the Hon. H. S. Parkin was then owner.

Having received a good description of Rain-in-the-Face, Tom Custer with five picked men was ordered to enter the store and make the arrest. The store was full of Indians. It was impossible to tell one from the other, as, the weather being cold, the Indians kept their blankets well around their forms. To divert suspicion Tom Custer and his men mingled freely with the Indians, making small purchases of the sutler. They deceived the savages entirely, in spite of their careful scrutiny and suspicion. At last one of the Indians dropped his blanket and stepped to the counter to make a purchase.

It was Rain-in-the-Face. Immediately Tom Custer stepped behind him, threw his arms about him, and seized him in an iron grasp. Rain-in-the-Face who had observed the action too late, tried to fire his Winchester, but Custer was too quick for him. The five troopers sprang to the side of their captain and disarmed the Indian. The room all at once was filled with seething excitement. The Indians surged toward the troopers, and perhaps would have made short work of them, had not at his opportune moment Captain Yates and a detail of his men entered.

Rain-in-the-Face, a magnificent specimen of Indian manhood, had ceased to struggle the moment he found it was unavailing. The troopers were assembled, and in spite of threats and menaces by the Indians, who did not venture to attack, they started for Fort Lincoln with their prisoner. Rain-in-the-Face was a man of much importance among the Indians, who considered no price too great for his release. They offered Yates two warriors in exchange for him. Their offer refused, they sent messengers in every direction to different bands to mass a force to release him. But the rapidity with which the troops moved was such that he was safely imprisoned in the Guard House at Fort Lincoln before anything could be done.

For two days Rain-in-the-Face stubbornly refused to say

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Chief Rain-in-the-Face

anything, but finally made full confession, stating that he had shot Mr. Baliran and wounded Doctor Honzinger, who had fallen from his horse, whereupon he had crushed his head with a stone, but did not have time to scalp his victims owing to the approach of the troops. He was kept in the Guard House preparatory to be tried for murder and in spite of the efforts made for his release by prominent Indians. In the same Guard House were two civilians who had been caught stealing grain. One bitterly cold night, during a raging blizzard, the civilians with some outside help succeeded to make their escape, and Rain-in-the-Face escaped with them, and joined the hostiles under Sitting Bull and Gall. But he never forgot the indignity of his capture and deeply resented it.

"I was treated like a squaw, not a Chief," he said some years later in relating the incident. "Little Hair (Capt. Tom Custer) stepped behind me, like a squaw, when my back was turned. They all piled on me at once; they threw me in a sick wagon (ambulance) and held me down till they got me to the guard-room at Lincoln. They put me in a room, chained me, gave me only one blanket. The snow blew through the cracks and on to me all winter. It was cold. Once Little Hair let me out and the Long Swords (soldiers) told me to run. I knew they wanted to shoot me in the back. I told Little Hair that I would get away some time. I wasn't ready then; when I did, I would cut his heart out and eat it. I was chained to a white man. One night we got away. They fired at us, but we hid on the bank of Heart River in the brush. The white man cut the chains with a knife (a file). They caught him the next day.

"I rejoined Sitting Bull and Gall. They were afraid to come and get me there. I sent Little Hair a picture, on a piece of buffalo skin, of a bloody heart. He knew I didn't forget my vow. The next time I saw Little Hair, ugh! I got his heart. I have said all."

Rain-in-the-Face who has been immortalized by Longfellow in his poem entitled "The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face," which poem and the presence of the Indian caused a great stir at the World's Fair in Chicago, years later, was one of the most noted of all the Sioux Indian Chiefs, and held a high place among all the chiefs on account of his wonderful endurance in the Sun Dance, in which he underwent the most horrible self-torture ever inflicted.

The Sun Dance is a ceremonial performance in which the young Sioux aspirant gives that final proof of endurance and courage which entitles him to the state of a full-fledged warrior. One feature of it is the suspension of the candidate by a rawhide rope passed through slits cut in the breast, or elsewhere, until the flesh tears and he falls to the ground. If he faints, falters, or even gives way momentarily to his anguish during the period of suspension, he is damned forever after, and is called and treated as a squaw for the rest of his miserable life.

Rain-in-the-Face was lucky when he was tied up. The tendons gave way easily, and he was released after so short a suspension that it was felt that he had not fairly won his spurs. Sitting Bull, the chief medicine man, decided that the test was unsatisfactory. Rain-in-the-Face thereupon defied Sitting Bull to do his worst, declaring there was no test which could wring a murmur of pain from his lips. Sitting Bull was equal to the occasion. He cut deep slits in the back over the kidneys—the hollows remaining were big enough almost to take in a closed fist years after—and passed the rawhide rope through them.

For two days the young Indian hung suspended, taunting his torturers, jeering at them, defying them to do their worst, while singing his war songs and boasting of his deeds. The tough flesh muscles and tendons would not tear loose, although he kicked and struggled violently to get free. Finally, Sitting Bull, satisfied that Rain-in-the-Face's courage and endurance

were above proof, ordered buffalo skulls to be tied to his legs, and the added weight with some more vigorous kicking enabled the Indian to break free. It was one of the most wonderful exhibitions of stoicism, endurance, and courage, ever witnessed among the Sioux, where these qualities were not infrequent. Rain-in-the Face had passed the test. No one thereafter questioned his courage. He was an approved warrior indeed. It was while thus suspended that he boasted of the murder of Doctor Honzinger and Mr. Baliran, and was overheard by Charley Reynolds, the scout, who reported same to General Custer.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BLACK HILLS EXPEDITION

Custer's expedition to the Black Hills was a purely scientific one, sent to determine the vexed question of whether the hills contained gold in such quantities as to warrant the government at Washington in opening the hills to gold diggers and others. The Interior and War Departments had agreed that it was not creditable to the Government that the Black Hills of Dakota should long remain a mysterious and unknown land, in the very heart of the continent. Hence it was proposed that a military expedition start from Fort Lincoln, under General Custer.

Previous to the year 1874, few indeed were the white men who had been allowed to explore this land of mystery; the hills being held as sacred by the Indians, and not to be profaned by the white men's feet. It was a religious superstition and belief of the Indians that these hills were the "Happy Hunting Ground" to which the warriors would go after death.

The Tetons, long aware of the existing gold in the country of the Black Hills, and seeing the country already coveted by white men, and it being their last place of abode, made a law: "That any Indian who would show the gold fields to white men should die, and that the Whites, made aware of the presence of gold, should die also;" for they feared the country would be taken from them.

It was on July 2, 1874, that General Custer with the Sev-

enth Cavalry and four companies of Infantry led from Fort Lincoln the first military expedition that ever penetrated the mystery of these sacred hills. Specially invited scientists accompanied this expedition, among whom was Prof. Winchell of the Minnesota University. General Frederick P. Grant, who was then lieutenant in the army, went as a special representative of President Grant.

The expedition started with the usual blare of trumpets, and provided with a Press Bureau, for none knew better than Custer the value of good advertisement. Among the newspaper representatives was William Curtis, the famous newspaper correspondent, representing the Chicago Inter-Ocean, and Nathan Knappen of the Bismarck Tribune. H. N. Ross, then of Bismarck, was selected as the head of a mining party equipped for prospecting.

The scientific party found no gold, the representatives of the newspapers found none, and also the personal representative of President Grant was oblivious of its presence; but among the miners was a man by the name of McKee, from Bismarck, who panned the first gold, which created a fever of excitement. General Custer sent Scout Charley Reynolds to Camp Robinson, Nebraska, with official dispatches, in which he informed General Sheridan of the discovery of gold.

What wonderful stories this Press Bureau sent out to the Eastern papers! Gold was found everywhere, even in the feet of the horses, in the roots of the grass! With such reports published, how were the white men to be kept out? Of course they could not be kept out. The treaty became as a piece of paper. Men flocked in from everywhere. The Government issued drastic orders, and many trains loaded with mining outfits were destroyed by the military, and many arrests were made, while other parties were destroyed by the Indians, for the red men were enraged beyond endurance by this new act of bad faith. The miners were rapidly concentrating in the hills, and the Indians, inclined

to war, were gathering in the Little Big Horn country. They were all well armed, and the immense herds of buffalo then in existence gave them abundant supplies.

Their mission accomplished, the expedition started on the return trip. During this time they had met but one band of Indians, and captured one "Old Buck," which Indian guide Custer kept to show them the way out of the hills, and whom he released as soon as the expedition got out of the hills. Among Custer's scouts was Bloody Knife, who resented the presence of Old Buck, and declared he would kill the Sioux as soon as he was released, so that Old Buck had to be sent away under the escort of a company of cavalry, while Bloody Knife was put under guard. The Indians, who were hiding in ambush, fired the grass in advance of the returning expedition, which was forced to strike a more northern route, the same as they had traveled over in the Yellowstone Expedition of 1873. On the way they buried a man belonging to Troop H, who died of mountain fever. The last two days of the return journey found the expedition without rations. They finally reached Fort Lincoln August 31, 1874.

The vast forests of magnificent pine which literally darken the flanks of this mountain range had given to it among the travelers the name of Black Hills. As early as 1865, old springs were discovered to the west of the hills by a Mr. Eddy, and foretold the hidden wealth of that vast region. When the Black Hills were officially opened to the public, in the spring of 1877, a year after the Custer Massacre, the Fort Mead Reservation was built for the soldiers, at the foot of the hills, right between the wide open prairie and the hills, being twenty miles from Deadwood. It was at this time that the Deadwood Stage came into existence.

As the gold craze spread, multitudes of people flocked to the hills. For the protection of these against the Indians who were lying in ambush, and who resented the intrusion of the Whites

into their land of the "Great Spirit," outriders were sent out to protect the stages through certain dangerous places. The Indians were so bad at that time, that time and again they killed people going to the hills.

The newcomers at first established themselves in tents, and in about two years, when an abundance of gold was found, a town was started. The town was built of pitch pine, and it being a warm climate it was built in a gulch. The houses were built on the sides of the hills, the back of the house resting on the hillside, while numerous steps were built to reach the entrance in front. The outhouses were built still higher up. Some of the people who searched for gold were successful, but the majority experienced utter failure.

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Custer Battlefield on the Little Big Horn

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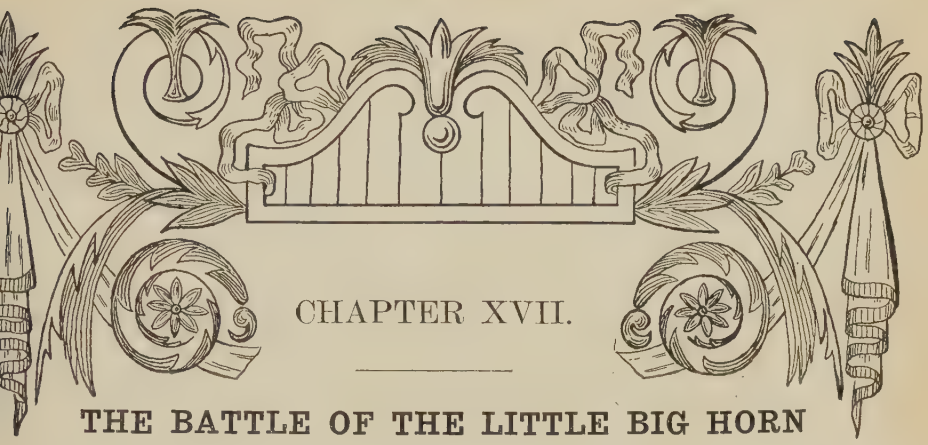
General George Custer, Seventh Cavalry U. S. A.



CHAPTER XVII.

THE BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN

CUSTER'S FAREWELL

"Come on, my boys!" called the fair-haired Chief,
As he said "Good-bye" with his waving hand;
"I see the foe by the gleam of their lance,
But I'm buckler-clad with my brave command.

Come on, my boys! We will strike for yon hills.
There's Victory waiting with garlands fair;
We will pluck from her hands the bay wreath green,
Which she twines for the bold that dangers dare.

Come on, my boys! When fierce battle is won,
We will stack our arms by the River Fair;
Here tenting we'll wait, upon Glory's height,
And drink to the brave from her wine-cup rare.

Come on, my boys!" And the gay troopers fly,
As they catch the word of their leader's call.
Fighting face to face with a countless foe.
On the blood-red hills by his side they fall.

As Hector, in flashing armor called
The Trojan sons, while the battered gate
In fragments flew like a shriven oak,
So Custer call'd, but scal'd the walls of fate.

So they laid them down to sleep, not to dream,
While radiant forms from the unseen land,
Brood softly above them with tender wings.
It was "Custer's luck," with his brave command.

Early in 1876, General Sheridan matured plans for a decisive blow against the Indians. It was understood in military circles that General George Armstrong Custer, who had made himself conspicuous by his spectacular raids on the enemy, and especially by his brilliant victory at the battle of the Washita, that he was to have a prominent part in the expedition planned to crush the hostile Indians of the West. Custer was the beau ideal of a cavalry soldier. He was a man of superb physique and magnificent strength, straight and slender, quick of speech and restless of movement. He was always dressed in the picturesque modification of the regulation uniform, with a flowing tie, usually of red, wide-collared campaign shirt, a broad felt hat, which with his hair worn in long yellow curls, and his graceful abandon of carriage and horsemanship gave him the air of a half-soldier and half-scout.

With all the dash that is accredited him, General Custer was void of any recklessness. He was a careful, painstaking man and officer, devoted to his possession of arms and properly appreciating the tools he had to work with. He was never careless of consequences in any of the matters of life. He was a reserved and somewhat reticent man. He held the admiration of his officers and soldiers because they knew him to be a thorough soldier. He might go into an undertaking in which the chances were against him, but he would not do so in a spirit of bravado.

While the preparation for the Indian campaign was in full swing, Custer had fallen into disfavor with President Grant over the Belknap affair. The treaty of 1868, provided that supplies be delivered to the Indians at their several agencies along the Missouri. Notwithstanding that double the actual number of Indians was reported, and liberal provisions for same was made by the government, it was evident to any observer that the Indians were starving. Ugly rumors came to Custer, which unfortunately proved to be true. When the cargo of supplies came,

only a small portion was delivered to the Indians, while the rest was disposed of to the traders, who were paying enormous tribute to persons connected with those in high official position. The quota apportioned to each of the traders at Forts Buford, Lincoln, and Rice, was $1,000 per month, with lesser sums for the smaller posts. The Secretary of War was the beneficiary on part of the military tradership, while one related to the President was sharing on profits derived from Indian tradership.

Custer was a man of action and high ideals and believed in a square deal. He was instrumental in having Ralph Meeker sent out by a New York newspaper to report on the matter. Custer secured Meeker employment at the Berthold Indian Agency, where Meeker interviewed the Indians. The publication of the investigation resulted in the impeachment and arrest of Secretary Belknap, who resigned rather than have the facts become a matter of record. Custer was called to report in Washington. His explanation did not ingratiate him with the President, who saw in the Belknap affair the annihilation of his own political plans. Neither was Custer's testimony considered sufficient to convict Belknap, who was acquitted, while Custer was kept in a state of uneasiness at Washington, and it was only at the urgent representations of General Terry, Military Commander of Dakota, and through the influence of Generals Sherman and Sheridan, that the President at the last moment consented that Custer take part in the Indian Compaign, and then only in a subordinate position, that of Lieutenant-Colonel. To further humiliate Custer an order was issued by the Secretary of War, directing all soldiers to have their hair cut before going out on the spring campaign. Custer had always worn his hair long and it hung in graceful curls down his shoulders, giving him a debonair appearance, and enhancing the tales of his greatness among the savages against whom he went to fight. For the first time during his brilliant

military career General Custer appeared before the gallant Seventh shorn of his locks.

General Sherman, following a carefully matured plan, ordered that the columns of General Alfred Terry, stationed at Fort Lincoln in Dakota, General George Crook stationed at Fort Fetterman on the Platte River in Wyoming, and General John Gibbon stationed at Fort Ellis in Montana, should unite and crush Sitting Bull and his forces on the Yellowstone.

On the 17th of May General Terry's column left Fort Lincoln. Besides the accompanying pack and wagon train, the steamboat "Far West" was sent up the Yellowstone to act as a basis of supplies. The seriousness of the Indian campaign was felt as never before. To reassure the women and children left behind of the formidable force, General Terry ordered the column to parade through Fort Lincoln. The best part of the expedition was the Seventh Cavalry, which was made up of picked men, the flower of the American Army, six hundred strong with Custer at its head. As they were leaving the band played "Gary Owen" the famous battle tune of the Washita. The devoted wife of General Custer, as well as the wives of other officers and men accompanied the command a distance from Fort Lincoln, where on the prairie the command halted to give the officers and men a chance to bid good-bye to their loved ones. The bank struck up the well known melody "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and to the strains of the music the command started out on the campaign from which half of the men never came back.

On June 8th, Terry with his cavalry and Gibbon with his Infantry column met on the mouth of the Powder River without discovering the Indian army. On June 10th, Major Reno of the Seventh Cavalry, with six troops was sent on a scouting expedition to ascertain if there were any Indians on the head waters of the Powder and Tongue rivers. Instead of obeying orders, he bolted straight for the Rosebud and discovered a trail about

three weeks old, and returned without having accomplished his mission. On the 17th, without being aware of it, Reno's men had been within forty miles of where General Crook had met the Sioux and Cheyennes under Crazy Horse, in the Powder

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Captain F. W. Benteen

River Country, and had suffered, if not a defeat, a severe check.

On the 19th, General Terry received the news of Reno's discovery of the Indian trail. On the 21st, he held a conference on

board the steamboat "Far West," at which were present besides himself, Generals Gibbon and Custer and several of the staff. The Indian encampment was believed to lie in the valley of the Little Big Horn River. Not one present believed that the Indians were as numerous as they really were. Custer, basing his opinion on the report brought in by Reno, believed there were certainly a thousand warriors in the hostile camps. His estimate was higher than any of those present. The result of the conference was that Custer was ordered with his regiment to follow the trail discovered by Reno a certain distance, then branch off toward the head waters of the Little Big Horn, locate the Indian village if possible, and be in the valley of the Little Big Horn on June 26th, when he would be joined by Terry and Gibbon.

On the 22d, Custer's command left the camp with some show of military pomp, the cavalry being reviewed by Terry, Gibbon, and Custer, as it marched out. When the last sturdy troop had swept by, Custer turned with a flash of the old imperious pride in his eyes, which he always felt in his regiment, gripped the hands of Gibbon and Terry in a strong farewell, sprang onto his horse, when Gibbon called after him:

"Now Custer don't be greedy, but wait for us!"

To which the General replied gaily, as with a wave of his hand he dashed off to follow his regiment:

"No, I will not!"

Some premonition of the coming disaster seemed to hang over Custer, for he appeared strangely depressed, and departed from his usual custom of doing things without consulting his officers. On two occasions he had the officers' call sounded for a conference. At 8 o'clock on the 25th, when the scouts had returned reporting Indian villages in the valley of the Little Big Horn, nervousness and depression was evident among them. Although they had not seen the main body of the Indian camp, they judged from evidences along the way that the Indian force

was a formidable one. Bloody Knife made a remark that Custer did not seem to understand, and he asked in his usual brusque manner: "What's that he says?" The interpreter replied: "He says we'll find enough Sioux to keep us fighting two or three days." To which Custer remarked: "I guess we'll get through

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Major Reno

with them in one day," but the officers noted that he smiled sadly as he said it.

It was not Custer's intent to deliver the attack that day, but unfortunately his track had been covered by Indians. A box of hard bread had fallen from one of the pack-mules during the

march, when its loss was discovered a squad of men was sent back after it. They found an Indian trying to open it. The Indian made his escape, and would undoubtedly alarm the villages they were approaching. Custer decided to attack, and the command moved forward.

About noon of the 25th, Custer gave orders that the regiment be divided into right and left wings, center and reserve. One troop under Captain McDougal was held in reserve to guard the pack train. Captain Benteen with three troops was ordered to swing to the left and search the country thoroughly in that direction and drive any savages he might find into the village. Major Reno with three troops was ordered to hold the center and follow a small creek, now called "Benteen" or "Sundance" Creek, to its junction with the Little Big Horn, and strike the head of the village supposed to be there. Custer with five companies, 260 men in all, was to follow Reno a certain distance and then take to the right. McDougal with his slow-moving pack train was to follow their trail. Benteen being the first to report, started out ahead. Each commander was ordered to "charge the village!" and each was supposed to be in supporting distance of each other.

The battalions of Custer and Reno did not meet any Indians until Reno came to a burning tepee, some five miles from the Little Big Horn. The Indians did not seem surprised to see the troops, but kept retreating at a pace to invite pursuit. Custer now ordered Reno to move forward at as rapid a pace as he thought prudent and charge the village, and the whole outfit would support him. Custer now moved to the right, and as the command dashed over the divide they could see Reno's men in some distance in front moving rapidly, and Captain Benteen scouting the hills on the left as ordered. It was at this time that General Custer rode to the top of a high pinnacle and stopped for a moment waving his hat in direction of Reno's

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Captain Tom McDougal

command, who were observing his salute. Then he came dashing back to the head of his column, which was headed by Captain Keogh and Troop I, veterans of a dozen fights. With his eyes snapping in his excitement, Custer rode up to Keogh and said somewhat excitedly:

"Keogh, those Indians are running. If we can keep them at it, we can afford to sacrifice half the horses in the command."

Calmly, as though on dress parade, Keogh turned in his saddle and looked at the long line of eager, bronzed, bearded faces, and turned to Custer with the remark:

"General, we will do all that man and horse can do."

A moment later the bugles blared the charge, the first bugle note the command had heard since leaving the Rosebud, and away they thundered northward down the river. After three unsuccessful attempts to work down into the valley below them, they made a slight detour. Just before they did so, General Custer talked hurriedly for a moment with Adjutant Cook, upon which the latter dashed off a line or two on his pad, and calling trooper Goldwin said:

"Deliver that to Major Reno, remain with him until we effect a junction, then report to me at once." Whereupon the trooper departed on his mission. General Custer soon reached a point where the valley of the river lay spread before them. From this position he could observe through the breaks in the bluffs a number of Indian villages, though it is evident that he had no conception of the real extent of the Sioux encampment. Stirred at the sight, General Custer raised his broad-brimmed hat and gaily waving his hand to his command, explaimed:

"Hurrah! The biggest Indian village on the American Continent! Custer's luck! Come on, my boys!"

No person lives who ever heard his voice again. He at once dispatched a sergeant with a message to Captain McDougal for the supply train to come up at once, and a few moments later

Trumpeter Martini galloped away with a message from Custer to Benteen, signed by Adjutant Cook, which read as follows:

"Benteen, Come on. Big Village. Be Quick. Bring Packs.

P. S. Bring Packs.

—W. W. Cook."

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Captain Miles Keogh

A rise across the stream masked the enemy, of which there were nearly three thousand, while in the hostile camps were between 12,000 to 15,000 Indians. The principal war chiefs of the hostile tribes were: Gall, Crow King, and Black Moon, of the Unkpapa Sioux; Low Dog, Crazy Horse, and Big Road, of the

Ogallala Sioux; Spotted Eagle, of the Sans-Arc Sioux; and White Bull, Little Horse, and Lame Deer, of the Cheyennes. But the real leaders and ruling spirits were: Gall; Crow King, who was highly regarded by his tribe; and Crazy Horse, a fierce, warlike man. Gall who was then in the prime of life, brave as a lion, strong in council, and a natural leader of men, was the Master Mind. In Gall, General Custer had an adversary worthy of his mettle as a fighting man. Gall was endowed with courage and dash and personal prowess and skill in battle. It was the generalship of Gall that kept the strength of the Indians from the Whites.

In accordance with his orders, Benteen had moved off to the left, but he soon came to an almost impassable country full of ravines, also there was no evidence of Indians to be seen. He turned therefore to the right and struck the valley of the Little Big Horn, just ahead of McDougal and the pack train, intending to cross the river and attack the village as the case might be. He had just watered his horses, when the sergeant from Custer's battalion dashed by with the message for McDougal, shouting: "We've got em, boys!" Benteen's men took this to mean that Custer had captured the village. A few moments later Trumpeter Martini arrived with Custer's message to Benteen. Benteen intended to cross the river and charge down the valley toward Custer, when his attention was called to a body of men in blue on the bluff on the same side of the river to the right, who were to all indications hotly engaged. Just then a Crow Scout came up from Reno's command, and indicated that the principal battle was on the bluff, and Benteen galloped off to aid Reno.

After Custer had been seen waving his hat to them, and then disappeared from their vision over the bluff, Reno's men moved in columns of four for about half a mile, then a battalion was formed in line of battle across the valley, with the Indian Scouts

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Chief Gall, the Master Mind

on the left. Advancing about a mile farther, Reno deployed the battalion as skirmishers.

The Indians in the village who were watching Custer's approaching command had no knowledge that the latter had divided his troops, and were expecting to be attacked at the lower end of the village, where they had concentrated their forces. The sudden appearance of Reno and the attack on the upper end of the village had struck something like terror to the people of the village, among whom was Sitting Bull. All the previous evening he had been making "medicine" and succeeded in convincing the Indians of a big victory over the white soldiers. The morning the troops were found to be advancing, he informed his people that he would stay in camp and make medicine. But when Reno's bullets rattled through the tepee poles of the unprotected part of his camp it struck terror to his cowardly heart. His ponies were near at hand. Hastily taking his two wives and his children he fled with them for the hills to the southwest. In the hurry of his flight one of his twin boys got lost, but that did not halt the doughty medicine man.

While Sitting Bull was fleeing, and the utmost confusion prevailed in the village, Chief Gall was hurrying warriors to the upper end of the village. He instantly divined what the plan was when word had been brought him of the approach of another enemy, and Reno began firing before he was within striking distance. Recovering from their panic because of the feeble advance of the soldiers, the Indians rallied, and then, under the wonderful generalship of Gall, they massed their attack on the left flank of Reno's command, which unfortunately was held by the Arikara Scouts. These immediately broke and fled, never stopping until they reached the supply camp on Powder River, 170 miles to the rear.

As the Scouts fled, the Indians now turned Reno's left flank. The troopers gave way. Here is where Reno made his

mistake: after rallying his men, instead of making a swift dashing attack, he not seeing the entire outfit in supporting distance, dismounted his men and fell back into the timber and stood still. At this time Trooper Goldwin arrived with Custer's message. Reno looked at it hurriedly and thrust it into his pocket. Bloody Knife standing near Reno was hit by one of the Indian bullets just then, his brains and blood spurting all over Reno, who seemed to grow panicky, giving an order to retreat to the bluffs across the river, countermanding it, and then giving it again. Some of his command did not hear the order, and started to follow when it was too late. By starting a retreat, Reno played into Gall's hand, who was anxious to return to the lower end of the village, and saw no way of pressing Reno in the timber, considering his force. Gall turned Reno's retreat into a rout, doing what execution he could, and the cavalry went across the river under a fire that killed many without harming the Indians.

In the flight that followed, Lieutenant Hodgson made a dramatic fight for his life. Wounded in the leg, with his horse shot under him, he disengaged himself from the stirrups and grabbed the stirrup strap of a passing trooper, and with that aid made his way across the stream. No sooner had he reached the bank than it became apparent that he was wounded, but he pluckily held on and the trooper was trying to help him up behind him on the saddle without daring to stop his horse. An instant later Hodgson was wounded again and lost his hold, falling to the ground. He staggered to his feet and sought to reach another comrade, and just as it seemed that he was saved the second trooper threw up arms, reeled in the saddle, and fell heavily to the ground. Hodgson then started to make his way up the ravine over which the command was disappearing. He staggered forward a few steps, stumbled, staggered to his feet again, only to fall once more. Realizing that further effort to retreat was hopeless, he turned, faced the Indians, drew his re-

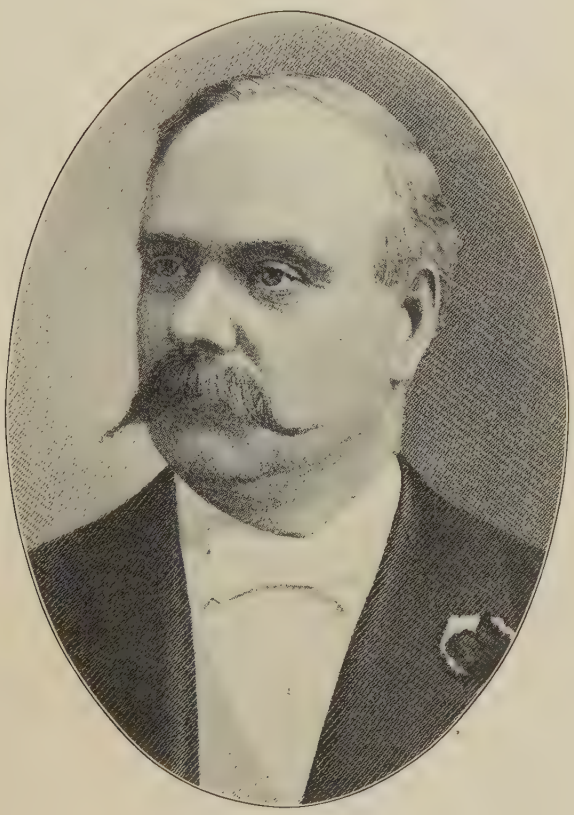
volver and opened fire. An instant later he fell under the bullets of the Indians.

When Reno's hurried flight began, Doctor Porter, who was assigned to Reno's command, was ministering to a dying soldier. His orderly and supplies were gone, and the command was off several hundred yards. He was alone, with the bullets piercing the trees, and a terrific yell sounding the alarm of universal death. A few moments previous to the retreat to the bluffs, Charley Reynolds, Custer's famous scout, was crouched beside Dr. Porter, when he noticed that the Indians were making a special target of the Doctor. Springing up he cried: "Doctor, the Indians are shooting at you!"

Dr. Porter turned to look, only to see the brave scout throw up his hands and fall, shot through the heart. Leaving his lost patient, Dr. Porter reached his horse. With his very life he held on to the plunging animal, knowing full well the immediate future if the horse escaped him before he got on his back. To gain the saddle seemed a forlorn effort. Leap after leap he made with the horse quicker than he. It was only a brief ordeal, but in the face of death it was a terrible one. With a supreme effort he half got into the saddle and the dusky charger bore him off, with the Indians in close pursuit. But he reached unhurt the bluff where Reno was.

On Reno's retreat from the timber, Chief Gall and some of his warriors had hurried off to cut off his retreat to the bluffs, but on the way was met by Iron Cedar, one of his warriors, to hurry to him that more soldiers were coming. Custer's maneuvering had been fine, and his sudden appearance on the hill just as Gall was centering his attention on Reno, was a complete surprise, which at first greatly alarmed the Indians. Gall, however, did not lose his head. Rightly judging that Reno was temporarily eliminated, he at once determined to attack Custer. He sent word of the situation to Crazy Horse who was pressing

Reno. Leaving just enough warriors to harass stragglers from Reno's command, Crazy Horse galloped headlong down the valley, followed by his men, and joined by others who had as yet taken no part in the battle. They crossed the river at a point



Doctor Porter

where a deep ravine concealed their movements, and enabled them to secure a position on Custer's right flank. Gall and his warriors were concealed in a similar ravine to menace Custer's left flank. They were of sufficient numbers to completely surround Custer.

As Custer came in full view of the village, which was at 2:30 in the afternoon, he found himself suddenly attacked on the front. Instead of advancing, he was forced to defend himself. The troops were dismounted, and the horses moved to a ravine in the rear. The line occupied by Custer was the first high ridge back from the river. The troops of Calhoun and Keogh occupied a knoll to the left, now marked by Crittenden's monument. General Custer, with the troops of Yates, and Tom Custer, occupied the knoll on the right, now known as Custer's Hill. The troop, under Captain Smith, was deployed as skirmishers, and occupied the space between the two knolls. While falling into position, the troops had to do so defending themselves against the fire of the enemy.

The Indians attacked at once. Riding at full speed along the front line on their ponies, they poured a heavy fire from their long-range Winchester rifles upon the soldiers, to which the latter made a brave, steady, but not very effective, reply with their inferior rifles. Gall now with his warriors moved up a ravine south of Keogh and Calhoun. As the Indians were turning this flank, they discovered the lead horses without any other guard than the horse holders. They opened fire on these, and stampeded the horses by waving their blankets, yelling, etc. The tired animals were then caught by the squaws. In this disaster Calhoun and Keogh lost their reserve ammunition, which was carried in the saddle bags. While Gall was massing his mounted warriors under the protection of the slope, some of his dismounted men now began to climb the knoll where Calhoun's and Keogh's troops were stationed. They would alternately jump and fire and then squat against the knoll, out of harm's way, drawing in this way a fire from the soldiers and causing a waste of ammunition.

When all was in readiness, at a signal from Gall, the dismounted warriors rose and every Indian gave voice to a terrific

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Curley, the Crow Indian Scout

war-whoop; the dismounted warriors put whip to their ponies and the whole mass rushed upon and crushed Calhoun. The maddened mass now turned into the depression where Keogh was with thirty men, and all was over in that part of the field. Smith's men were also wiped off the ridge, but not without leaving enough bodies to mark their line. Twenty-eight bodies of men of this and other troops were found in one ravine near the river. Many corpses were scattered between Custer's line of defense, the river and the direction of Reno's hill.

At the same time the troops of Calhoun and Keogh were being attacked by Gall, the troops with Custer were being attacked by Crow King and Crazy Horse and their warriors. The attack was terrific; there was neither time nor opportunity for defense. It was at this time that Curley, one of Custer's scouts, seeing that all were being killed, picked up two blankets, and going to General Custer, who was still unhurt and fighting desperately in the center of his heroic band of followers, implored him to throw one of the blankets over his head, and thus concealed attempt under Curley's guidance to escape through the madly circling masses of the Sioux. As was to be expected, the peerless soldier rejected the offer scornfully. He had no desire save to die with his men. But he bade Curley escape if he could. And the latter, looking with grief his last upon the great white chief, whom he loved and honored, tossed one of the blankets over his head to conceal his Crow scalp-lock, and watching an opportune moment sprang into the melee of Sioux warriors as they crowded to scalp some of the dead, and made good his escape into the sheltered valley of the Little Big Horn. By using great caution he made his way to the mouth of the river, which, though only a distance of eleven miles, he reached forty-eight hours after the battle.

No doubt the supreme moment in Custer's command gave birth to heroes and acts of personal gallantry, only to die in the

hour of their birth. The Indians tell of eyes strained in the direction of Reno's Hill, of two volleys being fired by Custer as if in hope of making known his peril and summoning aid thereby. Rain-in-the-Face describes his part in the attack on Custer's command, as follows:

"We were better armed than the long Swords (soldiers). Their guns wouldn't shoot but once—the thing wouldn't throw out the empty cartridge shells." (In this he was historically correct, for dozens of guns were picked up on the battlefield two days later by Gibbon's command, with the shells sticking in them, showing that the ejector wouldn't work.) "When we found they could not shoot, we saved our bullets by knocking the Long Swords over with our war clubs. It was just like killing sheep."

"I had sung the war song. I had smelt the powder smoke. My heart was bad. I was like one that has no mind. I rushed in and took their flag; my pony fell dead as I took it. I cut the thong that bound me. I jumped up and brained the Long Sword flagman with my war club, and ran back to our line with the flag. The Long Sword's blood and brain splashed in my face. It felt hot, and the blood ran in my mouth. I could taste it. I was mad. I got a fresh pony and rushed back, shooting, cutting, and slashing. The pony was shot, and I got another."

"This time I saw Little Hair (Capt. Tom Custer). I remembered my vow. I was crazy; I feared nothing. I knew nothing would hurt me, for I had my weasel-tail charm on." (Notwithstanding his weasel tail, Rain-in-the-Face was wounded in the battle, a bullet passing through his leg. After the battle he took a razor which he had plundered, and chopped into his leg with it, extracted the bullet, also some tendons, narrowly missing the artery and bleeding to death. He was lame and had to walk on crutches all his life thereafter.) "I don't know how many I killed trying to get at him. He knew me. I laughed at him and yelled at him. I saw his mouth move, but there was so much

noise I couldn't hear his voice. He was afraid. When I got near enough I shot him with my revolver. My gun was gone, I don't know where. I leaped from my pony and cut out his heart and bit a piece off and spit it in his face. I got back on my pony and rode off shaking it. I was satisfied and sick of fighting; I didn't scalp him."

"I didn't go back on the field after that. The squaws came up afterward and killed the wounded, cut their boot legs off for moccasin soles, and took their money, watches, and rings. They cut their fingers off to get them quicker. They hunted for Long Yellow Hair (Gen. George Custer) to scalp him, but could not find him. He didn't wear his fort clothes (uniform), his hair was cut off and the Indians didn't know him."

"That night we had a big feast and the scalp dance. Then Sitting Bull came up and made another speech." (He was overtaken in his flight by a warrior bearing news of the victory). "He said: 'I told you how it would be. I made great medicine. My medicine warmed your hearts and made you brave.' He talked a long time. All the Indians gave him the credit of winning the fight because his medicine won it. But he wasn't in the fight. Gall got mad at Sitting Bull that night. Gall said: 'We did the fighting, you only made medicine. It would have been the same anyway.' Their hearts were bad toward each other after that, always."

"After that fight we could have killed all the others on the hill (Reno's command) but for the quarrel between Gall and Sitting Bull. Both wanted to be head chief. Some of the Indians said Gall was right and went with him. Some said Sitting Bull was. I didn't care. I was my own chief and had my bad young men; we would not obey either of them unless we wanted to, and they feared us."

It was within half an hour that Custer's brave command had been wiped out. At precisely the same time Custer was

being attacked, Benteen had joined Reno's men on the hill. Benteen's men were ordered to divide their ammunition with Reno's. At this time there were at least 1,000 Indians in the valley. Suddenly they all started down the valley, and in a few minutes scarcely one was to be seen. Firing could be heard in the direction of Custer's command. The two volleys fired by Custer had been heard, and the splendid officers of the Seventh, who had followed Custer so faithfully, begged Major Reno to let them join the General. They cried like women, they swore, and showed their contempt, but their discipline as soldiers prevented them from disobeying until it was too late. At twenty minutes past four Captain McDougal came up with his pack train. It was shortly after that Captain Weir, unable to contain himself any longer, burst out:

"Well, by God, if you won't go I will, and if we ever live to get out of here some one will suffer for this."

And without permission he started off to take a survey from the high bluff. His second, Lieutenant Edgerly, seeing Weir going in the direction of the firing, supposed it was alright and started his troop down the ravine. Weir from his high point saw the Indians start for Edgerly, and signaled him to lead his men up the bluff, which he did. Although they were not seriously attacked in their bold advance, Reno made no attempt to support them. It was not until 5 o'clock that Reno yielded to the urgent and repeated representations of officers, and marched along the ridge to the position Weir and Edgerly had reached, which was the bluff from which Custer had last been seen to wave his hat.

Weir and Edgerly were now attacked by a large force of Indians, and two troops under Captain Benteen and Lieutenant Godfrey went to their rescue. Hastily forming a line they held back the advancing horde until Weir and his command had passed their lines and formed some distance in the rear, when

they opened fire permitting Benteen's troops to fall back and re-form again in their rear. In this manner they fell back some little distance, when Captain Benteen spoke to Lieutenant Wallace, saying:

"Wallace, there is no use falling back any further. Form your right resting here, and we will make a stand."

Wallace grimly replied: "I haven't any troop, only two men."

Benteen laughed grimly and answered: "Form yourself and your two there, and I will tell you more about it when I find out myself."

It was now evident that whatever could have been done earlier in the afternoon, it was too late to advance now. The Indians came sweeping back in great force, threatening Reno's entire command, and a retreat had to be made to the bluff from which they had come. Here the fighting became very severe, but slackened at about 9 o'clock, to continue in full force the next morning.

At one time complete annihilation threatened the men on Reno's hill, through the exposed right flank where Captain Benteen was stationed. Leaving Lieutenant Gibson in charge, Benteen hurried to Reno to explain the situation and beg for reinforcements. After much urging, Troop M under Captain French was sent to assist him. Then Benteen gained Reno's consent to allow the two troops to charge. Running back to his position, Benteen formed his men for a charge, and placing himself at their head, he cried gallantly:

"All ready now, men! Now's your time! Give 'em hell! Hip! Hip! Here we go!"

The Indians also received orders to charge, but Benteen was too quick for them. Leading his men with splendid bravery, revolver in hand, he rushed at the Indians. There was a brief hand-to-hand melee, and the Indians broke and fled. Reno seeing the

effect of Benteen's gallant dash, led a portion of his command on the other side of the hill and drove the Indians back in that direction.

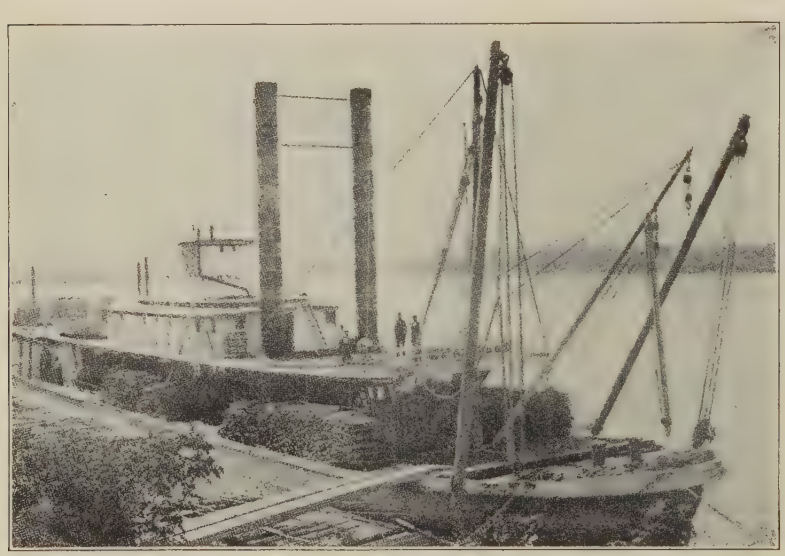
Terrible was the suffering endured by Reno's men on the bluff. The men were blistered from the sun, half-mad with thirst, lying on a hillside barricaded with putrifying carcasses of their dead horses and pack mules. The wounded begged piteously for water. The tongues of the men were swollen and their lips parched. The heroic Dr. Porter worked untiringly among the wounded, easing their sufferings as best he could.

As the fire slackened about eleven o'clock in the morning, men volunteered to go for water with canteens and camp kettles. Four of the best marksmen, Geiger, Windolph, Voit, and Mechling, of Troop H, were detailed to an exposed position on the brink of the bluff overlooking the river, where with a rapid fire they protected fifteen troopers who crawled through the brushes and ravines to the open space on the bank of the river. The Indians opened fire. Many of the vessels were hit and several men wounded, but not one was killed. It was a scarce supply of water, but it was a godsend.

The firing was kept up until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when it ceased. Gall's scouts had brought news that Gibbon's command was coming, and the Indians made a hasty departure, and set fire to the grass to conceal their flight. On the 27th, all was quiet in the village, but Reno's command did not leave their position on the hill, fearing some ruse on part of the Indians. The next day, on the 28th, Terry's and Gibbon's troops were seen advancing, and from them they first heard of the fate of Custer's command.

The troops then left the intrenchments to visit the scene of Custer's battlefield. It was a horrifying scene. The bodies were all terribly mutilated with the exception of General Custer and Captain Keogh. The Indians did not recognize Custer, although

they searched for him, as his long hair, the distinguishing mark by which they knew him, had been cut short. Custer had worn his campaign suit of buckskin, and the usual insignia of his rank were missing. Coming to strip his body the Indians found in the pocket of his blouse some parchment maps, they concluded that he was the head officer, and their inborn respect for a "chief" caused them to hold the body inviolate. Keogh escaped mutila-

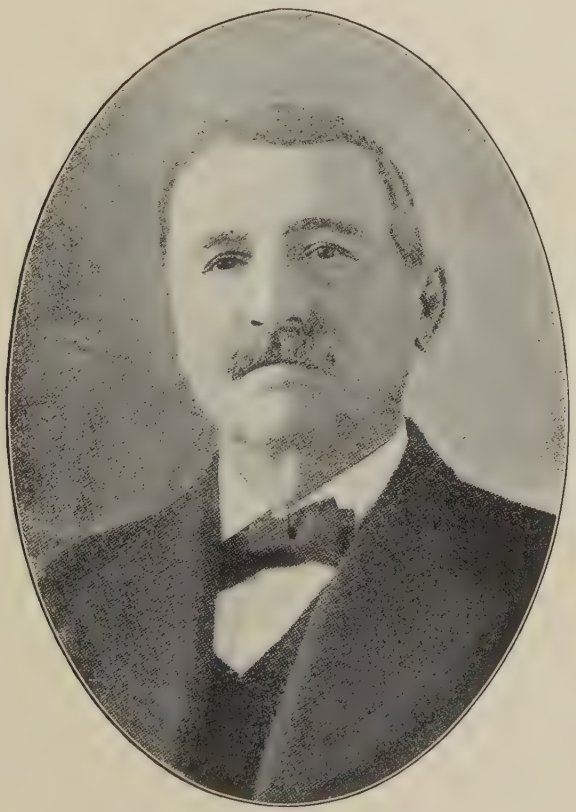


Steamer "Far West," the Heroine of the Upper Missouri

When Reno's wounded were carried down to Fort Lincoln, they were disposed on the main deck beneath the cabin, at the point where the wood-pile appears in the photograph.

tion because around his neck he wore an Angus Dei, an emblem of faith worn by Catholics, which the Indians regarded as powerful medicine. With Custer died also his younger brother, Boston Custer, who was civilian forage master of the regiment, his nephew Autie Reed, a mere boy, who wanted to see something of the West, and had welcomed with joy his opportunity to make the campaign, and also his brother-in-law Lieutenant Calhoun. Among the slain was also Mark Kellogg, special representative of

the Bismarck Tribune, who was found close to Custer, his unfinished manuscript lying beside him. Colonel Lounsberry, who represented the New York Herald and the Associated Press, had been the only correspondent who secured authority to accompany



Captain Grant Marsh

the expedition, but at the last moment, sickness in his family prevented his going, and he chose Kellogg to represent him on the expedition. The only living thing found on the battlefield was Commanche, Captain Keogh's horse, covered with bullet and arrow wounds.

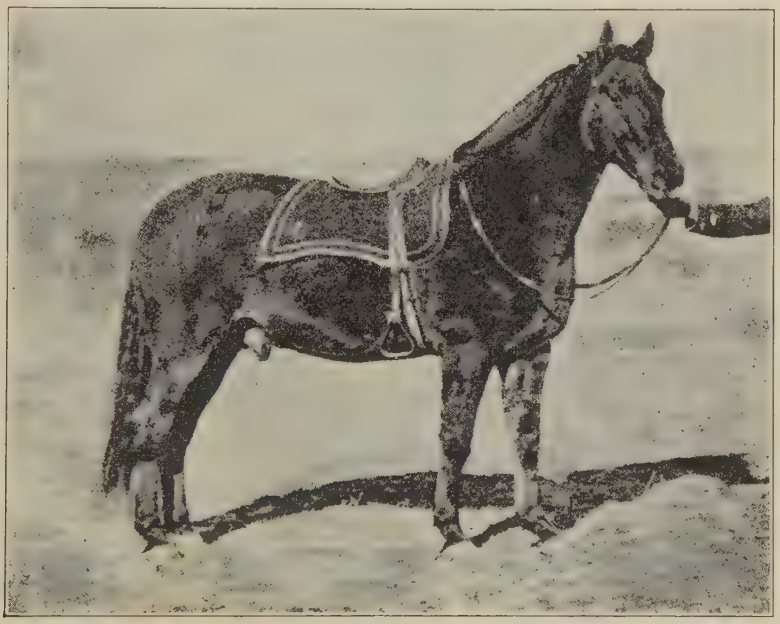
That same Sunday that Custer made the attack on the Indian village, back at Fort Lincoln a premonition of disaster seemed to hang over the loving women, who gathered at the home of Mrs. Custer in an agony of apprehension. There were words of prayer. Some one at the piano started "Nearer My God to Thee," the women tried to sing it but could not finish it. It was not until the 5th of July that they received word that at that very hour their loved ones were dying on the battlefield.

The first news of the massacre was brought to the steamboat "Far West," which was moored at the mouth of the Little Big Horn on the 27th of June, by the Indian Scout Curley. Great consternation prevailed, and all on board impatiently awaited the arrival of someone from the columns with further news and orders. On the 28th, scouts came bearing orders, from General Terry to Captain Marsh, to have the boat prepared for the wounded, of which there were fifty-two. Preparations were at once made to receive the wounded. The deck at one end was covered with fresh grass to depth of 18 inches; over this new tarpaulins were spread, carpeting the whole like a mattress. Medicine chests were arranged at the sides. In the meantime the men were escorting the wounded and having a hard time of it over the rough country in the dark and stormy night. When they came to the marshy lowland they found themselves unable to go on, but Captain Marsh had foreseen this and sent out men with lanterns who helped bring the wounded to the "Far West."

Dr. Porter who came with them, was the only surviving surgeon of the three who had gone out with the Seventh. Dr. Lord was killed with Custer, and Dr. de Wolf with Reno when the retreat across the river was made. Commanche was also taken on board, his wounds dressed. He became ever after the pet of the Seventh Cavalry, and wherever the command went he went also. He was never ridden, but on dress parade occasions and other military ceremonies he was always draped in black, bridled

and saddled, and led by the keeper, and whenever the Indians would see this horse led out on parade, they would in astonishment put their hand over their mouths and remark: "Heap Big Medicine Horse." When he died twelve years after the battle, in which he bore so distinguished a part, Commanche died full of years and honor.

With the breaking of dawn, when the steamboat "Far West" was about to start on the first stage of her long trip to Fort



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Commanche, Captain Keogh's Horse

Lincoln, General Terry called Captain Marsh into his cabin, and said with deep emotion:

"Captain, you are about to start on a trip with fifty-two wounded men on your boat. This is a bad river to navigate, and accidents are liable to happen. I wish to ask you to use all the skill that you possess, all the caution you can command, to make

the journey safely. Captain, you have on board the most precious cargo a boat ever carried. Every soldier here who is suffering from wounds is the victim of a terrible blunder—a sad and terrible blunder."

Captain Marsh responded with equal feeling, and then began the race with death. In fifty-four hours the trip of 710 miles was made, arriving at Bismarck at 11 o'clock at night, a rate of speed unequalled by any boat that ever floated on the perilous Missouri. Scarcely had the boat touched the bank, than the officers and men were off, running up the streets and arousing the sleepy town. The news was like a thunderbolt from the sky. Men ran from their houses half-dressed and disheveled. In all directions lights flashed in the windows. The first routed out of bed were J. C. Lounsberry, then editor of the Bismarck Tribune, and J. C. Carnahan, the telegraph operator. They together with Captain Marsh, Dr. Porter, and a number of others from the boat hurried to the telegraph office, and Carnahan took his seat at the key from which he scarcely raised himself for twenty-four hours, although he was near exhaustion several times and wet towels had to be placed on his head. Out to the world flashed the news of the disaster. Carnahan sent out 80,000 words in two shifts and the receipts of his office for those two days were $3,000.

With Custer died twelve other officers, 236 enlisted men, 4 civilians and 4 scouts. Reno lost 3 officers, 48 men, 5 civilians and scouts killed, and 59 wounded, of which 7 died on the field. Altogether 320 men of the original command were killed. The Indians lost twenty-two dead and many wounded. The bodies were not buried until more than a year afterward, when in July, 1877, Colonel Sheridan (brother of Gen. Sheridan) and his detachment of troops reached the historic scene of disaster to clear the field of the debris of battle and properly inter the remains of the soldiers slain there. They found all the skeletons lying on top of the ground. This was explained that immediately after the battle

the relief column had no means of digging graves. There was not a pick or shovel in Custer's command, and probably not half a dozen of such implements in Gibbon's troops. Both columns had started out on forced marches, carrying not an ounce

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Monument on Custer Battlefield

of superfluous baggage. Under such conditions, the task of digging so many graves in hard prairie soil was an impossible one, nor was it seriously attempted. Each body had a stake placed at its head, with a number corresponding with the name in a list prepared after the fight. The number was concealed in a cartridge shell and driven into each stake.

The party detailed for the duty of identifying the bodies was Troop I of the Seventh Cavalry under Captain Nolan. Sergeant Caddle who had been a personal friend of many of the dead was with them also. It is stated that when they came to the body marked "I," supposed to be that of General Custer, it was placed in a coffin, when on the ground was found a blouse on which it had been lying. An examination revealed the name of the wearer in an inside pocket. It was that of a corporal. It was a disconcerting discovery that not even the General could be satisfactorily identified. Another body was found and placed in the coffin, and the party believed they got the right body this time. The body of General Custer was sent to and interred at West Point, and the bodies of the majority of the officers were sent East to their relatives for burial, while the rest were buried where they had fallen.

After the burial, at each grave a wooden head-board was placed, on which was painted the name and the rank of the dead, if known. A number had to be marked "Unknown." A large monument was also placed on the spot where General Custer had fallen. It was in the form of a pyramid, and constructed of cord-wood, the interior being filled with the bones of the dead horses scattered all over the field. The head boards have all since been replaced by stone, and a handsome monolith stands in place of the pyramid of wood.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NORTH DAKOTA FORTS

FORT ABERCROMBIE

Fort Abercrombie was established in 1858 on the west bank of the Red River, about twelve miles north of the point where the Otter Tail and Bois de Sioux rivers join and form the Red River, by Lieutenant-Colonel John Abercrombie in command of a battalion of troops. Its location was chosen on account of being so near the head of navigation on the Red River, and also on account of its proximity to the northern Indian tribes. This fort was a post of great importance on the eastern border of Dakota, as being the terminus of the military mail routes from Fort Stevenson via Fort Totten, and Fort Wadsworth via Fort Ransome, and the point from whence mail from these points was forwarded weekly by Quartermaster team via St. Cloud, Minn., to St. Paul.

Fort Abercrombie was the first military post on North Dakota soil. It marked therefore the limit of farthest western advance for the populations of the Northwest. When the inevitable conflict arose between the immigrant and the Indian and the fierce Sioux swept over our northwestern frontier Fort Abercrombie was the outpost most remote and the one offering shelter to settlers exposed to Indian attacks. From this fort which was used as a depot of supplies went out the famous expeditions of

General Sibley in 1863 and General Sully in 1864, that broke the power of the Dakota tribes and made our land safe again for the settlers.

Through this point passed Captain Fisk with the gold miners' trains of 1862 and 1863 on their way to the gold fields of Montana and Idaho. Fort Abercrombie guarded the population of Clay, Tooms, and Breckenridge counties of 1860. To this point ran the St. Cloud stage and wagon trail, and from this point northward to Georgetown, Pembina, and Fort Garry. Past this fort ran the steamboat traffic of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the flatboat commerce of the early 70's, while throughout the year the half-breed trains of dog sledges or Red River carts, came and went as they had done for a generation before the fort was established. For twenty years (1857-77) Fort Abercrombie maintained the rank its strategic place on the frontier had given it. It stood first among the military posts of our Northwest; it dominated the upper Missouri country and the Red River valley far into Canada; it guarded the Minnesota settlers and brought them into the Dakotas. Fort Abercrombie, as the military, commercial, and geographical gateway to North Dakota, is of paramount significance.

FORT TOTTEN

Fort Totten was established by General Terry, Commander of the Military department of Dakota, on July 17, 1867. Its first garrison consisted of three companies of the Thirty-First Infantry under Capt. W. S. Wainwright. It was a series of posts built for the protection of an overland route extending from southern Minnesota into western Montana. The other North Dakota forts in the series were Abercrombie, Stevenson, and Buford. During the winter of 1867-68, the mail for Fort Totten was carried at irregular intervals from Fort Abercrombie by the way of Fort Ransome. From Fort Totten the mail was deliv-

ered to Fort Stevenson regularly once a week for several years. This latter route was very dangerous, being besieged by Indians who time and again waylaid the mail carriers, robbing and killing them.

When Fort Totten was first established, the Northwest Fur Company had sent their agent to the post with the expectation that he would be appointed post trader, but General Terry appointed E. W. Brenner to fill that position. Shortly after establishing a store Brenner also established a brewery, the first on Dakota soil. The brewery building contained three rooms and the apparatus consisted of a great kettle, a mess tub, and a cooling tank. Ten barrels of beer could be brewed at a time, and the process took several days, and generally occurred once a week. Needless to say the beer found a ready sale among the soldiers stationed at the fort.

FORT RANSOME

Fort Ransome was established June 17, 1867, when a battalion of the Tenth United States Infantry arrived at Bear's Den Hillock from Fort Wadsworth and encamped there. Their quarters were finished in August. Fort Ransome, located on the Sheyenne River in Ransome County, was one of the forts established in North Dakota for the protection of the settlers, who still held in vivid memory the bloody uprising of the Sioux in Minnesota in 1862. The locality of Fort Ransome had been a favorite camping ground of the Indians and numerous mounds that appeared to be of ancient origin were found there.

Being thus protected by the presence of the United States troops, the settlement of that part of North Dakota rapidly increased and culminated in the thriving town of Fargo, the first station on the Dakota division of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Following the railroad came the settlers. At the crossing of the James River, the little post of Camp Seward was established for

the protection of the railroad engineers and graders of the line between the Red and Grand rivers. And there sprung the promising settlement that has become the Jamestown of today.

This line of railroad brought the settlement on the Missouri and the settlement on the Red River within a direct line of communication, and the old mail route fell into disuse and was abandoned. Along this railroad route the supplies from Minnesota came direct to Bismarck, being a great saving in time and distance, not to speak of the cheer that came to the settlers in the feeling that they were now in easy communication with the East. Indeed they felt that they had no need to return to civilization, that they had only to stay where they were and civilization would come to them. The troops were withdrawn from Fort Ransome on May 26, 1872, and it was not regarded as a military post after July 31, 1872.

FORT ABRAHAM LINCOLN

To protect the surveyors of the Northern Pacific Railroad, the military post of Fort McKean was established in 1872, and two companies of the Sixth Infantry and one company of the Seventeenth Infantry were stationed there. In the following spring General George A. Custer with the Seventh Cavalry was ordered from his headquarters in Louisville, Kentucky, to Dakota, as an escort for the Northern Pacific Survey. Accordingly additional cavalry quarters were built, and by the order of the Secretary of War, the name of Fort McKean was changed to Fort Abraham Lincoln. And as the headquarters of the famous Seventh Cavalry, with a fine military band, and six-company post, it became a point of no little importance in frontier army circles.

Old Fort Lincoln was situated a couple of miles south of what is now the present site of Mandan, down the river, with Bismarck across the Missouri on the east side of it. Of all the military posts of the Northwest, none will be longer remembered

than Fort Lincoln. In the halcyon days of the Seventh Cavalry, the society of the little frontier post was a source of much pleasure, and within its narrow limits a coterie, led by General and Mrs. Custer, such as would have graced any fashionable town, did much to relieve the monotony of military life, tender recollections of which will last as long as memory with those that still count themselves among the number; while the deathless romance lived within its walls, together with a baptism of costly blood, will ever consecrate its memory to coming generations, and stand as a monument to the slain command—that famous Seventh Cavalry and its gallant leader, Gen. George A. Custer, as well as to that great Commander-in-Chief whose name it bears —President Abraham Lincoln.

OTHER FORTS

Other forts in North Dakota were Forts Buford, Rice, Stevenson, Union, Berthold, and Wadsworth. Fort Buford was located on the left bank of the Missouri, twelve miles below the mouth of the Yellowstone. There were two mail routes from Fort Buford to the States. The first one was via Forts Stevenson, Totten, and Abercrombie, to St. Paul, and the other was via Forts Stevenson, Rice, and Sully, to Sioux City, Iowa. Mail by this latter route was slower than by the Fort Totten route, and on both routes the mail was subject to interruption, so that the post was frequently without mail for three months at a time.

Fort Rice was established by General Sully, July 9, 1864, and was located eighteen miles below the present site of Mandan. It was placed in command of General Thomas Crittenden with four companies of infantry. Forts Stevenson, Union, and Berthold were erected as posts for the fur trade, but were also later used for military purposes. Fort Wadsworth was established in July, 1864, with a garrison of three companies of the 30th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry under Major John Clowney

THE CALL OF AMERICA

UNCLE SAM: "One Nation INDIVISIBLE, with LIBERTY and JUSTICE to ALL!"

THE IMMIGRANT: "I Pledge ALLEGIANCE to the FLAG, and to the REPUBLIC for which It STANDS!"

CHAPTER XIX.

SETTLEMENTS OF NATIONALITIES

THE CALL OF THE WEST

In the busy marts of Mammon,
Midst the greedy strife for gain,
Can be heard the call, "Come Westward,"
Ringing clear its sweet refrain.

In the crowded city's quarters,
Where the herded thousands throng,
Where misery, crime, and squalor,
Cry aloud a nation's wrong,

Midst the factory's ceaseless clatter,
Comes the low insistent call,
Bidding hope, inspire the hopeless,
Pointing out the way to all.

To the weary and the strife-worn,
Seeking surcease, peace and rest.
Comes the fragrance of the West land,
Soothes a voice we loveth best.

Far across the broad Atlantic,
Wafted on the ocean's crest,
Comes the message from the grassland,
Speaks the spirit of the West!

CZECH SETTLEMENTS

There were several causes which led to the immigration of Czechs into America: severe military requirements, overpopulation, small wages for tradesmen, scarcity of land for farms and

homes, as the land was mostly owned by nobles and the churches, and the poorer classes had to work this land for a small compensation, and the inhuman persecution of the Czechs by the Austrian government. Early in the sixteenth century the Czechs of Bohemia were vainly battling against Austrian vassalage.

Between the years of 1717-37 the Czech population was reduced from 3,000,000 to 780,000 by the ravages of execution and exile. The Czech language was banished from the schoolroom in favor of the German. The revolution of 1848 seemed to promise for Bohemia local independence and general reforms in government, but in the end no permanent reforms were secured. As soon as the revolution was over, the Emperor broke his vow, and declared himself liberated from all constitutional restraint, and liberties which the people had temporarily gained, were taken away.

In the succeeding period of reaction, absolutism everywhere prevailed. The liberty of the press was at an end, and not a single paper was allowed to be printed in the Czech language. As late as 1859, the prime minister would not even let the Czechs print their own political paper, and not until 1866 did it become lawful to send a telegram in the Czech language.

Of the many tragic episodes in the unequal struggle which Bohemia was waging at this time, is the career of Karel Havlicek, the patriot and statesman, who fell a martyr to the cause of journalistic freedom. The Czech National Party was without a journal to represent its cause, and Havlicek founded for this purpose the "Prague News," and as the Austrian government prohibited all allusions to the internal affairs of Bohemia, Havlicek resorted to stratagem and device, publishing and exposing the pressing needs of reforms of Bohemia, under the guise of Ireland's condition. But his ruse was suspicioned by the Austrian government and on some made-up charge he was arrested, cast into prison and kept here until broken in health and in a

dying condition, when he was released. He died in 1856, shortly after his release from prison.

But the Czechs are not a people to remain long in subjection. From times immemorial they have laid down their lives for ideals of democracy and freedom. In spite of the fearful persecution that stared them in the face, new movements grew—the first under the leadership of philologists and poets, followed by historians and jurists, and these in turn were superseded by constructive statesmen and captains of industry. Colleges and universities were erected. The National Theatre, the National Museum, and the world-famous Conservatory of Music, that gave Jan Kubelik and Emmy Destinn to the world, were founded at Prague. Literary activities flourished, with Jungman and Palacky at the head.

It is interesting to conjecture what the Czech nation might have become had the people been free to work out their own destiny. With the heel of the tyrant pressing her down, Bohemia has given great men and women to the world. Among these are: Komensky, Palacky, and Havlicek, the great historians and patriots; John Kolar, who wrote the literary masterpiece "The Daughter of Slava;" Svatopluk Cech, the greatest of modern epic poets; Jaroslav Vrchlicky, the popular poet of the people; Anton Dvorak, the best known Czech composer in America, among his best compositions is "The Humoresque;" Vaclav Brozik, the distinguished historical painter; Hynais, the brilliant lyric palette artist; Alois Jirasek, the historical novelist; Jaroslav Smetana, the great dramatist; Mucha, Mashek, and Holarek, the renowned allegorical painters; Jan Kubelik, the violin virtuoso; Emmy Destinn, the prima donna; Jarsolav Kocian, the violin virtuoso; and Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, the greatest living Czech of today.

The renaissance brought about the organization of the Sokol, which became affiliated with similar organizations of the Slav

nations and of France. International meets and tournaments were held, at which the friendship of the Czechs with France was permanently cemented. By 1913, the population of Bohemia had increased to 7,000,000, and the Czechs had gained enormously to use their own language in their own country, but every inch of the ground was won after stubborn fights with the Germans.

An anecdote is related of the early days of Bohemian renaissance. One day a friend of Jungman rushed breathless into the latter's room to tell him that two well-dressed gentlemen had been heard talking in the Czech language on the streets of Prague (the capital of Bohemia)!

The first settlement of Czechs in North Dakota was in Richland County, in 1871, when Albert Chezik and Mathew Lorenz filed on land near Richville (now Wahpeton), which at that time was merely a dugout occupied by a Mr. Rich. The land at that time was not surveyed, and they held their claims by squatter rights. They at once erected sod shanties, working at short intervals for Mr. Harris, a prosperous farmer of McCauleyville, Minn. With the use of Harris' team they were each able to break about five acres of land, haul some necessary supplies from Fort Abercrombie, and plant some potatoes. In July of the same year, Albert Chezik went to Wisconsin to help his father and brother harvest, while Lorenz was in charge of their claims.

After harvest he purchased two teams of horses and in company with Frank and Joe Formanek and his brother Joe Chezik started for Dakota in two prairie schooners drawn by the horses he had purchased. When the difficult journey was ended, the newcomers immediately took up land near the present site of Wahpeton. In the spring of 1872, ten more settlers came, and with those already there quite a settlement was founded.

Those who came all stayed in Albert Chezik's shanty until they built similar shanties of their own. Many were the amusing meals of the pioneers over their fires while on their homesteads.

The cooking arrangements were necessarily crude, and often there were not enough dishes to accommodate the entire party. In the fall of 1872, Albert Chezik purchased a modern stove at Mankato, Minn., the first one owned by the pioneers.

During the pioneer days, freight between Winnipeg and Richville (Wahpeton) was carried on by boat on the Red River during the summer months, and hauled on sleighs drawn by oxen or horses during the winter. The Czech pioneers spent many weeks traveling to and from Winnipeg. There were two regular stopping places or stage stations, as they were called. They usually made two stations a day. For several years following the arrival of the settlers there was much danger from prairie fires, which caused considerable loss of property at times, and even endangered the lives of the settlers.

In the spring of 1880, the nucleus of another Czech settlement developed near the present site of Lidgerwood. This country had been visited in 1879 by Frank Bisek of Alexandria, Minn., but he did not settle in Dakota for some years. These new Czech settlers came from Iowa, where they had made their homes since their arrival from Bohemia in 1871. But five consecutive years of crop failure in Iowa, caused by chinch-bugs and rust, forced the Czechs to seek a new location. Having been informed through the newspapers and immigration agents that the Red River Valley was one of the best wheat raising districts in America, a party of Czech settlers, among who was Matt Kouba, decided to explore the valley and verify the statement. There was a good deal of excitement when on their return they reported the Red River Valley to be a perfect El Dorado in richness of soil, where numerous homesteads were waiting for someone to file on them.

The result was, that a small party of settlers consisting of Peter Polda, Matt Kouba, John Kouba, Albert Heley, John Kadecka, and Joseph Factor, left Fort Atkinson, Iowa, and in prairie schooners drawn by oxen, started for Dakota. After a

wearisome journey on which they were joined by other emigrants they reached the Red River valley. A few remained at Wahpeton, but soon followed the others who had taken up claims near the present site of Lidgerwood. Peter Polda soon began writing a series of newspaper articles in the Czech language, telling of the great opportunities this new country offered. These accounts were extensively circulated, and soon other Czechs began to come from the states of Michigan, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, Ohio, Nebraska, and Wisconsin, and thus the new community grew rapidly. Among the first of the newcomers were: Frank Philips, from Fort Atkinson, Iowa, who with his keen perception of possibilities and genial disposition, soon became one of the leading forces in the community; John and Peter Wacha, Frank Blazek, and John Melonousky, from Ypsilanti, Mich.; Frank Speral and Frank Voyek, from Fort Atkinson, Iowa; and Frank Sheleny who came direct from Bohemia. Between the years of 1871 and 1910, the Czech population of Richland county increased to three hundred and six persons, all of foreign birth.

The first immigrants, and also the majority that came later, were small farmers of Bohemia and factory hands. Later came the tradesmen. The first buildings of the pioneers were huts of clay, sod, and other material close at hand. The ground served for the first floor. The walls were made of sod or home-made bricks, and were two and one half feet thick. The houses were usually boarded and whitewashed on the inside. The roof was made of clay, the rafters were tree trunks. The windows were small panes, which afforded just enough light for the people to see. These houses were much warmer than a modern house, and the settlers were able to economize on fuel. The furniture in these sod houses was necessarily simple, in many cases consisting of tables, benches, and cupboards made of poplar and tamarack trees hauled from the Sheyenne River, a distance of some forty miles. Meat was obtained by hunting.

Many of the families had to walk to Wahpeton, a distance of some thirty miles to secure food and other necessities for their families. The pioneers had no money to buy fuel and so for the winter wood was hauled from the Sheyenne River. In early days the spinning wheels were used by the settlers very commonly. The spinning was done during the long winter evenings, and practically all the hosiery and mittens were knit at home. Their first crops were bound by hand. Peter Polda's first crop was 170 bu. of wheat and 70 bu. of oats raised on ten acres of land.

The marketing center was Wahpeton, N. Dak., and Breckenridge, Minn, the latter also being the post-office. Frequently in the winter the pioneers were caught in a snowstorm while on such trips, or overtaken by darkness when on their way home and compelled to camp on the prairies. In 1881 the Wild Rice River was so swollen that it could not be crossed with a team, and there being no bridge or a boat the settlers were held in captivity for several weeks, being unable to go to market or receive any mail during that time. But the overflow of water brought with it such quantities of fish, that the food problem was solved.

A national characteristic of the Czech people is their passionate love of music and an ardent desire for higher education. In their native land it is no uncommon thing for parents of the poorer class to deny themselves necessities in order to give their child a college or university training. And there is another thing—and that is loyalty to the land of their adoption, a deep reverence for the Stars and Stripes. While they cherish a fond remembrance of that beautiful home of their youth—Bohemia, made sacred to them by the many graves of their martyred heroes, and memories of the charm of their youth—America is first with them, for when they threw off the yoke of Hapsburg and pledged their allegiance to the United States their pledge was one of faith, for all times!

And in the World War the Czechs proved that faith, in the many thousands of Czech volunteers that entered the army, in the extensive purchase of Liberty Bonds, large donations to the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., and similar organizations. And not only the Czechs in America but the Czechs in Bohemia were heart and soul with America and her Allies. At the risk of fearful persecution, if caught, whole troops deserted the Austrian army at every opportunity and crossed over to the Allies, there donned the Italian or French uniforms and fought side by side with them for the cause of right. There are many graves in France of Czech heroes, but their sacrifice will not be forgotten while there beats a heart in the bosom of a Czech. For it is out of these graves and those of their comrades on Flanders Fields that has arisen the freedom of their land and all other lands long prostrate under the heel of a hated despot.

Bohemia—the land of the Czechs—bleeding under German tyranny for three hundred years, has come into her heritage at last. And out of the ashes of her past has arisen a free Czecho-Slovakia, with Thomas Garrigue Masaryk as President of the new republic. The singularity of his standing among modern state-builders, and the resemblance of his career to that of George Washington, make him a peculiarly interesting figure to Americans. Like Washington he was acclaimed President by all parties, and like him he was first in war and first in the hearts of his countrymen. Washington faced no greater or more disheartening tasks than those which confronted Masaryk. In the complexity of political problems, the creation of the free nation of Czechs and Slovaks was a harder task than the creation of the United States. But for the burning patriotism and clear vision of a man peculiarly equipped for his work there would have been no United States and no Czecho-Slovakia.

Each of these men labored for the accomplishment of a "nation of laws and not of men," and each succeeded; but before

the nation of laws could come into existence it was necessary that nations of men be wrestled with, and that unstinted outpourings of energy of the human heart should be offered, in meekness and with a sad sincerity, as libations to the Goddess of Liberty. Each of the nation-builders builded wiser than he knew —Washington with all his marvelous foresight did not fully comprehend a century's development, and doubtless Masaryk only dimly imagines the place he and his country will occupy a century hence. His nation is stronger and more populous than was the nation that hailed Washington as President. His country's history goes further back, and in its pages are many glowing records of heroism and genius. The growth of our United States under a free form of government such as Masaryk has established in Bohemia ought to inspire the most optimistic sentiments throughout the new republic.

One of the facts common to the establishment of both the United States and Czecho-Slovakia, which should never be forgotten, is this: France was the faithful ally and friend of both. Without France, Washington's efforts might have been in vain. Without France, Masaryk might not have achieved the independence of Bohemia. In the ever-enduring cement which binds the foundation stones of these republics is mixed the blood of Frenchmen shed for others in the cause of liberty.

Another fact that should not be forgotten is this: It was in Washington, D. C., under the folds of our American flag, that Masaryk wrote the Bohemian Declaration of Independence. At that time his people were under the Hapsburg heel, and there was talk of giving the Bohemians "autonomy" in exchange for their surrender of liberty. The Hapsburg dynasty had endured for ages. There was no indication of the magnificent onslaught that Italy was preparing, much less any assurance of its triumph. Yet Masaryk felt and declared that Bohemia was and of right ought to be free and independent. His declaration has taken its

place with the immortal expression of man's determination to be free.

Neither Washington nor Masaryk could have made a nation if its men had not been worthy of liberty. There is considerable resemblance between the Czecho-Slovak army and the Americans who fought under Washington. Both forces were distinguished by simplicity, strong self-reliance, ingenuity in emergencies, good humor, and dauntless courage. They were men of medium height, rather slight than stocky, quick in speech and perception, instinctive in their teamwork, inured to hardship, and intensely patriotic. They knew how to reach the heart of a practical problem. Yet there was strong idealism in their souls and a pathetic tenderness in their personal and family ties.

The anabasis of the Czecho-Slovak forces in Russia is an illustration of the happy ingenuity and resourcefulness of that nation. The exploits of the army that went around the world will be recounted wherever classic examples of endurance and audacity are cited. The best that an American can say of that campaign is that it was conducted as Americans would have conducted it. Many of the lads who became veterans in those adventures were, indeed, former immigrants to America who felt the vigor of the American spirit. They were directed by Masaryk from Washington, and he drew confidence and audacity direct from the American fountain. The free republic of Bohemia goes into the twentieth century with exultant heart. It has hard problems, but it is free to solve them by itself, in behalf of its own people, without interference of the accursed race that so long blighted Europe.

DANISH SETTLEMENTS

The immigration into what is now North Dakota was composed of natives from the peninsula of Jutland, Denmark, and of the Duchy of Schleswig. They were all of peasant stock, be-

longing to the independent class known as "small farmers." The flow of emigration increased so rapidly after the long war which had left Denmark in a financially wrecked condition, and the land not yielding enough to make a living for the people, that the educators of Denmark put their heads together to devise some plan that would stop the flow of emigration and give the people a chance to make a good living in their own country.

After studying every possible ways and means, they decided that the only thing that would save Denmark was dairy farming. Before this, every young man and woman left their farm home to work in cities, where they could do better, and so the farms were neglected. To make their plan a success, the educators realized that every man, woman and child must be interested in the situation. In view of this, the school system was changed; every school gave a thorough dairy course, and those who did not want to take a university course to study for some profession attended the public schools until the age of fourteen, during which time they were given as thorough a course as possible, for Denmark believes in educating her children. Latin, Algebra, and Greek, were left out of their curriculum, being considered not essential nor of any use to them in life. Having attained the age of fourteen the children attended the dairy schools.

The enthusiasm increased with every year, the young people as well as the older gave their whole attention to dairy farming, for the educators were frank wtih the people, explaining the situation to all. People no longer emigrated in numbers, and today Denmark is one of the leading dairy countries in the world, and also has a world known reputation for the finest butter and eggs.

But strange to say, the first and best grade of butter and eggs are not kept at home, but shipped to different countries where a large price is paid for them. Especially England buys all the products that Denmark can spare. The eggs that are sent

out are stamped with the name of the producer and of Denmark. It is said that if you enter a first class hotel in London and order eggs for your meal you will receive them thus labeled, and knowing where they come from you are sure they are fresh, for Denmark is proud of her reputation and every egg is carefully examined before it is sent out of the country.

However, before the problem was solved, the newspapers of that country deplored the departure of Denmark's young blood, and did all in their power to discourage emigration, stating that the New World was full of danger and crime. But the reports from America sent by those already there, telling of the good prospects for people who are willing to work, finally overcame their love for native soil and family attachments.

The first Danish settlement in North Dakota, was in Hill Township, Cass County. The first pioneers were Christen and Peter Westergaard, who represented the immigrants from Jutland. Christen Westergaard with a party of Danes among whom was a young woman who later became his wife, came from Denmark in the spring of 1872, settling first in Waukegan, Illinois, later moving to Becker, Minn., where he ran a newspaper for a number of years. In 1878 he received a letter from one of his subscribers, a Mr. Humel, a man of considerable means who held interests in Fargo and the Red River Valley, informing Westergaard that should he wish to settle in the Red River Valley he would give him financial assistance.

This induced Christen Westergaard and his brother Peter, who had just arrived from Denmark, to leave for Dakota at once. After pre-empting land on the Maple River, some five miles south of the railroad, they began to make a dugout for the accommodation of their families and relatives who were soon to follow, having been left behind in Minnesota for a while. During the summer the two brothers went to the Sheyenne River Valley, near Fargo, to shock grain.

The first barns were made of sod, and gave good shelter to the stock during the first hard winters. They were roofed with rude rafters and slates covered with straw and fine dirt. Before there were any wells dug, the water for the use of the cattle was secured by allowing the snow to melt in the barn.

Andrew Jensen, Jens Schmidt, and Christian Christensen, were the first settlers representing the Schleswig part of the population. They came in February, 1879, and lived in a shanty near the siding, then known as New Buffalo, until spring—the horses in one end, and the men in the other. A few months after their arrival, Mrs. Jensen came, bringing with her a child.

During that winter and the winter following, there was an unusual number of blizzards, and the trains were blockaded much of the time, often not getting through more than once or twice a week. These men all took homesteads near the creek, thus forming with those already there the nucleus of the settlement. Later others came and the settlement grew. For several seasons following their arrival there was especial danger from prairie fires. The settlement burned over several times, only the parts protected by the firebreaks escaping the flames.

Among the implements and articles of use brought over, or made here in imitation of the ones used in Denmark, were spinning wheels and wool carders, wooden footstools, carpenters' tools and benches, windmills, fishing nets with wooden needles to make and repair them, clothing of various kinds, etc. There are three or four spinning wheels, all run by foot treadles, still to be found in the settlement. In the early days spinning was quite industriously pursued during the winter months; the older women, often the grandmothers, doing the spinning, the men and older children doing the carding. To spin two pounds of yarn was considered a very good day's work.

Among the customs taken with them from Denmark, was of course the "old country dance," both square and round. The

former was more complicated than our old quadrilles. The whole dance is gone through without "calling," and with a speed that is a revelation and surprise to American observers. The round dances too are much swifter in motion, and demand far more endurance than our waltzes and polkas.

The industrial development of the settlements has been marked by steady growth and progress. Land had greatly increased in value. Telephones and other modern innovations have been installed. In fact the settlers have prospered in many ways. The people of the settlement have taken up the English language quite readily. The children of the settlers rarely speak to each other in anything but English, though they have almost invariably learned the Danish language first. When they speak to their parents they most frequently use Danish.

SWEDISH SETTLEMENTS

The immigration to America from Sweden was due to Swedish newspapers beginning to publish accounts of the rich resources in this new world and of the vast opportunities it held for the new settler, as well as to the inherent characteristics of the Scandinavians to emigrate, roam about on this earth. There followed extensive emigration from Sweden, especially from those parts where land was poor and economic conditions oppressive.

The first settlement in North Dakota was made near Harwood. It was begun by young men who came to this country with the Northern Pacific railroad. Of these, August Laudblom and Hans Hoglund came together in 1871, from McGregor, Iowa. The first immigrant however, was Nils Olson, who came in 1870. Fritjof Boman, who came in 1872, was the leader of the group from the north of Sweden, and John O. Halsten, who came to Dakota in 1871, was a leader of the group from the south. Others were: Nils Pherson, who came in 1873, and F. J. Boman and Elias Boman who came in 1876. Of these, Nils Pherson and

Nils Olson were men having young families, the others were single.

Fritjof Boman brought his bride with him to Dakota, and together they settled on a homestead six miles west of Fargo. This was in 1872, when all that existed of Fargo at that time was the name. They lived on a homestead for two years before they could manage to have any garden, not to speak of a crop, as they could not afford to get horses and necessary utensils for farming. Fritjof Boman made a small hand-sleigh and by the means of a rope thrown over his shoulders he pulled the necessary provisions from Fargo.

In 1874 they went fourteen miles north of their homestead to work for a farmer, cutting hay with a scythe, until they earned enough to buy themselves a pair of oxen, a cow, and a heifer, and then went back to work on their own land. In the summer of 1875, cyclones and hailstorms were almost a daily occurrence. The men being away at work during the summer, Mrs. Boman, who was left behind, not infrequently saw the roof taken off the house, and with no human being near, passed through some very trying times in those first few years, which were followed by years of good crops, bringing prosperity in their wake.

During the years of 1882-92, things did not look very promising to these immigrants in Dakota. In many of the Swedish settlements only about one half of the original settlers were left, the rest had left the country in despair or disgust. The greater part of those that were left had a very hard struggle to live, but they were hopeful and persistent. Many were living in dugouts and sod houses and cellars. During those first years they suffered every season from drought or hail or some misfortune, and some localities seemed to be especially favored in this respect.

Many Swedish settlements were made along the line of the Northern Pacific railroad, especially around Fargo, and as a result Cass County has the largest settlement. The first church

work among the Swedes on Dakota soil was begun by Rev. Svante Udden, who traveled on horseback through most of the Red River counties in his missionary work begun in 1887. Previous to this, in 1880, many of the settlers around Fargo attended the Swedish church at Moorhead, where Rev. J. O. Cavallier was in charge, the first service being held at the home of J. L. Bjorkquist of that city.

In 1883 the Swedish settlements had reached as far as Bottineau County, but the counties which lead on percentage of foreign born Swedes are: Burleigh, McLean, and Cass. The Swedes rank about fifth in percentage of population in the entire state. The attitude of the Swede toward his old home, after being in America for a number of years, cannot be given in an all-embracing statement. A very large number of Swedish-Americans have returned to the old country, where they buy farms or engage in business. Since the laws have become more liberal and the opportunities greater in Sweden, the tendency to emigration has increased.

NORWEGIAN SETTLEMENTS

The extensive immigration of Norwegians to America during the years of 1869 to 1883 was the result of the poor financial condition of the Norwegians which followed after their many years of prosperity. There had been a financial panic which left the people such a heavy burden on their property that they had to sell it or go to the poorhouse. Being induced by the promising prospects of America their emigration became very large. Another factor that drives people from that country is the strict military rules.

Among the early Norwegian settlers in North Dakota were those that settled in Briggs County. They sailed from Stavanger, Norway, in April, 1881, and were on board over five weeks. At New York they exchanged their steamship tickets for railroad

tickets which took them to St. Paul, Minn. Leaving their families at Benson, Minn., the men proceeded on their journey and finally pitched camp in Sverdrup and Bald Hill townships in Briggs County. This has formed a distinct Norwegian community ever since. Among the leaders were Betuel Hengstad and Christian Aarstad. Their only farm implement was a rude breaking plow, and oxen were used instead of horses. The land in the county did not get into market until April, 1882, and could not, of course, be filed on until then. The settlers kept their land by "squatting" on it. Those who took land along the river built log cabins, while those farther out on the prairies generally erected sod houses, or a dugout or cellar house.

They had brought with them a few rude breaking plows from Minnesota. There was about one team of oxen and a plow for every two farmers. Each farmer broke about seven acres of land that first summer. During the remainder of the summer they gathered hay and built dwellings and stables. In the fall many of the settlers went out working in harvest fields and with threshing machines around Valley City. The women and children, who were left in Minnesota when the pioneers pushed into the frontier, arrived in the settlement in July and October.

Their first winter in Dakota was a period of hardship and suffering. In the first place their dwellings were very cold. Many of the huts were without windows or floor, and in some cases even the walls were bare earth. Having raised no crop that fall, they had not much with which to buy provisions for the winter. The nearest market was Valley City, thirty miles away. With a team of oxen, twenty miles was considered a good day's journey. Therefore in making the trip they had to sleep two nights on the prairies.

The main occupation of the settlers that first winter was the hauling of timber from the woods along the Sheyenne River and chopping it into fuel for the next summer. They also made some

furniture for their huts. In many of the homes they had only trunks for chairs. They were sociable and spent time visiting each other. They had religious services in the settlement, conducted in a little hut, by a missionary sent out by the Home Missionary Society.

Towards spring they began to run out of food supplies, and when the supply was exhausted they were compelled to set out to market to get something to eat. It was in the spring of 1882 when four of their number set out with a team of oxen for Valley City to procure provisions. On the first day they reached Sibley Crossing, which was about fifteen miles south of the settlement. Here they stayed overnight with a Norwegian named Anderson. The Sheyenne River was so swollen that his house was standing in water and the first floor flooded. But the family and guests were made comfortable upstairs.

The next day they left the oxen behind and were taken across the river in a boat, and as Anderson's barn was on the other side of the river, they were able to take his horses and continue their journey. But as the roads were very bad they had to walk a large part of the way, often wading through swollen little streams full of floating ice. On the third day they reached their destination, and having bought supplies started back, but the team had to be left behind on account of the flood, and they were forced to carry their supplies. At the end of the first day they reached Anderson's place and from there joyfully started homeward.

In the summer of the same year the Great Northern branch from Casselton, what is now known as the Hope branch, was built, and the little station that is now known as the town of Hope became their market place that fall. Though the pioneers endured many hardships and disappointments, such as periods of drouth when their crops were poor, and many were compelled to leave. But they struggled bravely up from poverty and today are all well-to-do. Some of the old pioneers have rented their

farms and retired to a quiet life, but the largest part of them are still living on their farms. Though the settlers still retain some of the characteristics of their former nationality, they have in many respects become thoroughly Americanized. While they cherish a fond remembrance of their native country, they admire and respect the land of their adoption.

The counties now leading in percentage of foreign born Norwegian population are those along the Red River, beginning with Grand Forks County and going westward to Ward County. Of these counties, Trail County has the largest percentage.

H. J. Hagen, President of the Scandinavian American bank of Fargo, has done much to preserve the history of the Norwegians in the state. He names Paul Hjelm as undoubtedly the leader of the Norwegian Pioneers. Hjelm came to Dakota in 1868, having been sent by the Minnesota Immigration Association. He drove with a wagon from St. Cloud to Fort Abercrombie. He was a journalist and wrote about Dakota to the Norwegian newspapers "Faderlandet" and "Emigranten," which articles resulted in an immigration to Dakota in 1881.

In June, 1913, a statue was erected in Fargo in honor of Rollo. Both the Norwegians and French contributed to the statue. A statue of Bjornstjerne Bjornson was erected on the Agricultural College campus. This was largely due to the efforts of Dr. Fjelde of Fargo, who was a brother of Fjelde, the sculptor. The stone was brought from Norway. In Island Park, of Fargo, is a statue of Henrik Wergeland, a Norwegian writer and statesman.

ICELANDIC SETTLEMENTS

The first Icelanders to settle in North Dakota came to Pembina county in 1878. A year before this time, Rev. Pall Thorlaksson had passed through this region and recommended it to his

countrymen. The first party was led by J. P. Hallsson, J. Horgdal, and J. Jonasson, and located five miles west of Cavalier.

The cause of the Icelandic emigration was poor wages and hard times that offered the working class of people no prospect of ever attaining independence in the future; as well as letters from pioneers settled in different states in America, who wrote hopefully of the future of their new abode. The most effective cause, however, was the high wages offered in this country and the easy conditions of acquiring land.

On the 23d of June, 1878, the first log cabin erected by Icelanders in Pembina county was completed. It is still standing where the post-office of Hallsson is located. Nine persons found accommodations in this house. As soon as the settlers had erected shelter for their families, they turned their attention to the soil. J. P. Hallsson broke two acres in that year and the yield was eighty bushels in the fall. Harvesting was done by the cradle. In the summer and fall of 1879 these few settlers cooperated in the matter of haying, building, and other occupations. Hallsson bought an ox and Red River cart, for both of which he paid $75. A little later Jon Horgdal became the owner of the first yoke of oxen owned by Icelanders in the state. These beasts of burden did service for the neighbors as well as for the owner. For several years it was not uncommon for two neighbors to buy an ox apiece and use the two together to work the few cultivated acres on their farms.

Before the end of the year of 1879, four Icelandic communities were in formation, one in what later was named Akra township, where Akra post-office now is; one in Beaulieu township, west of Akra; one in Thingwalla township, where Mountain now stands; and one in Gardar township, where a post-office by the same name was later organized. The post-office nearest the settlement was Cavalier, then a store and two or three private

houses. During the first years of settlement the nearest market was St. Vincent, Minn.

In the old country from which they had come, all articles of dress were made at home, hence sheep raising was an important industry with the Icelanders. From wool the women made underwear, stockings and mittens. The women were very busy with spinning and carding during the long winter evenings.

The early years were full of hardships and strenuous toil. Those who came in the summer of 1879 were unable to find employment, some had to live in tents until late in October, when flimsy dwellings were completed. That same summer a prairie fire swept over the Pembina mountains as far east as Cavalier, in which some lost all their hay and others their buildings. The prospects of the settlers were never darker than the winter that followed.

In the fall, Rev. Pall Thorlaksson visited a Norwegian settlement near the Goose River, and collected a few bushels of wheat contributed by Norwegian farmers. Then he wrote to his father and Gisli Eglisson who came south with their oxen and hauled the wheat to Fargo where it was marketed. Rev. Thorlaksson received the proceeds and in the spring of 1880 devoted the money to the purchase of seed grain for the settlers. This was well enough for the future, but there were present needs too urgent to be disregarded. Several of the settlers were in a state of abject destitution. Some had walked the entire distance to Pembina county and had sacrificed their property to get there.

Rev. Thorlaksson felt his responsibility in the matter, inasmuch as he had induced many to come from New Iceland. The people looked to him for their temporal as well as spiritual salvation, and they did not look in vain. Large quantities of turnips were bought from farmers in other parts of the country. Rev. Thorlaksson's brother Haraldur obtained about $400 worth

of goods from a merchant in Pembina. But early in the winter a fire destroyed all the supplies.

To relieve the distress and poverty of the settlers, Rev. Thorlaksson went to Northfield, Minn., and purchased 100 barrels of flour and forty cattle from H. Thorson, a Norwegian farmer. Notes due in two years were given in payment for these goods, which were transported free of charge to St. Vincent, and from there taken to the Icelandic settlement. Again in July, 1880, he went to Minnesota to make further purchases, for more settlers had arrived, and many were very needy. This time he secured eighty-five head of cattle and sixty-five sheep, all of which reached the settlement in October of that year. These were to be paid for in three years and Rev. Thorlaksson was held personally accountable. The winter of 1880-81 found the settlers hopeful and content, owing to the noble work of the conscientious Rev. Pall Thorlaksson, who died in 1882, but whose memory shall live forever in the hearts of the Icelandic pioneers.

During the first years before farming was well under way, the men worked as day laborers, while the women stayed at home, looked after the stock, and even did the haying with the assistance of hired help. Until after the settlement increased in Pembina County, many of the first Icelandic settlers walked over to the Grandin farm near Fargo, where they worked by the day.

The first Icelandic store was at Mountain, conducted by H. Thorlaksson. In 1882 E. H. and F. J. Bergman began a retail business at Gardar, which within another year was followed by other stores at various places. The growth of the Icelandic settlements has been steady up to the present time. Every increase in prosperity has been turned to the improvement of their conditions.

The log cabins have become a curiosity. Telephones now connect the four Icelandic post-offices, Akra, Hallsson, Gardar, and Mountain, and other improvements have marked steady

progress. A national characteristic is the preservation of their mother tongue. The Icelandic language is spoken in the homes, and the children are taught to read and write in the native language by their parents. A powerful preservation of the language is the church, which is Lutheran, and all its rites are punctually observed, and all sermons are in the Icelandic language.

GERMAN SETTLEMENTS

The extensive immigration of Germans to America was due to rigid military duty, dissatisfaction with the government because of high taxes and less of privileges of working people compared with that of military cast. In order to become a Captain or high officer in the army, one had to belong to the nobility. Also letters from relations already across portraying the privileges of this country was a paramount inducement.

The first settlement of Germans in North Dakota was at Cavalier in Pembina county, in 1872, when John Bechtel, John and Henry Well, John Trummer, August Krinke, Jerry Kaercher, Adam Krack, Ernest Restemeyer, John Rickbeil, and John Heyrock, arrived in prairie schooners and settled on the banks of Tongue River, the most fertile region of northern part of the state. Favored by the growing timber they erected log houses on their homesteads. Pembina was their trading post. These Germans did not come direct from Germany, but from Missouri, and were of the old Pennsylvania stock. One of the characteristics which they have retained to this day is that of always speaking German in the homes, though almost all can speak the English language.

Another settlement of Germans was founded at Chaffee, in Cass County, in the years of 1872-74. These pioneers came direct from Germany. The first to come was John Pagel, who came in 1872, and was followed by Albert Sodewaser, William Krueger, John Krueger, Frank Henschel, and William Schutt. They took

up homesteads north of Maple River and prospered well as they were in the famous Red River Valley, and also had the advantage of the Northern Pacific railroad coming in through Fargo to Casselton.

An extensive settlement of Germans was founded at Great Bend, in Richland County, in 1875. It was composed of immigrants who came direct from Pomerania, Germany, same being: Fred Stoltenow, David Lubenow, William Bohn, George Woerner, Sr., Charlie Popp, and William Strubel, and their families. They settled on homesteads along the banks of the Wild Rice River. Their choice of site was not only the temptation of the water, but the natural timber there growing. They erected log houses from timber cut on their own land, some of which are still standing today. After breaking up the land, which the women generally did, with oxen, the men went to look for work. By June, 1876, they each had about twenty-five acres of land broken, and the virgin soil yielded them a plentiful crop that year. Their first trading post was Fargo, 65 miles away. When the railway came to Wahpeton the men found work on the steamers that went on the Red River to Winnipeg in Canada.

None of these pioneers suffered any mishaps with the exception of Fred Stoltenow, who after seeing his wife comfortably settled in their prairie home, sought work on the flat boats that were being driven by the current on the Red River to Winnipeg. One day, while the flat boat was being loaded with lumber, his foot got in the way and was broken by the falling lumber. Doctors were scarce in those days and with the meager medical attendance he received he was laid up for three months, unable to earn much needed funds for the coming winter. A neighbor, by the name of Schueter, offered to take Stoltenow's oxen and drive them with his own to earn him some money in freighting to Fort Wadsworth. He started out on a hot day in July, and being heavily loaded, one of Stoltenow's oxen dropped dead. But

through the aid of his neighbors Stoltenow did not suffer any hardship the coming winter.

The first German minister doing missionary work among these settlements was Rev. Ernest Movius, who was stationed at Fargo in 1879, and had thirteen appointments along the Northern Pacific Railroad, as far west as Jamestown, twenty miles north of the railroad and twenty miles south of the railroad. He built the first Evangelical church in Fargo, and in 1892, when the Red River rose so high that "Shanty Town" nearly floated away, he was able to give home to eleven families by letting them live in the church. His action gave vent to the humorous joshing that "he took people out of the water into the church without baptising them." Some of the people brought clocks, and when the minister started preaching sometimes all the clocks would start striking at once.

A singular fact is that none of the German pioneers suffered the privations and hardships that fell to the lot of other pioneers. They had good crops from the very beginning, and as prosperity came the log cabins gave way to frame buildings and oxen were replaced with horses.

GERMAN-RUSSIAN SETTLEMENTS

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, about 1785, the Russian government encouraged the German farmers to come to Russia and settle among their own farmers to teach the latter how to cultivate the land. As an inducement they were offered what in America would be called 160 acres of land. This attracted a great number and the colonies prospered, for the German farmers were more industrious and economical than the Russians. Some of them became wealthy and bought lands of a number of impoverished Russian nobles. Then came the cry "Russia for Russians," and laws were enacted that made it difficult for German Russians to purchase land, and it is generally

those who have no land who leave their homes in Russia. The Russian government did not favor their emigration to the United States, but tried to get them to go to Siberia. It did not, however, offer such large inducements as formerly.

The first immigration into North Dakota was in 1889, when a number of German Russians settled in McIntosh and Emmons counties. These people were generally very poor when they came to this country, for the rich did not need to emigrate; their conditions were favorable in Russia. Here the settlers built mud houses as they had in southern Russia, where they were not able to have better homes.

In building these houses they usually made the mud, which is mixed with a little straw, into bricks, which were allowed to dry in the sun. Those near railroads often built their homes of old ties, setting the tie upright in the ground to form a wall and filling the cracks between with mud. In 1900 there were so many of these houses built of mud and tiles in some of the villages of our state that they gave the village a decidedly foreign aspect. This was true of Richardton, and of that part of Dickinson built south of the railroad.

Some of the German-Russians do not send their children to school, complaining that the teachers fail to understand them and neglect them. They are generally anxious to have parochial schools, because they consider our public schools insufficient, excluding as they do, all religious teachings. While some of their practices certainly tend to keep the German-Russians foreigners, they are, in the districts where they are less numerous, gradually becoming Americanized. They take out citizen papers as soon as possible, and take an interest in politics.

CHAPTER XX.

DAKOTA TERRITORY

Dakota is an Indian name, and was named after the Dakotas ("Allies"), another name for the Sioux confederation. The present state of North Dakota with that of South Dakota, was a part of the territory purchased in 1803 by President Thomas Jefferson from France, for the sum of $27,267,621.98, and known as the Louisiana Purchase.

When the admission of Minnesota as a state left the Dakota country out in the cold, without legal name or existence, the straggling settlers sought to form some sort of government. They organized a provisional government, which, however, was not formally recognized by the authorities at Washington. The settlers elected Henry Masters of Sioux Falls as Provisional Governor. Samuel Albright was then elected to succeed Masters, but he refused to qualify. Wilmot Brookings was the second and last provisional governor.

The bill incorporating the present states of North and South Dakota as Dakota Territory, was signed by President Buchanan on March 2, 1861. Here Abraham Lincoln's name is connected with the beginning of Dakota Territory; for on May 27, 1861, he appointed as the first Governor of Dakota Territory, Dr. William Jayne of Springfield, Ill. Dr. Jayne when a young man had grown up as a physician, while Lincoln was developing as a

lawyer in Springfield, the then new capital of Illinois, and a close personal friendship had existed between the two, until Lincoln had become the President of the United States; and in recognition of the friendship of his earlier days he appointed Dr. Jayne as the first governor of what to his mind was the most promising territory yet organized. It is also interesting to note that the first territorial delegate to Congress was General J. B. S. Todd, a relative of Mrs. Lincoln.

Governor Jayne arrived at Yankton, the territorial capital, May 27, 1861, and upon that day the organic life of Dakota began. The first legislature met March 17, 1862, and passed ninety-one general laws, twenty-five private laws, and twenty-one memorials to Congress. The Old Settlers' Historical Society was created by this legislature. Also two bills granting divorce were passed.

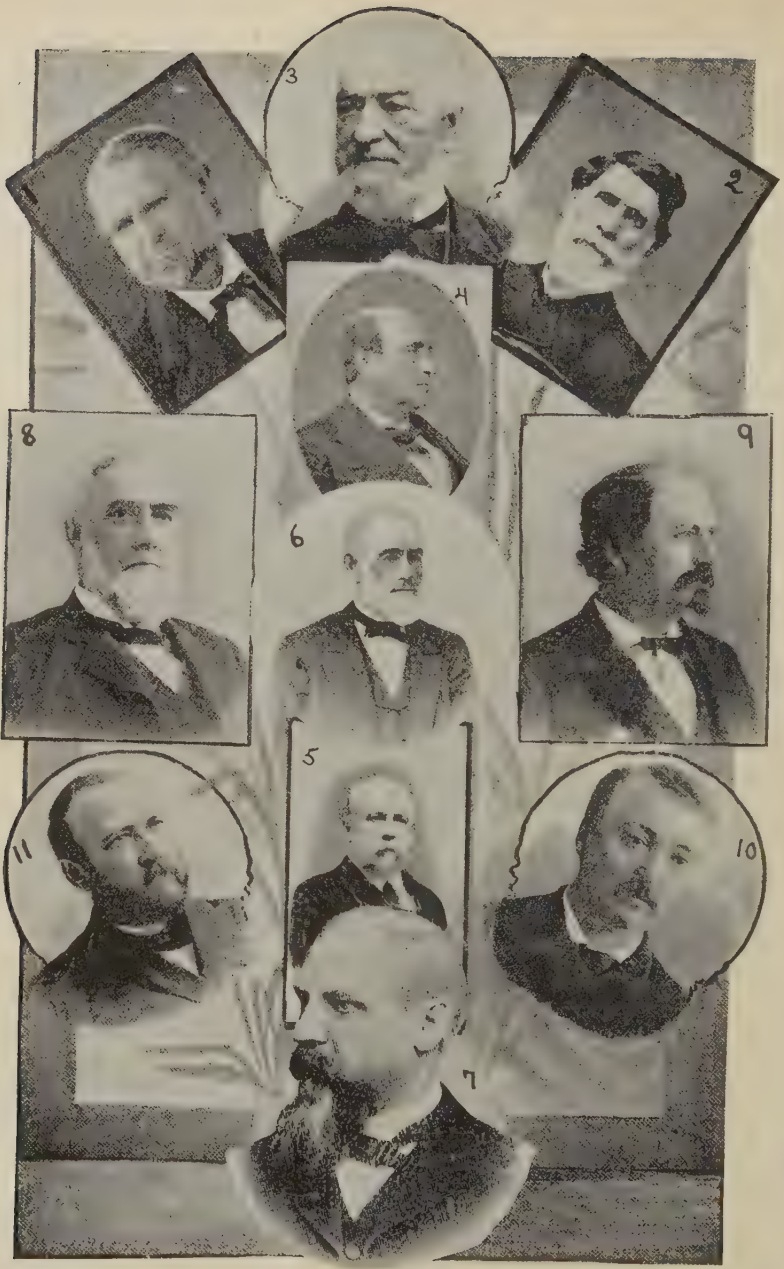
Beginning in 1871, there was a long struggle for the creation of a new territory named "Pembina" from the northern part of Dakota Territory. Had this attempt succeeded, the state would now be named Pembina instead of North Dakota. Hon. M. K. Armstrong, Democrat, delegate to Congress from Dakota, introduced the bill to create the proposed new territory. The bill was reported adversely and tabled in May of the next year. In 1873, the Pembina bill was re-introduced, this time in the senate, at the request of Colonel C. A. Lounsberry, then editor of the Bismarck Tribune, the first newspaper printed in what is now North Dakota. The Tribune was established July 6, 1873. Delegate Armstrong again introduced the bill in the house later in the same year, also at the request of Lounsberry.

Thereafter at each term of Congress for a dozen years the Pembina territory bill was introduced. Sometimes it would pass one house or the other, and sometimes it would die in committee. Opposition finally seemed to linger on the name proposed. Congress would seem to prefer the name of "Huron" at one time

and "Alongonquin" at another time. At last after eighteen territorial legislature sessions had been held, three of them at Bismarck, the division of the big territory into North and South Dakota took place, and Pembina remains only a memory and the extreme northeastern county in North Dakota.

Yankton was the Capital of Dakota Territory until June 2, 1883. The territorial legislature passed an act in 1883 providing for the removal of the territorial capital from Yankton to a point designated by the commissioners appointed for the location of the new capital. The commissioners held a session at Fargo June 2, 1883, located the territorial capital at Bismarck. The act provided that $100,000 and 160 acres of land should be donated to the state for capital purposes, as a condition of the location of the seat of government. The citizens of Bismarck by voluntary subscription contributed $100,000 in cash and 320 acres of land.

The fight for the division of the big territory into two began practically in 1871. The building of the Northern Pacific railroad had led to rapid settlement of North Dakota. In 1882 a mass meeting held at Fargo elected twenty-two delegates to proceed to Washington and urge upon Congress the importance and necessity for the division of the territory. Judge A. H. Barnes headed the delegation. The North Dakotans were defeated in their efforts at Washington by a delegation of South Dakotans who feared the division of the territory would delay statehood. The men from North Dakota returned home vowing that when South Dakota became a state, North Dakota would be her twin sister. The vow was fulfilled when the statehood bill was approved on Washington's birthday, 1889.



Men Who Guided the Ship of Territory Days.

1. Jayne 2. Edmunds 3. Faulk 4. Burbank
5. Pennington 6. Howard 7. Hand
8. Ordway 9. Pierce 10. Church 11. Melette

CHAPTER XXI.

MEN WHO GUIDED THE SHIP OF TERRITORY DAYS

HENRY MASTERS—1858-59

Henry Masters of Sioux Falls was the first provisional governor of the area which in the early days was known as Dakota. When Minnesota was admitted into the Union in 1858, Masters was elected by the settlers "Governor of that portion of Minnesota territory without the state of Minnesota, commonly called Dakota." Masters died in office on September 5, 1859. He was a native of Maine, a lawyer, and his memory is held in high respect by survivors of early settlers. Samuel Albright was elected provisional governor to succeed Masters, but he declined to qualify. Albright was a newspaper man. He established the first newspaper in Dakota at Sioux Falls, July 2, 1859. He was speaker of the provisional legislature in Dakota, and had been chief clerk of the Minnesota legislature. Mr. Albright resides now in Delaware, Ohio.

WILMOT B. BROOKINGS—1859-61

The second provisional governor of Dakota, who qualified and served, was Wilmot B. Brookings. He was elected in 1859 when Samuel Albright declined to serve. Brookings was a legless man. In the winter of 1858 he started from Sioux Falls,

where he was one of the first settlers, to Yankton. On the way he broke through the ice and became thoroughly wet just before a terrible blizzard began, and became so frozen that it was necessary to amputate both his legs. This was done by a young physician, James L. Phillips, who used a common butcher knife and hand-saw in the absence of surgical instruments. Brookings served in the territorial legislature and was a member of the supreme court of the territory from 1869 to 1873. In 1858 he served in the constitutional convention. He promoted the building of the first railroad in Dakota Territory in 1872. Mr. Brookings was a native of Maine and was a man of great energy and considerable ability. He died in 1905.

WILLIAM JAYNE—1861-63

One of the first acts of President Abraham Lincoln was to appoint William Jayne, one of his old neighbors and friends in Springfield, Ill., to be the first governor of Dakota Territory. Jayne was a doctor of Springfield, thirty-five years of age. He organized the territorial government and administered its affairs honestly and wisely. Governor Jayne was very ambitious in politics. He engaged in a peculiar campaign for election as delegate to Congress, securing the certification of election. General Todd, a Democrat, contested Jayne's election and was seated by the house of representatives after a strong fight on part of Jayne, who then resigned the territorial governorship and returned to his old home at Springfield.

NEWTON EDMUNDS—1863-66

President Lincoln appointed Newton Edmunds to succeed Governor Jayne as second territorial governor of Dakota. Edmunds already was a citizen of the territory, having come to Yankton from Michigan in 1861 to assist in organizing the United States surveyor general's office. He made a practical and suc-

cessful executive, being a man of integrity and prudence. The Indian war called "The Outbreak," was in progress when he assumed office. His conviction was that counsel instead of powder was needed to settle the trouble, but the military authorities would not permit him to get in touch with the Indians. Governor Edmunds visited President Lincoln in person, presented his views and was gratified by the President's acceptance of them. The legislation of the territory granted divorces, but the governor ended this practice by use of his veto power. Governor Edmunds had an abiding faith in agricultural possibilities of the territory and did much to foster farming interests. He brought the first sheep into Dakota and was the first to cultivate tame grasses and ornamental trees. He died February 12, 1908, in Yankton, at the age of eighty-eight.

ANDREW J. FAULK—1866-69

Andrew J. Faulk, third governor of Dakota, was appointed in 1866 by President Andrew Johnson, who removed Governor Edmunds and other Lincoln appointees not long after he succeeded to presidency. Faulk was a Pennsylvanian. He was a gentleman of culture and great affability, conducting the office with honesty and justice. Governor Faulk served until 1869. He continued to reside in Yankton until his death December 5, 1898, at the age of eighty-four. The ex-governor was a highly respected citizen and one of the honored patriarchs of Dakota country for many years before he passed away.

JOHN A. BURBANK—1869-74

In 1869 John A. Burbank, fourth governor of Dakota Territory, was appointed to succeed Governor Faulk. Governor Burbank was unfortunate in having come into power at the most turbulent time in the history of the great territory. He did not

make a very good impression upon the people of Dakota. There prevailed a spirit of unrest among the people, and the territory was in a state of general upheaval, which of course enhanced the difficulties of his administration. General Edwin S. McCook, secretary of the territory, was assassinated while Burbank was governor; the tragedy taking place at Yankton. Burbank died in 1906.

JOHN L. PENNINGTON—1874-78

John L. Pennington, the fifth territorial governor of Dakota, succeeded Governor Burbank in 1874. He was from Indiana and was a man of bluff integrity and good sense. The Black Hills—the sensational gold fields of the seventies—were opened to settlement during his administration, and thousands of gold seekers poured into the region. For many years after his retirement from office in 1878 the ex-governor continued to reside in Yankton, where he erected a fine business block and engaged in the newspaper business, though not with signal success. He died in 1900 at the age of seventy.

WILLIAM A. HOWARD—1878-80

William A. Howard, sixth territorial governor of Dakota, succeeded Governor Pennington in 1878. He was appointed from Michigan but was a native of Vermont, born in 1812. For many years he was postmaster at Detroit. After having served in the Thirty-Fifth and Thirty-Sixth Congresses, he came to Dakota with a splendid reputation for wisdom, public spiritedness and good citizenship. His administration justified the expectations of his friends. He made the administration of Dakota's affairs the crowning effort of a useful life. His health was not robust. Early in 1880 he died, before his term of office had expired, but not until he had made a deep and lasting impression upon the people of the territory as an able and just executive.

GEORGE H. HAND—1880

Upon the death of Governor Howard early in 1880, George H. Hand, the Territorial Secretary, became the acting governor of Dakota. He served about six months, until the qualification of Nehemiah G. Ordway in July. Acting Governor Hand was a native of Akron, Ohio. He came to Dakota shortly after the Civil War, in which he made a fine record as a soldier. He was a splendid citizen, a man of fine public spirit and a leader in every movement for the advancement of the territory. He died at Pierre in March, 1894, at the age of fifty-four.

NEHEMIAH G. ORDWAY—1880-84

Nehemiah G. Ordway, eighth territorial governor of Dakota, succeeded Acting Governor Hand in July, 1880. He was born at Warner, N. H., in 1828, and served as sergeant-at-arms in the national house of representatives for twelve years. During General Ordway's term as governor of Dakota "boom settlements" took place, and many counties were organized. Many charges of corruption in the location of county seats and other matters in connection with the boom period were made against officials. Governor Ordway did not escape these charges, though nothing culpable was proved against him. His activity in securing the removal of the territorial capital to Bismarck made him unpopular in the southern half of the big territory. Governor Ordway invested largely in Dakota lands. He returned to Washington, but after the division of the territory and the admission of the two states, he sought admission to the United States senate from North Dakota, but without success.

GILBERT A. PIERCE—1884-87

Gilbert A. Pierce, ninth territorial governor of Dakota, was appointed by President Arthur to succeed General Ordway. His coming was hailed with joy by the opponents of the Ordway ad-

ministration. Governor Pierce made a popular official, curbing the tendency to extravagance which possessed the people in the prosperous times of the boom. Pierce had served with distinction in the Civil War, had been an able writer on the Chicago Inter-Ocean, and was the author of several popular novels prior to his appointment as governor. While Grover Cleveland was President the Governor resigned to avoid serving longer under a Democratic administration. When North Dakota came into the Union, he was chosen United States senator, drawing the short term. President Harrison appointed him minister to Spain after his senatorial term. Later ex-minister Pierce established in Chicago the periodical entitled "What to Eat." He died in 1901.

LOUIS K. CHURCH—1887-89

Louis K. Church of New York, tenth territorial governor of Dakota, and its only Democratic governor, was appointed by President Cleveland when Governor Pierce resigned. He was a man of integrity, but his administration fell in troublous times, so that every day of it was a sore burden to him. His constituency was overwhelmingly Republican, and his own party was rent by internecine strife. Governor Church was a protege of Cleveland, being at the time of his appointment a first term member of the general assembly of New York, serving with Theodore Roosevelt. Both were budding young reformers, and they became close friends and co-workers for reform in spite of partisan differences. After the close of his term as governor, Church located in Seattle, Wash., for the practice of law. He died in 1898 during a trip to Alaska.

ARTHUR C. MELLETTE—1889-93

Arthur C. Mellette, eleventh and last governor of Dakota Territory, and first governor of South Dakota, was born in Indiana in 1842. He served in the Civil War, was owner of the

"Times" at Muncie, Ind., for several years, and in 1878 settled in Watertown, Dakota Territory. President Harrison appointed him territorial governor in March, 1889, and he served until November, when, upon the admission of South Dakota, he became governor of the state. In this capacity he served two terms, retiring January 1, 1893. Governor Mellette's good judgment, foresight, integrity, and greatness of mind and heart, won him perhaps first place in South Dakota's gallery of immortals. During his administration came the great drought of 1889 and 1890, and also the Messiah Craze, and in each of these emergencies his wisdom was marked. As chief bondsman of Walter Taylor, the absconding secretary, Gov. Mellette at once turned over his entire estate to be applied on the obligation. He died at Pittsburg, Kan., and is buried at Watertown.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BUILDING OF RAILROADS

The first railroad to enter North Dakota was the Great Northern, which reached the Red River Valley in 1871, being two and one half months ahead of the Northern Pacific. In 1880 the Great Northern extended to Grand Forks and from there on west to the Pacific coast by successive stages. This system was first known as the St. Paul and Pacific; then as St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba; taking its present name, "The Great Northern," in 1890. The Northern Pacific pushed rapidly westward, relying upon its through traffic to build up its business, and take care of its indebtedness. The Great Northern was more cautious and relied upon the resources of the country, building spurs and branch lines, reaching out for business, sending agents to bring in people to possess the land.

In the early days the Northern Pacific was built and operated with reckless extravagance, while the Great Northern was noted from the beginning for its economical administration, and since its management passed into the hands of James J. Hill, who developed and built its several systems, it had no setback of any nature, and today the stocks of that company are quoted higher than any other stock of any class on the market.

James Hill, who began life as a humble clerk, rising to that of a railroad magnate and millionaire, was for over fifty years the influence overshadowing all others for the upbuilding of North

Dakota. When the first railroad started in St. Paul—the old St. Paul and Pacific—Hill became station agent for the road, not in the ordinary way with a monthly salary, but under a contract to handle traffic at so much per ton. When this railroad extended into what is still called the "Big Woods Region of Minnesota," some sixty miles from St. Paul, he was able to make an exclusive contract with the railroad, whereby he alone could bring wood into the city at a given per rate cord, and consequently the entire fuel business of St. Paul was in his control and proved very lucrative. Like most new enterprises in a new country, the St. Paul and Pacific did not bring profit to its promoters and capitalists, and the property passed into the hands of the receiver. James Hill believed in the Northwest, believed it had a great future before it, and was successful in enlisting capital, and purchased bonds.

When in 1879, the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railroad Company became organized by the syndicate which Hill and Commodore Kittson had formed, James Hill became the first manager of the company. He then threw all his energies into the work, and no detail of system escaped his attention. He knew the cost of what every item should be. From a spike to a steel rail or a locomotive he knew what the company should pay for it. Under his administration the enterprise developed into the magnificent and profitable Great Northern system.

James J. Hill died May 25, 1916. At the hour of his funeral business stood still, and many a head in North Dakota and Minnesota was bowed in silence or in prayer, out of regard for this truly great man. Business houses closed, railroad trains stopped wherever they happened to be, teams stopped on the highway, plows ceased to move in the furrow, and the hand of the seeder was stayed, while all hearts went out and up for him who had been their friend and had done so much towards building up the country.

On January 1, 1872, the Northern Pacific laid their first rail within the limits of North Dakota, the road having crossed to Fargo at that time. In June, 1873, it was completed to Bismarck. Foreseeing the attempt to build the railroad west of the Missouri had aroused the Indians to a frenzy of despair, for in it they saw the doom of the Indian hunting grounds. The survey had been carried on to the Missouri River without serious interference from the Indians; and it was not menaced until Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, and Black Moon gathered about them a considerable force, composed of the fiercest and most bitter of the Sioux nation.

On August 26, 1872, a war party attacked a detail of the Sixth Infantry from Fort Abraham Lincoln. The soldiers with some Ree scouts were making a reconnaisance about twelve miles west of Bismarck when attacked. Two of the Rees were killed. On October 2nd, about four hundred Sioux attacked Fort Lincoln itself, but were repulsed by the troops after they had killed three Rees—who seem to have borne the brunt of battle in those skirmishes. On the 14th of October a big party of Indians made a demonstration against Fort Lincoln. A company of the Sixth and a body of scouts were sent out against the marauders and drove them off, with the loss of two men. The Indians suffered again, losing three men.

An attempt was made to negotiate another treaty with the Indians to open the way for the surveyors, but it was ineffective and while it was going on, in the year of 1873, three distinct attacks were made on Fort Lincoln. Lieutenant-Colonel Carbin was in command and he drove the Indians off on each occasion with some loss. In June of the same year Sitting Bull attacked the surveyors some distance from Bismarck and after a sharp conflict he was repulsed, but the eyes of the authorities were opened to the reality of the menace of these attacks, and General George Armstrong Custer with the Seventh Cavalry was sent to

establish headquarters at Fort Lincoln and clear the country of the hostiles, which marked the beginning of the end of Custer and the dashing organization he brought with him.

In that same year of 1873, the great financial concern of Jay Cook & Co., which negotiated the bulk of the government loans during the Civil War, was forced into bankruptcy by reason of its connection with the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The bonds of the Northern Pacific which had so recently been placed at par fell to eight cents on the dollar; sweeping away fortunes of thousands who had invested their all in the securities of the company.

This failure was crushing to the people of North Dakota and the people of the Northwest generally. All the company's property being covered by mortgage, it possessed no security on which to negotiate a further loan. In 1874, George Cass was elected president of the company and at once made an effort to rehabilitate it. In May of that year he made an appeal to Congress for further aid, showing the helplessness of the great enterprise, and its impossibility to complete the road within the prescribed time. It appears that some malign influences were at work to strangle the enterprise, for Congress adjourned without taking any definite action in the matter.

In April, 1875, the United States Circuit Court of New York appointed a receiver for the road. This action was taken on motion of the trustees and bondholders, and on May 12th they asked for a final decree of sale, which was granted. Under the decree the sale was for all property and for the benefit of the bondholders, who were to become the preferred stockholders. The sale took place in August. The bonds were transferred and made convertible into lands at par. No movement was made in 1875 towards a further construction of the railroad, but application was made to Congress for an extension of time.

Finally the year of 1879 opened with brighter prospects.

Frederick Billings, who for several years had been chairman of the executive committee, succeeded as president of the company, and through his aggressive ability the railroad began to boom. The settlers were anxious to try their fortunes west of the Missouri, and the directors resolved that the road should not only be built west of Bismarck, but from the Pacific coast also. A contract was let for one hundred miles west of Bismarck, and the work was begun that year. Incidental to the building of the railroad the government had built Fort Seward at Jamestown, old Fort Lincoln at Bismarck, and established a cantonment for troops on the Little Missouri River where Medora now stands.

The Northern Pacific crossed the Missouri River, on the ice, in 1879, reaching Green River (now site of Gladstone) late that year. In 1880 it had reached into the Bad Lands. The year of 1883 witnessed the completion of the Northern Pacific.

In September 1883, the completion of the entire Northern Pacific line was celebrated at Bismarck. Sitting Bull, who had attacked the surveyors in June, 1873, when they attempted to extend the survey westward from Bismarck, carried the United States flag, accompanied by many of his warriors, in the procession which welcomed General Grant and others on this occasion.

CHAPTER XXIII.

STAGE DAYS

It was in 1877, when the Black Hills were officially opened to the public, that the Deadwood Stage came into existence, transporting the people that were flooding the country lured by the gold craze, to the Black Hills. In spite of the fact that time and again the stage was held up by the Indians, and many of the occupants killed, the people still continued to come. In the early summer of 1877, the Deadwood Stage, containing twenty people, among whom were women and children, was attacked by the Indians, who had been lying in ambush, when but fifteen miles from their destination—the Black Hills. After a brave resistance, the little party was massacred by the Indians. And when the evening shadows stole over the Dakota prairies, they enfolded in their embrace the pathetic, still forms of those who, lured by the wonderful stories of gold and the untold wealth awaiting them, had risked their all only to meet death in place of that El Dorado they had dreamed of.

But this did not stay the flood of people that continued to come. These required food and other necessities of civilized life. Transportation companies were established and stage lines. One of such routes was established from Sidney, Mont., and another from Bismarck, from which a Concord coach left daily, filled with passengers, mail, and express. To protect these people, the Fort Mead reservation was established, and the soldiers stationed

there were sent out as outriders to protect the stage coaches through the dangerous places.

The H. T. Ranch at Medora or "Little Missouri," as it was then called, has also been one of the stage stations on the first route between Fort Lincoln and Fort Keogh, a star route of 400 miles between the end of the railroad, and then connected between Bismarck and Miles City, Mont. Here the old stage station buildings consisted of a two-room shack of cottonwood logs daubed with mud, and earth covering it. It contained a fireplace and a chimney of stone and mud, for cooking purposes, and a few articles of furniture roughly made of cottonwood. There was a log shed or barn for the horses, and the whole was surrounded by a stockade fence with the portholes for defense against hostile Indians.

In 1878, the Fort Keogh stage line was put through to Bismarck. The first way station of this line was "Heart River;" the second way station was known as "John Warren's Coal Banks" (now the site of Sims). The third station was called "The Muddy" (now the site of Glen Ullin), which was the first home station, then called "Young Man's Butte," in the vicinity of Antelope. The first way station west of the Missouri River, and the fourth resting place, was the site of the present Oakdale farm, just northeast of Richardton. From there the stage line went more to the south, going about nine miles south of Dickinson, and continued on to the Bad Lands. This line continued until the Northwestern railroad reached Pierce, and then the old Bismarck line was removed to that point, it being a shorter route than from Bismarck.

In 1884, it was found that after the Northern Pacific had reached the Bad Lands, that there was a shorter route from Medora than either of the others, and then the "Medora and Black Hills Stage and Forwarding Company," was established by the Marquis de Mores.

In the days when stages traveled the great west for hundreds of miles, a mail contract was first secured at a rate sufficiently high to pay all expenses, and then some; what was made in passengers and express was clear. De Mores was promised a mail contract, and on that promise and with the encouragement from merchants in the hills, he established the line.

The politicians saw to it that the mail contract was not given, and the other established lines cut the passenger and express rates so low that the Medora line could not compete with routes which had mail contracts. After operating the line for nine

Deadwood Stage after Hold-Up

months, it was discontinued. With the discontinuance of the Medora line, the old Concord coach went out of use in North Dakota.

An intensely interesting relic of the early stage days of rapid transit in North Dakota, is a highly-illumined poster issued a generation ago, by the "Medora and Black Hills Stage and Forwarding Company." This memento of the last overland stage line operated in North Dakota was originally presented by

the late J. W. Foley, Sr., of Medora, to the then Governor Hanna, who when about to retire from office presented it to the State Historical Museum, which in his estimation was the proper place in which to treasure the ancient relic for posterity.

The poster shows a dashing old-time stage coach, with its boot heaped high with luggage; two typical westerners occupying the driver's seat, and the outside seats filled with prosperous-looking citizens. Six prancing horses are bowling the vehicle along at a 2:15 clip. The legend reads:

"Regular line of coaches to Deadwood and the Black Hills, connecting with the Northern Pacific railroad at Medora—shortest and most comfortable route passing through the most interesting portions of the famous Bad Lands. Purchase through tickets to Deadwood via the great Northern Pacific railroad and Medora."

CHAPTER XXIV.

BOATING ON THE RED

While the traffic on the Red River began with the advent and work of the voyageurs in the fur trade, and every stream had been reached by their trade, it was not until 1858 that the first steamer was built for operation on the Red River of the North, by Captain Anson Northrup, for whom it was named, and which carried from fifty to seventy-five tons. The machinery was brought overland from St. Paul, and the timber was cut on the Red River. It was operated for a short time and then passed into the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, and its engine was transferred to a sawmill.

In 1860 Captain John Davis undertook to take his steamboat the "Freighter" up the Missouri River, and cross it over to the Red River. The boat left St. Paul in high water, but the attempt resulted in a failure when the boat grounded in the inlet of the Big Stone Lake and became a wreck. The steamer was then sold to Burbank & Co., who took out the machinery and hauled it to Georgetown, Minn., where the boat was rebuilt and became the "International." She was operated for many years on the Red River exclusively for the Hudson's Bay Company, until competition forced her into public traffic.

In 1862 the boat "Pioneer" was built opposite the mouth of the Sheyenne, and was the first steamer to make the trip to Fort Garry in Canada, across the Red River. During the Sioux out-

break in 1862, the Red River traffic was much interfered with. The Indians had protested against the use of the river for steamboats, complaining that the boats drove away all the game and killed the fish, while the whistle made such an unearthly noise that it disturbed the spirits of their dead, and their fathers could not rest in their graves. They demanded four kegs of yellow money to quiet the spirits of their fathers, or that the boats be stopped. At this time Clark Thompson, superintendent of Indian affairs, and Indian Commissioner Dole, were en route to the mouth of the Red Lake River, opposite Grand Forks, to hold a treaty with the Indians. But the outbreak of Indian hostilities forced them to turn back. Between the years of 1860-70 the steamboats were used but little, only in carrying supplies and furs for the Hudson's Bay Company.

After the opening of the northern part of the Red River for settlement, the conditions were soon changed. Emigrants soon started flowing into Canada, and, as they required provisions, the river transportation began to boom. In 1870 not less than fifty flat boats were built, carrying from ten to forty tons. The Red River presented a very busy scene that year, with its numerous fleets of scows, and occasionally a steamboat plying up and down the river. The fur trade had at this time increased enormously and several hundred carts were employed in the traffic between Pembina, St. Joe and St. Paul.

The steamboat "Selkirk" was built at McCauleyville, in 1871, by James Hill and Captain Alexander Griggs. She was operated for general traffic, which resulted in a wonderful trade being immediately opened in the Northwest. The success of the "Selkirk" forced the "International" into general trade. During the winter of 1871 all the boats running on the Red River passed under the control of Commodore Kittson. In 1871 a ferry boat was launched on the Bois des Sioux River, a tributary branch of the Red River. This boat commenced running on the 4th of July

of that year, under the control and captaincy of M. T. Rich. In the spring of 1872, logs were run down the Red Lake River and used for lumber.

In 1874 an opposition line of steamers was put on the Red River by Manitoba and St. Paul parties, known as the "Merchants Line." The boats were the "Minnesota" and "Manitoba," both built at Moorhead, Minn. The latter was sunk by the "International" in a collision, and the boats passed into the hands of Commodore Kittson in 1876. The "Kittson Line" was organized in 1876 and was called the "Red River Transportation Company." The principal boats of this new company were the "International," the "Minnesota," the "Manitoba," the "Sheyenne," and the "Dakota," which was built at Grand Forks, the "Selkirk," the "Alpha," which was built at McCauleyville, Minn., and the "Grandin," which was built at Fargo together with a line of barges, and used for transporting grain from the Grandin farms to the Northern Pacific Railroad. Numerous other large barges were built at Moorhead, which were used for transporting goods down the river to Winnipeg.

The steamboat "Pluck" was built on the Mississippi and transferred by rail to the Red River from Brainerd, Minn., by the Alsop Bros. In 1881 they built the "Alsop" and a line of barges; operating boats and barges until 1886.

In 1872, the Northern Pacific Railroad reached Fargo. Within the next few years it was extended across the state. Other railroads followed, and soon many thousands of settlers flocked into the state. With the coming of the railroad the water transportation began losing its importance, until it was almost completely overshadowed.

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The Custer Home at Fort Lincoln

CHAPTER XXV.

GARRISON DAYS

Closely associated with the early garrison days of Dakota is the dashing, dominating figure of General Custer, the charming personality of his wife, Elizabeth Custer, and the General's gallant, fun-loving brother, Captain Tom Custer, who came to old Fort Lincoln in the year of 1873. Tom Custer brought with him the distinction of being the only man in the United States army who held two medals for capturing two flags with his own hands, during the Civil War.

Old Fort Lincoln in those days was situated across the river from Bismarck, a couple of miles south of what is now Mandan, down the river. It was built for quarters for six companies. The barracks for the soldiers were on the side of the parade ground nearest the river, while seven detached houses for officers faced the river opposite. On the left of the parade ground was the long granary and the little military prison, called the "guard-house." Opposite, completing the square, were the commissary storehouses for supplies and the adjutant's office. Outside the garrison proper were stables for six hundred horses.

Still farther beyond were the laundresses, easily recognized by the swinging clothes-lines in front, and dubbed for this reason "Suds Row." Some distance from there were the log huts of the Indian scouts and their families, while on the same side was also the level plain used for parade and drills. On the left

of the post was the sutler's store, with a billiard-room attached, and two other little huts disclosed a barber shop and a photograph establishment, the latter two belonging to two citizens whom General Custer had given the privilege to build their huts and conduct their business.

This little post was built before the railroad was completed, and the houses were put together with as few materials as possible, and were a poor protection in winter to the inhabitants. But this did not dampen the cheerful, optimistic disposition of those within, whose very exuberance of the joy of living gave vent in various forms. The soldiers with the general's permission put up a building in which they gave entertainments. The lumber for this, they themselves prepared at the sawmill belonging to the post. Although the building was an ungainly looking structure, in which the unseasoned cottonwood warped even while the house was being built, and had to be patched with canvas, it was large enough to hold them all, and some very enjoyable and amusing performances were given there.

The scenery was painted on condemned canvas stretched on a framework, and the benches were improvised without backs. The officers and their ladies were always escorted to the front row at every performance, and after they were seated the house filled up with soldiers. Among the actors were a few professionals, who being stranded in the States, had enlisted, and thus the garrison became the scene of many excellent performances, with clog-dancing and negro character songs between acts as a specialty.

The regiment was recruited from all classes and conditions of men. Occasionally accident revealed the secret that there were fugitives from justice among the ranks; sometimes a man of title who had to leave his country wandered into the army and wore the government blue as a disguise. But many were those who had enlisted to escape the scoldings of a turbulent wife, only

to have time and the loneliness of a soldier's life make them regret their action, and try to enlist Mrs. Custer's sympathy to get them discharged. Although Mrs. Custer's kind heart sympathized with these unfortunates, the military law was irrevocable and compelled them to serve their full five years of enlistment, and thus the regiment presented the humorous aspect of a "city of refuge" for outraged husbands.

The annual big event was the ball given in turn by each of the companies during the winter, for which preparation was made long in advance of the event. There was no place to buy anything except the sutler's store and the shops in the little town of Bismarck, so much of the decoration resulted from ingenuity of the soldiers. The chandeliers for holding the candles were carved out of cracker-box boards, and flags were festooned around the room of the barrack. A few pictures of distinguished men were decorated with imitation laurel leaves cut out of green paper. The two fireplaces at either end of the room gave the whole a cheerful appearance.

The ball opened, headed by the first sergeant. After this the officers and their wives were invited to form a set at one end of the room, and they danced several times to the merry improvising of the man who sang off the quadrille calls, who was a comic-genius in his way. Then the guests were led to the supper room, where the ladies were served cake—which was a luxury in those days—and General Custer delighted the sergeant and ball-manager by sitting down and doing justice to a great dish of potato salad. After supper, the officers and their ladies went back to the ballroom to watch the dancers, of which there was a motley crowd.

There were but few women there—several from Bismarck, a few white servants of the officers, and the laundresses—but the ballroom robes of these were marvelous in construction, and taxed the serenity of the watching group to the utmost, and kept

General Custer on nettles for fear some of the party would give vent to their amusement in an outburst of laughter. Bright, gaudy colors prevailed in the make-up of the gowns, in which the decollete of New York's exclusive ballroom fashions was studiously copied. Even "Old Nash," of whom a more detailed account is given in another chapter, was decked up in all her finery, enveloped in pink tarletan, and her head a profusion of curls. Notwithstanding her colossal anatomy and height, she had constant partners.

The home life of the Custers was one of ideal comradeship and happiness. In her reminiscences Mrs. Custer remarks, that of all their happy days, the happiest had come to them at Fort Lincoln. During the winter the home ties were especially drawn closer, and Mrs. Custer remarks that there was not an hour that they would not have recalled. No greater compliment could General Custer have paid his life companion, than the line or two he loved to quote from Mrs. Stowe's book, in which a young husband is asked why he knows that he loves his wife, and he answers: "Because she never tires me, she never makes me nervous." On one occasion the General was seen to throw himself on a rug in front of the fire with all the abandon of a boy, and enumerate his blessings, adding that he thought he was the happiest man in the world.

Mrs. Custer was one of the most delightful of hostesses, and the parlor of the Custer home was the scene of an every evening gathering of their friends. Every Friday night they gathered to dance, have private theatricals or games. These were usually followed by refreshments. The General most often retired to the library, as his studious habits made it a deprivation if he gave much of his time to entertaining. Occasionally he joined those who gathered in the parlor each evening, for he had a keen sense of his responsibilities as post-commander, and believed their home should be open at all times to the garrison. It pleased him to

have Mrs. Custer receive their guests and plan whatever diversions they had each evening. Several times in the evening she was able to slip away from her guests and go to him for a little visit, or possibly a waltz, while the others danced in the other room. If she sometimes delayed while being absorbed in the

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Mrs. Elizabeth Custer

general amusement, a knock at the door announced the orderly carrying a note. General Custer was most ingenious in his choice of words. When she laughed outright over one of these little missives, their friends begged her to share the fun with them, and accordingly she read the note which was: "Do you think I am a

confirmed monk?" Of course they laughingly insisted that she go at once to the self-appointed hermit.

Captain Tom, the General's brother, lived with them, and the brothers played incessant jokes on each other. Both of them honored and liked women extremely. Captain Tom had the fallacy of paying visits of unconscionable length to the ladies of the garrison, in whose pleasant society he seemed to forget all thought of time, and often to his chagrin would find on the young lady's door-mat his trunk, portmanteau, and satchel—this as a little hint from the General that he was overtaxing the lady's patience. There was an abiding fondness between the two brothers, and the General once remarked to some Eastern friends: "To prove to you how much I value and admire my brother as a soldier, I think he should be the General and I the Captain."

On returning from a visit to the East, the Custers had brought back with them a young lady for a prolonged visit, and whom everyone at the post besieged with invitations to visit them. While going the rounds of visits with this young girl, Mrs. Custer was soon followed by an orderly, who, in the tone of a man giving order for a battle said: "The General presents his compliments, and would like to know when he shall send the trunks?" General Custer's fun-loving nature gave vent in various ways. On one occasion while Mrs. Custer and the young girl were visiting an intimate friend, the message was brought by the tallest and most formidable soldier in the regiment, who without moving a muscle in his face, presented the compliments of the commanding officer, and added: "He sent you these." Not trusting to look up at him they took from his hands two bundles, which confirmed their suspicions in proving to be night dresses. When they hurried home to take the General to task for making them face the solemn orderly, he only replied by pointing to his watch, and asking if they intended to stay forever, speaking of the terrors of solitary confinement.

The day rarely passed that General Custer, his wife, and Captain Tom, did not have a game of romps. The grave orderly who sat at the door used to be shocked to see the commanding officer in hot pursuit of his wife and brother up the steps. The quick transformation that took place when he was called from

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Captain Tom Custer

a frolic to receive the report of the officer, was deemed very humorous by the other two culprits of his frolics. General Custer was most fond of his brother, and in his anxiety not to show favoritism he noticed the smallest misdemeanor on his part, while perhaps he overlooked the same erring on the part of others.

If while visiting with the ladies, Captain Tom overstayed the hour he was due at the stables or drill, the General's eye noticed it, and in the morning a reprimand would be sent from the adjutant's office. Knowing her brother-in-law's forgetfulness of time when in the presence of ladies, Mrs. Custer learned the bugle call for stables, and, hovering about Captain Tom, hummed it in his ear. When the sound penetrated, he would make a plunge for his hat and belt, and tear out of the house, thus escaping reproof.

Captain Tom with his merry, rollicking, big-hearted ways, was a universal favorite among the ladies of the garrison. On one occasion when the trains had been taken off and winter had set in, one young mother was in despair about clothes for her little ones. Money was of no avail, no ready-made garments could be purchased anywhere, and so to solve the situation and help her, her friends planned a sewing-bee and Captain Tom was impressed into the service, and taught to use the sewing machine. When parade-time came, a merry, laughing, jesting crowd followed him to the door to watch him hurry on his belt and sabre and take his place—the essence of everything military and manly.

During the summer when the railroad reduced rates to induce immigration, old Fort Lincoln was a big attraction for the excursionists. Most of the time the duty of entertaining rested upon Mrs. Custer alone. Sometimes sitting with the General and members of his family they would see the post ambulance unloading at the door. In an instant Mrs. Custer would find herself alone in the room, the vanishing forms of the family, disappearing through the doors, and even out of the windows opening upon the piazza. In vain she entreated them to return. A smothered laugh at her indignation was all the response. It was sometimes trying to receive these large groups of people who wanted to know impossible things about the country, and if it was a good soil for wheat, etc.

Boston Custer, called "Boss," the youngest brother of the General, who came to the Custer home on a visit, was of a most lovable disposition, and owing to this trait of his character, was the victim of many practical jokes played on him by his two brothers, but his good nature remained unruffled, and in the end he generally got even with his tormentors. On one occasion he was seen taking bits of rock out of his pocket every night after they reached camp, while out on expeditions, and put them to soak in his wash basin. They were given to him by his brother Tom, who assured him they were of the sponge stone variety that softened by keeping them in water for a certain length of time. After a few nights' practice it dawned on him that he was again the victim of a practical joke, and he quietly dropped them by the way without saying a word.

Ideal as was the home life of the garrison, the women's hearts were always saddened when news came of a summer's campaign. But it was not until the summer of 1876 that a premonition of disaster seemed to weigh down the spirits of the women, as the news came that there was to be a summer campaign against the Indians. As the wives bade a last farewell to the departing regiment and heard the last strands of the band playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," their most despairing hour seemed to have come. Nor was this premonition unfounded, for the expedition resulted in the lamented battle of the Little Big Horn, from which not one returned, and palefaced women listened in vain for footsteps that never came—for the sound of a loved voice that was silenced forever. To the devoted wife of General Custer, there remained forever after memories of the deathless romance of their married life on the frontier.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE WILD AND WOOLY WEST

The following incident will give an idea of old territory day laws, when shooting a man was looked upon much the same as shooting a duck out of season in the present day. In the town of Bismarck lived a saloon-keeper by the name of Pete Bannigan, well known to old timers. Across the river from Bismarck was old Fort Abraham Lincoln, where, on the opening of the West, soldiers were stationed to protect the people, especially those going to the Black Hills. On pay day some of these soldiers would cross the river to Bismarck, and occasionally get intoxicated, as on that day there was a lot of bad whiskey prepared for their coming.

One particular day, old Pete Bannigan, returning home, found a drunken soldier causing a disturbance in his home. In the verbal conflict that followed, the soldier struck at Pete's wife. This enraged Pete, and he put a bullet through the soldier, killing him. Taking the dead body out on the porch, he emptied the rest of the bullets into the corpse. Now, according to the law, Pete was justified in shooting the soldier, but was to be tried for emptying the bullets into the dead body.

Pete was arrested and placed in jail, which was merely a log cabin built on a hill; given a trial, and sentenced to be hung on the 26th of April, 1878. As the day on which Pete was to be hung was nearing, the sheriff tried to get some one to dig holes

for the posts and to erect the scaffold. But Pete was pretty well liked, and no man would consent to erect the scaffold. The sheriff was at loss what to do. Pete's lawyer counseled him to take the contract to erect and dig his own scaffold, but to only partly dig the post holes and then let it alone. Pete acted on the crafty lawyer's advice, and said to the sheriff: "Say, sheriff, what will you give me to dig the post holes and erect the scaffold?" The sheriff answered him with a mighty oath, thinking Pete was making fun of him, but Pete, undaunted, finally convinced the sheriff that he meant it. So the sheriff got a spade and Peter started to dig the post holes.

A curious crowd gathered around Pete at his work, watching him with evident amusement. Pete dug two holes and a part of the third. "Now, sheriff," he said, "I want my pay!" The sheriff answered: "I won't pay you till you finish the job!" Pete: "No, I want my pay!" bantering the sheriff as the lawyer had advised him. According to the "law" since Pete had taken the contract, the sheriff could not let anyone finish the job, and Pete refused to finish it.

The morning came to hang Pete, but no scaffold was erected to hang him on, all hands were drinking, as no one wanted to see Pete hung. The sentence was to hang him on the 26th day of April, but as there was no scaffold, he could not be hung, nor, according to the wonderful provision of the "law," could he be hung after that date. So Pete was set free, and that ended the case, and he lived to an old age as a resident of Bismarck.

Another well known character in the early days of Bismarck, was "Old Nash," a Mexican woman, who was stationed with the Seventh Cavalry as a laundress at Fort Lincoln. A curious thing about her was that she very frequently kept a veil tied about the lower part of her face, complaining of toothache when questioned, and very seldom went out in the daytime, most generally delivering the laundry in the evening.

"Old Nash" had led a varied existence before coming to the Seventh, even dressing as a man, she claimed, in order to support herself by driving ox-teams over the plains to New Mexico. Finding the life of a laundress easier, she resumed her woman's dress and entered the army as a laundress, and thinking to make her place more secure, she married a trooper, and followed him and his regiment to Kentucky. Here "Old Nash" had accumulated quite a sum by washing, baking pies, and repairing clothes for the soldiers. Her husband, having obtained possession of her money, deserted her. It was not long however, before "Old Nash" consoled herself. Without going through the ceremony, or the expense of a divorce, she married another soldier, and they came out with the Seventh regiment to Dakota.

Trouble again came to her. Her new husband succeeded in getting hold of her savings, and deserted her like the first. "Old Nash" mourned a short time, but soon found solace by going to the soldiers' balls dressed in gauzy low-necked gowns. She had no sooner accumulated another bank account than she married for the third time. This time, notwithstanding her colossal build and undeniable homeliness, she captured one of the handsomest men in the regiment. The trooper no doubt thought he had done a very good thing for himself, for notwithstanding that his wife was no longer young, she could cook, and above all her bank account of a few hundred was a good investment.

"Old Nash" was often called upon for services in the sick-room of the homes of the officers' families. Her gentle dexterous manner in which she handled the sick won her the gratitude of the women of the garrison. At one time while she was attending in the sick-room of the wife of one of the officers the patient remarked to Mrs. Custer, who was in the room, "how like a man Nash seemed as she sometimes watched her moving about the room." But the gentle, skillful way that distinguished "Old Nash" in the sick-room quieted this strange dread of the patient.

Often coming to the bed "Old Nash" would ask: "Are you comph?" meaning comfortable.

But past hardships told on "Old Nash" and she became ailing and rheumatic, and finally took to bed. On being told by the physician that her death was only a question of a few days, she made an appeal to the camp women who surrounded her, and had nursed her through her illness against her expressed desire, imploring them to put her in her coffin as she was when she died, not to wash or dress her. The women promised and "Old Nash" died contented.

Preparations were made for a big funeral, for many were there whom "Old Nash" had nursed through many a long sickness, or performed some service for, and now they wished to show their gratitude. But those who watched by the dead were in a perplexity what to do; they had promised "Old Nash" not to wash or dress her, and the majority of them felt it was poor respect to the dead not to do so, and argued that it was merely the whim of a woman who was out of her head. So some of the more forceful ones began making preparations to give "Old Nash" a Christian burial.

They broke their promise, and as a result, the mystery that "Old Nash" had guarded so many years, through a life always public and conspicuous, was revealed. "Old Nash" becoming weary of the laborious life of a man had assumed the disguise of a woman, and hoped to carry her secret to the grave. Needless to say the pomp of the preparations for a big public funeral was done away with, and "Old Nash" was quickly and quietly buried. The handsome soldier, who had played the part of husband in order to gain possession of "Old Nash's" money, and vary the plain fare of the soldier with good suppers, after enduring the gibes and scoffs of his comrades for a few days, and finding life unbearable, went into one of the company's stables and shot himself.

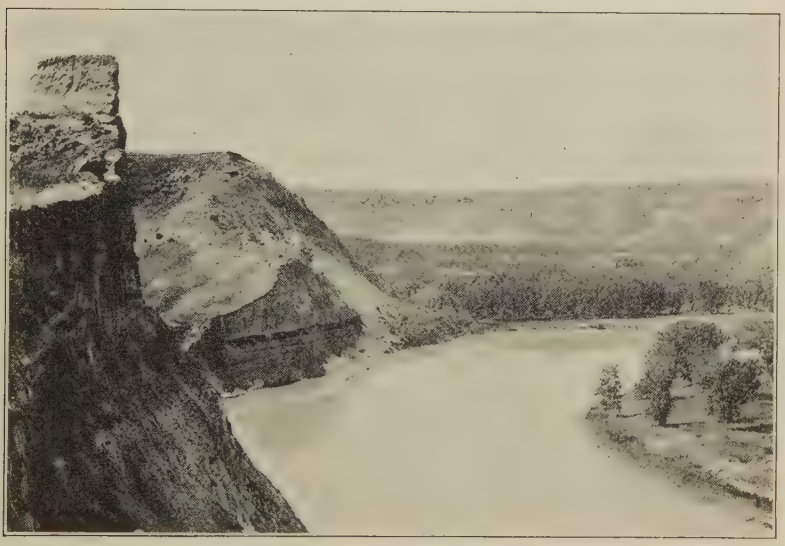
CHAPTER XXVII.

ROMANTIC MEDORA

In 1880, after the arrival of the railroad, and when the passenger trains commenced to arrive, bringing hunters, Medora was a veritable hunters' paradise. Over the hills and bluffs of the surrounding country roamed herds of buffalo; to the west loomed the majestic hills of the Bad Lands. It was a sight to inspire the soul of an artist. Sitting Bull having surrendered, the country west of the Missouri was now thrown open. The hills and valleys abounded with game of all kinds. There were vast numbers of wild geese along the Missouri River. Herds of antelope, deer, beaver, plenty of bears, mountain sheep—there had been mountain sheep killed whose horns measured 22 inches at the base—then there were cinnamon and silver tip bear, fan tail, white tail, and black tail deer, a few mountain lions, and large numbers of wolves, cayutes and jackrabbits, in fact game of all kinds to delight the heart of the huntsman.

It was at this time that the "Land League" broke out in Ireland. The tenants, unable to stand the persecution they were subjected to, got together and started killing their tyrants, the landlords, a few of whom to escape with their lives came to America and to this hunters' paradise in the spring of 1880. Some good crack shots among them made a good business of hunting. They would get into herds of buffalo, shoot quantities of them, and sell the skins, which were worth fifty cents at the range, or one dollar if delivered at the railroad, and let the carcasses rot.

Following the hunters, came the tourists; and to accommodate these, E. H. Bly erected on the west side the Pyramid Park Hotel. A livery was established, and guides to show the "Tenderfeet" the show places in the Bad Lands. The Cedar Canon, four miles from Medora, was one place of interest, and four miles farther west was what was known as the "Burning Mine," an immense lignite coal deposit which had been burning



A Hunters' Paradise in the Bad Lands

from time immemorial, and from which rose sulphurous smoke and flame. This was a favorite attraction and hundreds of strangers stopped off the train and paid a visit to the "Burning Mine." The Custer Trail Ranch, four miles south, was another show place. On the open flat near the ranch, Custer encamped over night while on his way to the fatal field of the "Little Big Horn." This ranch was later for many years known as the Dude Ranch, owned by the Eaton Bros. Custer came down Davis Creek when crossing the Bad Lands, and the trail made by his command is still visible in many places.

Medora was then known as "Little Missouri," its post-office address was Fort Coomba, named in honor of Major Coomba, who at that time was stationed there, in command of the cantonment of soldiers that the government thought necessary for the protection of the buffalo hunters and tourists. The little shack on the hillside at the H. T. Ranch was the depot at Little Missouri. This ranch had been the camping ground of Custer when with the Stanley Expedition, and the flat creek bottom was covered with little trenches outlining where the soldiers had pitched their tents.

The buffalo began to migrate in the fall of 1882, and by the fall of 1883, there were very few left. What became of them has never been explained to the old hunters, who say that no more than the increase were killed off by the hunters. At this time the country was beginning to attract the attention of men interested in live stock industry, and many easterners and foreign men of wealth furnished money to buy cattle and build ranches here. Some turned the entire management of their large holdings to hired managers, themselves coming just occasionally to look over things and enjoy a hunting trip. These men were the real "Cattle Kings," but they lived in big cities of civilization, certainly not in Dakota Territory! Some of the stock owners, among whom was our popular "Teddy" Roosevelt, lived here a part of the time, and helped with the work and management of their ranches. Many of the men employed on these ranches, who wanted to get in on this world's goods, would buy a few head of stock and run them with their employers' herd till they thought they could afford to start a ranch of their own. A few of this class of ranchers still reside in this part of the country.

It was in April, 1883, that M. Antone de Vallombrosa, Marquis de Mores, a splendid, tall, military looking son of France, and his secretary William Van Driesche, came to Medora on a hunting expedition direct from France. De Mores at this time

was only 25 years of age. He claimed descent on the maternal side from Caius Mucius, the Roman who crossed the Tiber to

Marquis de Mores, in the uniform of an officer of France, last photograph taken before leaving for Africa in 1896

slay King Porsena, and by mistake killed the King's secretary, and then burned off his hand. De Mores was a graduate of the military school of St. Cyr; had served two years in the French

army after his graduation, and in 1882 had married the beautiful daughter of the famous banker, L. A. von Hoffman, of New York and Paris.

With his young wife he came to the United States in the spring of 1883. His intention was to start a cattle ranch somewhere in the West, and was seeking a location when he came to Medora, or "Little Missouri" as it was then called. While hunting here the Marquis became very much attached to the rare rugged beauty of the valley with its great earth boulders of buttes that make it one of the most picturesque regions in the world. The place had such charm for him, that he lingered for months and conceived the idea of erecting a giant packing house in the heart of this great cattle country. He reasoned that if the cattle should be driven right from the range and slaughtered at the "Little Missouri," he could outstrip the great packers of Chicago and other Eastern cities. In his enthusiasm he saw visions of a future Great Metropolis in this cattle country. As there was much dispute as to who held the title to the west location, he settled on the east side and established the town which he named for his wife, Medora. When the town was established on the east side, the residents on the west side gradually came over the stream to the new Medora.

L. A. von Hoffman, the Wall street banker, was not much pleased with his son-in-law's project, but he could refuse nothing to his daughter, and so readily furnished the funds for the enterprise. Backed by the millions of his wife's father, De Mores laid the foundation of a wonderful establishment in Medora. He bought cattle by the thousands, he erected a mammoth packing plant for the slaughter of beef, and into it he placed the latest and finest machinery. He paid $10,000 alone for a blood-drying machine, which he used only once. He built a Hotel de Mores for the employes; he had a Club House which had for its upper story a theatre, and below, lounging rooms, billiard tables, bowl-

ing alleys, and other attractions for recreation. On the long sloping hill across the river, commanding a beautiful view of the village, plant, and station, the Marquis built a chalet in which

Madame La Marquise de Mores

he and his beautiful young wife lived. It was a large and elegant mansion of fifteen rooms. Here he became the friend of

Frederick Remington, the artist. In this chalet were held the brilliant entertainments, that the old-timers tell of even today.

Right across the village, a half a mile away, the Marquis built in the shadow of a giant butte a house for the von Hoffmans, a large brick house of eight rooms, two stories in height, arranged in southern style, with a hall passing through the entire lower floor, built after the style of a pretty cottage in the south of France. Not far from this house he erected a chapel for his wife to worship in, and named it Athenais for his daughter.

By October 1883, the packing plant was in full operation. At first blush the Marquis' scheme seemed entirely sane and reasonable. But soon just complaints were made from the Eastern markets. His cattle were raised on grass, which does not make such good solid flesh as corn. Again, as grass was the only feed, the cattle could be killed only about six months of the year, when grass was abundant and the cattle fat. It would not pay the ranchmen to fatten them artificially, and no packing plant could be run with profit that was in operation only half the time. Railroad rates were too high, and for some reason could not be lowered. Hidden influences seemed to be against De Mores' scheme.

The first news of the Marquis' venture sounded like a trumpet blast into the towns of the East. Men flocked from all parts and came West to get a job from the Marquis. Men who had poor crops, mortgaged their homes in the East and came West to the new country—some leaving wife and children behind until they could save enough to send for them. When they arrived at Medora they received no employment. De Mores had plans to operate on a large scale, a slaughter of 500 head per day. But his plans miscarried, because they were not practical, being actuated by more enthusiasm than knowledge.

Before the failure, on the strength of the Marquis' venture,

everybody that had a little money, or a shanty, put up a boarding house in view of the mob that was expected to come West. Men who got a position with the Marquis and had a little means, went into debt building a home to have a shelter. The result was that the men's jobs didn't last, as the work didn't last, and there were few homes on which there was no encumbrance. The majority of these houses, after the failure, were put on flat cars and moved to Dickinson, which was then slowly growing.

The Rough Riders Hotel

One of the unfortunates who lost his all was George Fitzgerald, who had been running a boarding house. Overrun with boarders coming in to work for the Marquis, and making handfuls of money, he decided to build a hotel with the money he had saved up. He put his entire savings, which consisted of $3,000, into the building material alone; but before the carpenters completed the hotel, the crash came. Men were fleeing out of town afoot. Those that remained had no money, and Fitzgerald hoping that times would change, mortgaged his hotel to the Marquis,

securing provisions at the store, which was one of the Marquis' enterprises.

The men who had been waiting on the strength of the promise that the packing plant would soon be in full operation, spent what little money they had, had no money to get back home, and were close to famine. To the credit of the Marquis be it said that he tried to give those men work of two days in a week. But the plant was only able to run a few hours a day, and never two days in succession. Fitzgerald, boarding these men, mortgaged his hotel so heavily that he was forced to abandon it, and it passed into the hands of the Marquis, and is standing in Medora today, known as the Rough Riders Hotel.

Disheartened by his failure, and becoming tired of a prosaic business life, when with his whole soul he craved for oddity and adventure, De Mores closed his plant in 1886, and abandoned the scheme, after expending over $1,000,000 of his father-in-law's money. Leaving the plant and his large land interests surrounding Medora in the care of his manager, J. W. Foley—who retained the trust for thirty years, until his death in 1917, being known in the Slope Country as the "Nestor of the Bad Lands"—the Marquis with his wife and children immediately returned to France. De Mores never again visited America.

On his return to France, De Mores became interested in politics, and soon became prominent in the anti-Semitic movement, which caused many riots and duels throughout the country. Like so many other Frenchmen he became embroiled in the Dreyfus case and espoused the cause of the young artillery captain. He fought many successful duels. Still hungering for more excitement, De Mores organized an expedition to northern Africa, which was to form a part of the movement against the English. He set out from Tunis in the summer of 1896 in order to rescue from apparent danger a tribe of Tourages in whom he had in some way become interested. When with his escort he

found them, against the advice of his friends he dismissed his escort and joined the Tourages to assist them more and to explore farther into the desert.

It was said that at the hands of some of these, he came to his death on the African Oases called El Quadin, in 1896. He was attacked from behind and murdered, although he made a magnificent fight for his life, and shot and hacked to pieces several of the attacking party. His camels were stripped of their valuables and his clothing robbed of all its contents, but the body was finally recovered and interred in the family vault at Cannes.

The report that he met his death at the hands of the tribe of Tourages was discredited by his wife, to whose knowledge had come, that in the expedition against the English were some of the Marquis' old enemies, who had concealed from him their identity. By offering large rewards and keeping everlastingly at the authorities, the Marquise after two years succeeded in tracing down the murderers of her husband and in having them punished—one man executed, and the other serving a long prison term.

In September 1903, after an absence of seventeen years, Madame La Marquise de Mores, or Madame de Mores as she was called in the West, with her eldest son Louis, a young man nineteen years of age, and her daughter Athenais, a beautiful young lady of twenty-one summers, crossed the Atlantic to visit once more the scenes where her dashing young husband made much of the color of the early history of Dakota. Time had dealt gently with the Marquise and she returned looking much like her former self, with the same taste for the stirring life that she had when she was hostess to the President of the United States to be, at her ranch in Medora, and her young husband was making plans to revolutionize the cattle industry of the country.

"I just want to see Medora," said the Marquise on her arrival. "The place has been kept up, and I shall have a place to

stay. I have not forgotten that it is quite possible to get along without those luxuries that we sometimes think are essentials. I have no plans. I loved Medora. I love it still, and it will always be very dear to my memory. I will not let Medora die, until after I do. I can't tell just what I will do, but I must see the old ranch."

A younger son, Paul de Mores, who had been left behind, was being educated in France. Louis de Mores remained two days at Medora, whereupon he left for the East to enter Yale University. But the Marquise and her daughter Athenais, remained at Medora for a longer stay.

On the evening of October 1, 1903, the Marquise gave a ball and reception at the county seat in honor of the residents of Billings County. The invitation was general to all Billings county people, and was accepted by a large number, notwithstanding the elements, which were unfavorable; and people living in a distance found it impossible to reach Medora, owing to the pouring rain. An hour before the guests were due to assemble, a real summer thunder-shower set in. But this did not discourage those who had already arrived in the quaint little town, and through mud and rain made their way to the Medora Hall.

The De Mores home is situated on a hill overlooking the Missouri River, and from their home the hostess and her daughter were brought down in a covered hack, by J. W. Foley, and only an experienced driver could have made the trip in safety along the winding roads and across the Little Missouri River on such a dark and stormy night.

The dance hall, the place where President Roosevelt received the Billings county people in 1902, on the event of his visit to Medora, was prettily decorated, and presented a cheerful appearance to those who tripped the fantastic toe to the strains of music furnished by the Davis Orchestra of Dickinson.

The Marquise received her guests with a cordial word and

Paul de Mores Athenais de Mores Louis de Mores
(Duke de Vallombrosa)

a handshake for one and all, and managed to smile even when the cowboys gripped her hand in true western style. It was a multi-colored crowd—the cowboys, in their picturesque costumes, holding the attention of all as they went through the figures of the popular square dance. The Marquise, or Madame as she was called, did not dance, she enjoyed the evening meeting people and talking over old times. But her daughter, Athenais, a born lover of dancing, gave many a partner the pleasure of her company, and caused many a cowboy's heart to flutter as he glided the hall with his beautiful partner on his arm, and tried to outdo himself in western courtesy.

The Marquise and her daughter remained at Medora for several days following the reception, making several trips to ranches in the Bad Lands, under the guidance of J. W. Foley, and then returned East, loving Medora the more for the pleasant memories it brought her of the time when she first came there as a happy young bride.

Others who were attracted to Medora at the time the Marquis was there, were Commodore Gorringe of the Navy, and Sir John Pinder of Ireland. These men organized a company and purchased the military cantonment abandoned by the troops. They had great expectations, intended operating stores, and doing a general trading business, besides handling stock on a large scale.

All the company lacked was money, and that they tried to secure from De Mores and failed. They did sell some stock however, for in 1910, J. W. Foley, manager of the De Mores estate, received a letter from a New York attorney, asking the value of some stock which was found among the effects of a client deceased.

Gorringe was at the time one of the best known men in the United States. He had been successful in bringing an obelisk from Alexandria to New York, where it now stands in Central

Park. This obelisk was first set up in Heliopolis, called "Pira" by the Egyptians, meaning the "City of the Sun," the same as Heliopolis does in Greek. This was a small and very old but sacred city. This obelisk has a wonderful history if it could talk.

Sir John Pinder started a stock ranch about 30 miles up the Missouri River, at a place now called Yule, and brought from Ireland as manager Gregor Lang, who was a Scotchman, and

Medora (showing the De Mores packing plant on the left)

one of fine education. The Duke of Sutherland and Lord Nugent of Ireland also held interests here, having located ranches and placed stock on the range.

Medora is situated in the center of the Bad Lands and consists of a plain about one mile square, shut in on three sides by hills and those gigantic buttes, which look like nothing else on earth, but very like some Dantesque pictures of the infernal region. The De Mores packing plant still stands there in ruins, deserted and still. It is a melancholy sight, far out there in the shadow of the giant hills, but it is one of the most interesting pictures which greets the eye of the weary traveler on the Northern Pacific from Butte, Montana, to Bismarck.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LAST BUFFALO HUNT

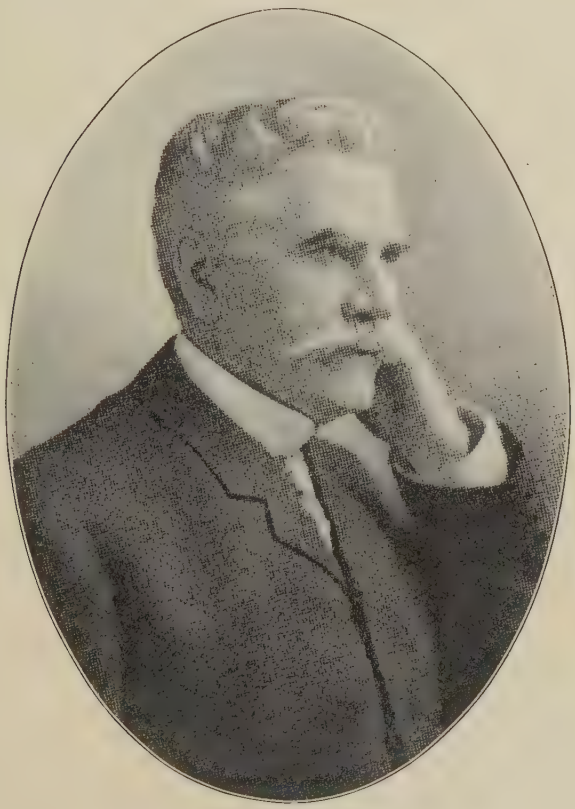
In the year of 1882 took place the greatest and last of the buffalo hunts in North Dakota. Under the initiative of James McLaughlin, U. S. Indian Inspector at Standing Rock Agency, a hunting party of six hundred mounted Sioux rode off to the buffalo hunt in which five thousand buffalo were killed. It was in the spring following a hard winter, that McLaughlin was inspired to take the people on a buffalo hunt that would show his faith in them, and give them the healthy exercise and natural food that they were pining for.

He made known his desire to the Indians through such leaders as: Gall; Crow King; Rain-in-the-Face; Fire Heart; Kill Eagle; Spotted Horn Bull; Gray Eagle; Charging Thunder; John Grass, a distinguished orator and influential man; and Crazy Walking, who was judge of Indian affairs at the Standing Rock Agency.

The news of the hunt created great excitement among the Indians, and for several days before the event, men, women, and children were engaged in preparations. Arms were brought out, ammunition, the finest clothing and decorations—each woman trying to outdo the other in embellishing the personal outfits of the hunters of their families. It would be impossible to imagine a more glittering array of Indians, and the plains of Dakota had not for many years seen so resplendent a gathering, as of those

who moved out of the Standing Rock Agency on June 10, 1882, just after the break of dawn.

The buffalo had been located some hundred miles to the west. It had been agreed that the Indians have a few days' start, then



Major James McLaughlin

James McLaughlin and his little party—consisting of his son, Harry, then a lad of fourteen; Steve Burk; James Stitsell; Thomas Muth; and John Eagle, an Indian policeman—would follow, which they did on June 15th, and overtook the main body of the Indians that same evening at Cedar Creek, fifty miles west

of the Agency. There a camp was made and scouts were selected and started off to locate the herds.

The selection of the scouts was gone through with no little ceremony, and Cedar Creek, which is the south fork of Cannon Ball River, was the scene of this memorable occasion. The Indians, seating themselves on the prairie, formed a crescent-shaped body, the horns of the crescent opening to the west. Around the crescent the Indians were seated with due regard to their rank. According to the Indian tribal custom, all honors were accorded traditional belief. Across the horns of the crescent the opening was a hundred yards wide. Before the place occupied by Running Antelope there was set up a painted stone, serving as an altar, and before this were eight young men, with Crazy Walking at their head, who had been chosen for their qualities as hunters and because they were known to be truthful and of good moral qualities, to go ahead as scouts and spy out the buffalo.

The scouts being seated, Running Antelope impressed upon them the importance of their mission, how necessary it was that their work be carefully done and correctly reported. Then amid a breathless silence he administered to each one an oath to correctly report what he saw in the hunting country. Then Running Antelope took the sacred pipe, offering it first to the earth in front of him to propitiate the spirits which make the ground fruitful, then offering it to the sky thus invoking a blessing from the Great Spirit. Following this, the sacred pipe was smoked by all present.

This done, every man was instantly on his feet, shouting, gesticulating, and congratulating the scouts on their good fortune. The scouts were escorted from the circle and taken some distance, after which according to custom, the escort must race back and ride into and between the horns of the crescent, following a line where three freshly cut green bushes had been set up about ten feet apart and within a few feet of the front rank

of Indians. If, in passing the bushes, the leader should fail to knock one down, the hunt might as well be abandoned; should he knock but one down, it would augur but indifferent success; if two were knocked over, the hunt would be fairly successful; but if by a happy chance the rider should upset all three of the bushes, there would be a great amount of game and the people rich beyond telling.

McLaughlin, knowing that nothing impresses the Indian so much as having the reputation of being lucky, determined to try for the luck of having good medicine as a prophet, by knocking down the bushes. A howling, shouting, joyous mob of about three hundred men started out with the scouts. They dashed recklessly about the scouts, touching them with lucky charms, shouting encouragement and advice, and joking them on their love affairs. After escorting the scouts some two miles a war whoop rang out that was taken up by hundreds of mounted men, and screaming a good-bye to the scouts, the escort wheeled back and dashed toward the camp.

Having a fleet horse, that had not been worn out in the display of horsemanship incident to the outgoing journey, McLaughlin, catching up with the leaders, rode into the crescent and knocked over all three of the bushes. A tremendous roar followed his feat, and McLaughlin rose to the rank of a hero in the eyes of the Indians, and forever established himself in the esteem of the Indians of Standing Rock Agency, who impressed upon him that he had "good medicine."

The next morning the rest of the party took the trail of the scouts. One hundred men were selected and designated as soldiers, their faces were painted to indicate their office, and their mission was to preserve order in the ranks. Harry McLaughlin being well mounted, had the distinction of being made a soldier. At the head of the column marched twelve men whose office it was to make pace. They walked slowly and with much delibera-

tion, the object being to restrain those who were better mounted or more impetuous. Every three miles the pacemakers halted and sat down for a smoke and rest, and during these periods of rest, the old men told stories of their prowess in the hunting field.

The march lasted four days. In the forenoon of the fourth day the advance guard made out the scouts. They were cut out against the skyline some two miles away, and even at that distance the Indians read the signals. The signals were made out before the scouts were visible to the eye for each scout carried a circular mirror and signaled his message by a comparatively perfect heliographic system, which was read by the Indians and repeated.

A great herd of buffalo was grazing within a few miles of the scouts. Camp was made that night within striking distance of the hunting ground, and due provision made that the grazing herd be not disturbed. Early the next morning the half-dozen grindstones that had been taken along, were surrounded by a clamoring mob waiting for a chance to sharpen their knives. While they were engaged in this occupation, Shave Head, an Indian policeman, made known to the Indians that "the Father" (McLaughlin) had expressed a desire for a buffalo calf.

Camp was broken, and the party of six hundred hunters mounted, riding in two broad columns where it was possible, but using the divides and ravines to shelter them and prevent the game from taking fright and stampeding before the Indians were amongst the bison. The scene became intensely interesting as the buffalo-hungry Indians swooped down in the valley, where, as far as eye could see, were thousands of buffalo quietly grazing. The hunters halted before rushing on their prey. They were no longer Agency Indians; every man of the lot had discarded every superfluity of clothing and was simply and effectively garbed in a breech-cloth. Most of them had repeating rifles and

all had breech-loading, except a few of the older men and the boys, whose poverty forced them to use, if not to be content with, the bow and arrow. And every man had a hunting knife.

There was no shouting as the race for the herd began, and the Indians were seen among them, a column attacking each flank. A few of the animals looked up and sniffed, some scampered to a distance, but there was no stampede, for so widely were they scattered and so great their number—estimated at some fifty thousand—that a stampede would have been impossible. There

The Last Buffalo Hunt

was no rest that day, the Indians killed until they were exhausted, or dismounted, and not a few were dismounted.

Late in the afternoon, James McLaughlin found an old Indian unconscious, whose horse had fallen with him; another whose horse was disemboweled and who had his own leg ripped from ankle to the knee by the enraged buffalo. Another was found with a badly lacerated head, and three fingers blown off by the bursting of his gun. The hunters paid no attention to these men, even their relatives who ordinarily would make a row if they were ill, had passed them by unnoticed, and they had

lain for hours in the sun, bleeding to death. McLaughlin and his party bound up their wounds, made them shelter from the sun, and left them as comfortable as possible, and on finding their relatives had them take the wounded men to camp.

There were some very amusing incidents: Wolf Necklace, an old man about sixty years of age, handicapped by poverty and the fact that a paternal government did not think he needed a gun, was constrained to use bow and arrow. He was found ambling along on a gray pony within easy range of an old buffalo into which he had shot a number of arrows without bringing the animal to the ground. Somebody offered to kill the buffalo. "No!" responded the Indian, "the arrows will work and he'll die." And the old Indian calmly rode on shooting an occasional arrow until the buffalo bull dropped dead.

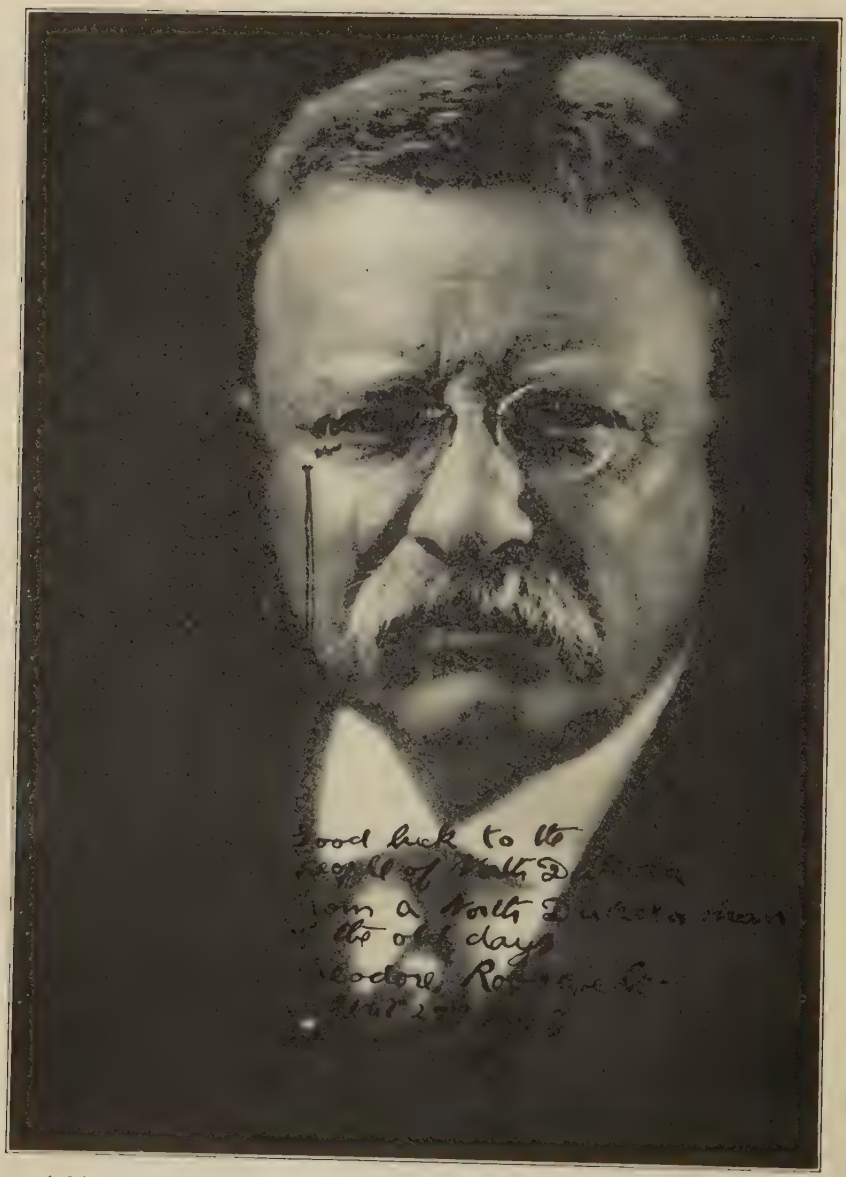
Another Indian, one Peter Skunk, had shot and wounded a big bull with a revolver and had been dismounted. Fortunately, he landed close to a large boulder in a little depression of the prairie. He put the boulder between himself and the bull with what expedition he could muster, and there he was found, with the bull chasing him around the rock and giving him no chance for a shot. McLaughlin's party offered to do the killing for him, but he shouted an emphatic "No!" For about five minutes the Indian dodged the bull, until the animal became tired and paused for a minute. Skunk took advantage of the pause and planted a shot behind the ear that stopped the buffalo.

It was long after dark when the Indians got back to camp. They were all too tired for story-telling that night, but an estimate was made of the number of buffalo killed, and the estimate proved true the next day when two thousand carcasses were butchered. James McLaughlin slept long the next morning, and when he arose he found that the entire Indian encampment had been moved to the field of the hunt. His tent stood alone, but

ranged about it, tied to stakes, were twenty-two buffalo calves—the Indians' response to his request for a single calf.

When he arrived on the field, he found the Indians skinning and cutting up the dead animals, and that day was given up to the work; but the next day they followed the herd to the west and resumed slaughter, which was even more extensive. The slaughter had been awful but not wanton, and the white men in the party were impressed with the fact that the Indian displays more restraint in hunting, even though his desire to kill makes his blood boil, than the white man.

The Indians then removed the hump and other tender morsels from the carcasses of the second day's kill, quartered the beeves for transport, and brought the meat in on travois to the camp, which had been made on Hidden Wood Creek, where there was plenty of good water, which camp was retained during the process of jerking the meat and making of Pemmican. The night of the first butchering there was such a feast as had not been held at Standing Rock for many years. Mighty hunters sat down with mighty appetites to satisfy, and told stories of the hunt.



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Theodore Roosevelt

CHAPTER XXIX.

Good luck to the people of North Dakota from a North Dakota man of the old days
Theodore Roosevelt
Sept 27th 1918

ROOSEVELT IN NORTH DAKOTA

On a bright September day in 1883, a slender, simply dressed, and active young man, stepped off the transcontinental train of the Northern Pacific road at Medora, a village nestled among the shadows of the Bad Lands. It was a remarkable town in the eyes of the young man from the East. About, on all sides, fantastic bare clay buttes rose perpendicularly to a height of several hundred feet, forming a great circular wall about the settlement. A little distance from the railroad station were to be seen a number of low log buildings, occupied as a temporary cantonment for the accommodation of the United States troops, who were guarding the construction crew of the Northern Pa-

cific road from the attacks of predatory Indians, who roamed the fastnesses of the Bad Lands in search of game which abounded everywhere. Huddled in the shadow of Graveyard butte, whose scar-faced nakedness towered many hundred of feet in height, were a handful of shack saloons and gambling houses, dance halls and freighters' corrals. The only pretentious place was the ramshackle structure called Pyramid Park Hotel, which had been built for the benefit of the tourists, shortly after the coming of the railroad, and was now owned by Old Man Moore, an ill-natured, chronic grouch, who entertained tourists at a stiff price and collected disputed bills with a cavalry sabre.

Medora, or "Little Missouri," as it was then called, had a motley population. There was the cowboy, with immense brimmed hat and leather chaps, jingling spurs and unmanageable saddle beast. Soldiers there were in military blue, and buffalo hunters in buckskin. "Big Mouth" Roberts kept the principal saloon and gambling hall in the shack town, and Tom Stack the dance hall. The latter had arrived with the first Northern Pacific train and had been made the station agent, but persisted in getting drunk seven days in a week, and on being rebuked by his superiors, he told them to go to "Helena," and opened up the "Blue Goose," the original jazz parlors of the Northwest, in a shack 16x20, and was doing a roaring business. Gary Paddock was the big man of the town with his herds of hunting and pack ponies and a leader of the lawless element. "Hell Roaring" Bill Jones, a confirmed cynic with an ambition to consume all the firewater in the world lest the stills break down, was another prominent citizen. A close rival in distinction was "Gunnysack Bill" who wrote the initials of his name in the wall back of the bar of the Metropolitan saloon while Tom Grozier was kept busy dodging the bullets, until Grozier finally succeeded in slipping out at the back door to hunt for the sheriff. When he returned Gunnysack Bill was in full charge of the bar and all drinks were free for a

while. Later, when asked why he fired his gun, he replied that at the time he imagined he was Dewey in Manila Bay and that Grozier was a Spaniard.

"Vic" Smith, champion rifle shot and hunter of the Northwest, whose record of killing 119 buffalo at one "stand" or without moving, has never equalled, likewise kept there his herds of meat and pack ponies. Then there were: Jack Goodall, later foreman of the M-bar outfit; Mose Ryder, his segunda; Jack Snyder, the finest rider, best broncho buster, and most typical big-hearted cowboy in the Northwest; Liver-Eating Johnson, the Squawman; Norman Lebo; Jack Bullion, the half-breed, and his partner Reno; Bad Man Finnegan; Old Man Wadsworth, who had a bunch of Minnesota dogie cattle at the mouth of White Tail Creek; Three Fingered Dick; Muddy Jim; Teeter Legs; George Myers; Joe and Sylvane Ferris and their partner Merrifield, professional hunters; Howard Eaton and his brothers, Willis and Alden Eaton, of the Custer Trail ranch four miles south; the Marquis de Mores; Pierre Wibaux; Gus Greesy; and Lloyd Roberts.

Aside from these, and a few other ranchers, there was a miscellaneous assortment of mule skinners, bull-whackers, horse thieves, gamblers, deserted soldiers, escaped criminals, renegade Indians and outlawed half-breeds from the far-flung reservations of the Northwest, to complete the list in which the newcomer was to play an important role.

The young man who stepped off the train, was no other than Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States to be. He was then only twenty-five years of age, only a few years out of college, of spare build, medium height, modest in demeanor, quiet, resolute, and with a keen enjoyment of life in the open. Little did the inhabitants of the little frontier town know, and possibly less did Roosevelt know, that the day was drawing near when the master's soul in that wiry young body would blaze

forth and cow into submission all the forces of evil that insolently dominated the entire Northwest, official and civilian alike.

For he had not the slightest idea at that time of a career in the Northwest, nor of entering into the savage battle of might against right. Roosevelt's young wife, who was Alice Lee of Boston, had just died, and he had taken the baby Alice, now Mrs. Longworth, who never saw her mother, to his wife's sister, Mrs. Douglas Robinson of New York, and had come West to forget his deep sorrow.

Dragging his duffle-bag the young man made his way for the Pyramid Park Hotel, where he hammered at the door until the frowsy proprietor appeared, muttering oaths. He ushered Roosevelt to a room upstairs, and showed him to one of the fourteen beds in the room, which in itself constituted the entire upper floor. The next morning on making inquiries, he was told that Joe Ferris had a string of Indian ponies and was a qualified guide. So to him he went and signified his desire to do some buffalo hunting. This was not an ordinary request coming from one who appeared to be a "tenderfoot." The ordinary tourist contented himself with a visit to some of the neighborhood attractions in a buckboard, a brief ride over the steep hills and rough roads. Buffalo at that time were becoming scarce and hunting them involved a long trip from the settlement, with its attendant difficulties and privations far beyond the endurance of the ordinary "tenderfoot." But the young man was determined, there was something in the set of his jaw that betokened more than ordinary resolution and courage. With some doubts in his mind Ferris consented to act as guide, and in a few days the two were bound for the buffalo ranges, some fifty miles over rough roads, and camping out at night in the open.

It was a rough trip, and they met with all sorts of misadventure. On their first night out their horses took fright at

wolves and ran off. They had picketed them with ropes, fastened to the horns of their saddles. When the wolves frightened the horses, they ran dragging the saddles, which Roosevelt and Ferris had used for pillows, from under their heads. As the men jumped to their feet, Joe Ferris eyed Roosevelt with an evident suspicion that the latter was the Jonah of the party, and said: "I ain't never committed any great crime that such a thing should happen to us. What great crime have youah committed in

Sylvane Ferris William Merrifield Joe Ferris

the past?" On Roosevelt's grim assurance that he had been square all his life, Ferris answered: "Then I cawn't understand why we wah so unlucky." Both men immediately started in pursuit of the horses and overtook them some distance away. On the second night out they ran into a blinding snowstorm, and nearly perished, but Roosevelt determinedly pushed on and after several days caught up with the rear of the escaping herd at Pretty Buttes, seventy miles south. Here he shot his first buffalo, and secured some fine heads. So elated was he with his

success that he handed Ferris fifty dollars. On their return two weeks later, Joe Ferris reported: "That bloomin' New York dude shore rode straight, shot straight, an' took his medicine like a man."

The Dakotas were then undivided and a territory. Along the Little Missouri River extending from the Black Hills to Fort Berthold and the lower Yellowstone, including the Powder and Tongue rivers, that great area that lay between the Sioux and the Crow reservations, desultory attempts had been made to establish cattle ranches, but with little success. The notorious Axleby and other organized gangs of horse thieves swept the ranches and the corrals bare, even invading military posts, and running off their herds of freighting and ambulance mules.

On their return from the hunting trip, Joe Ferris took Roosevelt to the Chimney Butte ranch, of which he and his brother Sylvane Ferris, and their partner William J. Merrifield, were the owners. The three men held a small herd of about 160 head at their hunting shack eight miles south of the Missouri, but were having a hard time to hold them. Around these hunting campfires Roosevelt, with his eyes shining, would eagerly listen to those tales of lawlessness, of defiance, of high-handed outrage, of a territorial government too feeble or too corrupt to interfere. Suddenly one night he electrified his hearers by springing to his feet and with a bulldog snap of his gleaming teeth burst out:

"By Godfrey, I am going to break into this game!"

A check transferred the ownership of the Ferris or Maltese Cross cattle, bearing on their shining sides the eight-pointed cross of St. George, to Theodore Roosevelt, this including all their implied range, as there were no such things as surveyed lines, titles or deeds in those days. Sylvane Ferris and Merrifield were made managers, and instructions given them to increase the herd to 3,000. As a nucleus of a ranch outfit, 500 steers were purchased and turned upon the range that very fall. Soon after, Roosevelt

started another ranch forty-five miles north of Medora, at a crossing of the Little Missouri River, in the heart of the wildest and roughest of all the rough Bad Lands region. The brush and timber of the river afforded shelter for the wary white tail deer. Within rifle shot of the ranch was to be found the mountain sheep, monarch of nature's wilderness of hills. Prairie chickens, ducks and geese sought the lowlands, and withal, the ranch was the paradise of sportsmen. This ranch Roosevelt named "Elkhorn," and it was a favorite resort when he came out on his an-

Chimney Butte Ranch

nual visit. His brands for this ranch were the Elkhorn and Triangle.

In order to start the Elkhorn ranch, Roosevelt brought down his backwoods friends, Sewell and Dow, who, like most men from the Maine woods, were mighty with the axe. Roosevelt could chop fairly well for an amateur, but he could not do one-third of the work they could. One day as they were cutting down some cottonwood trees to begin their building operations, some one asked Dow what the total cut had been, and Dow not realizing that Roosevelt was within hearing, answered: "Well, Bill cut

down fifty-three, I cut forty-nine, and the boss, he beavered down seventeen!" Those who have seen the stump of a tree gnawed down by a beaver will understand the exact force of comparison.

One of the most comfortable places on the Elkhorn ranch was the sitting room with its large fireplace. Here, oftentimes, on a ranchman's holiday, Roosevelt lay stretched before the blazing log-fire, reading Shakespeare to the cowboys, and eliciting the patronizing comment from one who followed broncho-busting as a trade, that: "That 'ere feller Shakespeare savved human nature some."

One day Fred Herrig, who was employed on the Elkhorn ranch, and who later became a member of Troop K of Col. Roosevelt's Rough Riders, gathered with a lot of cowboys in front of Joe Ferris' store in Medora, intent on playing a joke on Roosevelt, who had gone into the store to purchase some postage stamps. While Roosevelt was making his purchase, Will Dow, Herrig, and Merrifield, unsaddled Roosevelt's pony, led him off and put the saddle and bridle on a broncho named "White-Faced Kid," that was a dead ringer for his mount. They knew all about the broncho, for he had already that morning thrown Hell Roaring Bill Jones, so they sidled off to see the fun.

Soon Roosevelt came out and started to mount, not noticing the change of horses. "He was near-sighted and couldn't have told those cayuses apart anyway," remarked Fred Herrig, in telling of the incident afterward. "He looked like a kid, I believe he was only a little past twenty, and what with his eyeglasses and his knee breeches and his little brown mustache, he did look too nice for anything." From their hiding place the cowboys watched Roosevelt. The broncho let him get into the saddle and then the beast bunched his feet, and humped his back and Roosevelt went off as easy as you please. Nobody said anything except Joe Ferris who came out of the store and asked if he was hurt.

"Not a bit of it," said Roosevelt, and up he went again. But the White-Faced Kid didn't wait for him to get his right foot in the leathers this time before he pitched Roosevelt right over his

Roosevelt as Dakota Knew him

head. The cowboys declared it was "the all-firedest jolt" they ever saw. The fact was that Roosevelt turned a somersault and then sat down so hard that his glasses broke. Will Dow and

Fred Herrig went to help him up, but Merrifield was laughing so hard he couldn't move. Roosevelt hadn't noticed the cowboys before and looked kind of surprised as he scrambled out of the dust which was four inches thick in the road.

"It's too bad I broke my glasses," he said, and limped into the store. The cowboys were wondering how they could quickly change the horses again, when out came Roosevelt with a new pair of glasses, that he had fished out of his hand bag, and to the surprise of the cowboys jumped on the broncho again, but this time so quick that the broncho didn't feel him until he'd got both feet in the stirrups and a good grip with his knees. And then the broncho started off at a terrific speed, leaving the cowboys standing in a cyclone of dust.

It wasn't but a few minutes before the news got out among the inhabitants of Medora that the White-Faced Kid was murdering a tenderfoot. The cowboys held a mass meeting in front of Ferris' store, and when just then the overland train from the East pulled in and another "tenderfoot" got off and asked for his friend Roosevelt, giving his name as Dr. Lambert from New York, the cowboys dejectedly told him that his friend Mr. Roosevelt was just about needing a doctor and bad too! But before they could explain, "lickety split" through the dust came White-Faced Kid, and on his back, with all his teeth showing, was the Doctor's friend, Roosevelt. As soon as he caught sight of Dr. Lambert, he let out a whoop that couldn't have been beat by any cowboy on the Missouri. "We took a shine to him from that very day," said Fred Herrig. "Any fellow who could ride White-Faced Kid at one trial and holler like that was the man for our money; except that we didn't have any money—until we hired out to Roosevelt."

When Hell Roaring Bill Jones, who was sheriff for the northern end of Dakota, heard of the "tenderfoot" who had tamed White-Faced Kid, he said he guessed that was the kind of man

he'd like to work for, and without delay became one of Roosevelt's cowboys. Bill Jones was a gunfighter and also a good man with his fists. Soon he and Roosevelt crisscrossed in their public and private duties. The sheriff worked for Roosevelt, and Roosevelt acted as his deputy sheriff.

On the occasion of Dr. Lambert's visit to the ranch, Roosevelt planned a hunt for his benefit. Hell Roaring Bill Jones and Fred Herrig accompanied them on this hunt. On the third day they caught sight of an antelope. "There's a big bull, but he's

The Elkhorn Ranch

600 yards off," said Bill Jones, when they first caught sight of the game. But the Doctor wasn't used to a country where distances are deceiving, and not paying any attention to what Bill said, just blazed off his 45-90 and missed the antelope by 150 yards—shot that far short of him. Then the Doctor played "Fourth of July with the critter, shooting a half dozen shells at him almost as fast as the Spanish guns banged at Kettle Hill," Herrig remarked in relating the hunt in after years. The Doctor didn't hit the beast, which was not strange at the distance, but

his fusillade turned the game toward Roosevelt. And the cowboys declared they never saw a prettier piece of work than Roosevelt did with his rifle, which was of the same caliber as the Doctor's. Pulling the trigger twice at a distance of 325 yards, the bull keeled over, with one ball through his side and the other through his chest.

On another occasion Roosevelt, Hell Roaring Bill Jones, and Herrig were sitting on the porch of the Elkhorn ranch and taking it easy, when Bill remarked: "I saw a sheep track up on that Butte yesterday," pointing to the range right in front of them, across the valley. A Rocky Mountain sheep was about the rarest game in those days. Bill had scarcely got the words out of his mouth when something poked its head up over the edge of the cliff. "There's the sheep now," said Roosevelt. "No, I believe it's a black-tailed antelope and I've a mind to go after him."

"Black-tailed nothing," said Bill. "That's the whitest-tailed antelope you ever saw."

By this time Roosevelt was creeping up the river with his rifle, the two cowboys watching him. The air was calm and as clear as a bell, and when he was half a mile off he could hear every word they said. "He ought to keep more to the left and climb that coulee," said Bill, never thinking that Roosevelt could hear him. But the latter did keep to the left and began crawling up the butte, which was all fluted with gullies.

"Gimme them opery glasses," said Bill to Herrig. He always called Roosevelt's field glasses "opery glasses." And just then Roosevelt fired, which was enough for the cowboys, who went after him as hard as they could.

"Did you get your antelope?" called Bill, as Roosevelt stuck his head up from behind a boulder.

"It's a sheep!" came back the ringing reply, at the same time pushing the animal over the rock in front of him. "It's a sheep, by George! and I shot him through the heart!"

Thus Roosevelt became a ranchman. Additions were made to his herds until he came to be owner of thousands of head of cattle and the Maltese Cross brand came to be familiar throughout the country. The outfit increased in size until it was numbered among those of the first class, and boasted its own "round-up" wagon and outfit of men and horses. When Roosevelt engaged in the cattle business, he determined to learn from actual experience, and hence he engaged himself as one of his own cowboys, and for a part of the season worked with his own wagon, in the same manner as any of his men.

"I want to work with the wagon as a rider," he said to his foreman, Sylvane Ferris. "And I want no favors shown me. For the time being I am the same as any one of the men, and I want to do the same work as any of them."

"And that was why we liked him," said Jack Snyder, one of Roosevelt's cowboys. "Mr. Roosevelt wasn't like other fellows who come from the East to the Bad Lands. Most of the chaps we had met before were either dudes or patronized us. With Mr. Roosevelt it was different. We all knew that he didn't have to work, that he was a rich man, but because he loved the life, and sized men up, whether they were cowboys or millionaires, for just what was in 'em, we all took to him."

"I've seen him, when we were roping and branding calves, so hot and dusty and sweaty that his own people wouldn't have known him from one of us. But he liked it. He did it for pure love of the sport. He never asked any odds and he never presumed on his position with us, and was always ready for anything that came along. That's why every cowboy wanted to join the Rough Riders; they liked Mr. Roosevelt."

Roosevelt became a familiar figure in the round-ups that constituted a great part of ranch life in the early days. Once when he was on a round-up, and this was early in his career, he was assigned to be on guard for a certain two hours in the night to

relieve the first guard, he failed to identify the direction of the night herd, as it was a pitch dark night, and he wandered about the rest of the night and never found it or the wagon until sunrise, when he was greeted with withering scorn by the cowpuncher who had been obliged to stand double guard because Roosevelt did not relieve him.

One night in a heavy storm, all who were at the wagons had to turn out to help the night herders. After a terrific peal of thunder, the lightning struck right by the herd, and away went all the beasts, heads, horns and tails in the air. In the darkness where only the dark forms of the beasts could dimly be made out, Roosevelt in trying to head off the leading animals suddenly heard a tremendous splashing in front, and before he realized it, he and his horse went off a cut bank into the Little Missouri River.

The rider bent back in the saddle, and the horse, though he almost went down, just recovered himself in time, and plunging and struggling through the water both horse and rider made for the other side. It had been raining hard, so Roosevelt got off the horse and leaned against the tree to rest, but the cattle soon started on again and he had to ride after them. When he returned to the wagon, some of the men had returned, but only about half of the herd had been brought back, so the men changed horses and started out again. During this round-up Roosevelt had been in the saddle for forty consecutive hours, the longest time he ever had to be in saddle, changing his horse five times during this time.

A man on a ranch had to ride a good many horses, and was bound to encounter a number of accidents, and of these Roosevelt had his share, at one time cracking a rib, and on another occasion the point of his shoulder. Each time he was out on a round-up, and being hundreds of miles from a doctor had to get through his work as best he could, until the injury healed of it-

self. The time he hurt the point of his shoulder he was riding a big sulky horse named "Ben Butler," which went backwards on him. When the rider and horse got up, it still refused to go anywhere; so while Roosevelt rested, Sylvane Ferris and George Myers got their ropes on its neck and dragged it a few hundred yards, choking but stubborn, its feet planted firmly on the ground.

When they released the ropes it lay down and wouldn't get up. The round-up started, so Ferris gave his horse, "Baldy," which sometimes bucked but never went backwards, to Roosevelt, and he got on the now re-arisen Ben Butler. To Roosevelt's discomfiture, Ben started quietly beside them, while Ferris remarked: "Why, there's nothing the matter with the horse; he's a plumb gentle horse." Then Ben fell slightly behind, and Roosevelt heard Ferris again: "That's all right! Come along! Here you! Hi, Hi, fellows, help me out! He's lying on me!" And sure enough he was, and when they dragged Ferris from under him, the first thing the rescued Ferris did was to execute a war dance, spurs and all, on the iniquitous Ben.

Once, when a rainy afternoon caught the whole of the Little Missouri round-up far up the river, close to the Three Seven ranch, somebody dug up an old pair of boxing gloves that were being passed around in wondering amazement by the cowboys, who knew nothing of boxing in those days when all disputes were settled with .45s. Willis Eaton explained how gentlemen of the East settled their disputes with skill, rather than gunpowder, and displayed how it was done. Roosevelt was reputed a lightweight boxer and a champion of Harvard, and Eaton, the Custer Trail rider, a famous sportsman himself, had a happy thought. A mile or so up the river was the hunting camp of an English party, among whom was Lord North, now a leading figure in English politics. He asked North if he would meet Roosevelt in a three-round exhibition bout for the benefit of the cowboys.

The latter at once cordially assented. North was then a young man about twenty-two years of age, big-framed and muscular and would register as a heavy-weight.

The Englishman's superior weight and reach had no advantage over Roosevelt in a boxing contest. Feinting, dodging, slipping in under North's guard, he scored point after point, some of the stiff blows evoking shrieks of delight from the thrilled cowboys, who could not understand how a man could be slapped in the face and manhandled all over the room without pulling his gun.

Concluding the contest, Eaton then invited anyone else to try. Here is where he hurled the match into the powder magazine. Hell Roaring Bill Jones insisted on putting on the gloves against his bitter enemy, a Hashknife rider. At his first crack at the man from the Cheyenne, another Hashknife man hit Bill a stunning clip behind the ear with a halfbreed bit. Liver-Eating Johnson, the Squaw man, pulled a knife, but was jerked down and shoved under the bunk. Myers, the crack Roosevelt rider, tried to separate the combatants and was belted with a gun scabbard. The Hashknife and Triple D riders and all who came from the Cheyenne, Belle Fourche, and Redwater country, rushed to the support of their champion, and in an instant the room was a mass of wriggling, squirming, fighting hornet's nest—cowboys intent on settling personal and ranch feuds of long standing in the newly discovered "gentlemen's way." It took the combined efforts of the round-up captain and all his lieutenants to separate the combatants, and more fuel was added to the store of ranch fueds, always a burning feature of the open range.

At this time the lawless element of horse and cattle thieves was becoming more and more of a menace to the ranchmen, the raids on their stock grew more frequent and with more daring insolence. Roosevelt suffered with the rest. Finally one day after a fresh raid had been made on his cattle, he quickly cor-

ralled his herd, and with his outfit rode to the town of Medora where he hastily called a meeting of such belonging to the Little Missouri round-up as happened to be in town. The meeting was called in a rough frame shack 12 by 18, which served as a temporary station and store house. There were no chairs, but boxes of canned goods, sides of bacon, sacks of sugar and beans, scattered about, served as chairs. Besides Roosevelt there were six other men present—Sylvane and Joe Ferris, a Quarter Circle R man, an O. X. man, Bill Dantz, and a Three Seven man.

It was very apparent to all that Roosevelt was very angry. "We are met here gentlemen," he said after all had found seats, "to organize the Little Missouri Stock Association. To bind ourselves to mutual protection against the theft and lawlessness is imperative, or we will be quickly wiped out. Last night another big cut of my two-year olds was run off. Our lives are even threatened. The gang of desperadoes boasts they will either kill us or run us out of the country. I don't want to be killed, and I'll be d——d if I'll run."

At this instant the door burst open and in trooped fifteen of the most notorious outlaws the turbulent Northwest could boast of. They had in some way got an inkling of the meeting and its object and had come to break it up, to wipe out all its members if necessary. They filed noisily and insolently in, some of them "two-gun men," rattling their spurs, and making a great show and display of their belted weapons. As by instinct, the room, crowded to the limit, divided into two parties, those of the cattle range huddling to one side; they of the gamblers, of quick draw, of swift and merciless death in saloon brawls and rival feuds, on the other. Roosevelt stood like a silent graven image until the jeering intruders, led by Fred Willard, the U. S. Deputy Marshal, had, in a sense, quieted.

"I repeat, gentlemen," continued the young ranchman with a new steely ring in his voice, "we must organize ourselves into a

mutual stock organization for mutual protection. Our horses are being stolen, our cattle driven off, our lives threatened.

Like the blare of a bugle rang the voice of Roosevelt as he sprang forward, unarmed, directly in front of their leader.

"And YOU," he fairly yelled, "you, who have sworn to protect justice, the law and peace of the United States; who took oath to administer your office with loyalty and fidelity; where do I find you? How have you kept your sworn word? Plotting with thieves and outlaws; threatening and intimidating innocent men; casting your lot with outlawry and violence. YOU ARE A THIEF, A LIAR, A SCOUNDREL!"

As he sprang at the Deputy Marshal, the latter whipped out his pearl-handled .45 and pressed it against Roosevelt's stomach.

"Keep off!" he screamed. "Keep off, or I'll kill you!"

"Kill and be damned!" yelled Roosevelt, as with blazing eyes and with the muzzle of the ugly .45 still pressing against his belt, he lashed with bitter scorn and invective the now thoroughly cowed deputy; this until the latter crumbled up in the corner like a wet rag. His collapse was pitiable. Their leader, whipped without a fight, with no one to lead them out of their blind predicament, one by one the gang sneaked out and went back to Big-Mouth Bob's, disgraced and ashamed. Thus began Roosevelt's three years' steady fight before the far-flung forces of evil were controlled.

Many amusing incidents occurred to Roosevelt now and then, usually these took place while he was hunting lost horses, and had to travel a hundred or more miles away from his own ranch. On one such occasion he reached a little cow town long after dark. On inquiring for a room at the hotel he was told he could have the last one, as there was only one man in it. The room to which he was shown contained two double beds; on one two men were fast asleep, and on the other lay only one, but fast

asleep also, and who later proved to be a friend of the several Bill Joneses in Roosevelt's neighborhood.

Roosevelt made ready for bed and turned in. A couple of hours later he was awakened by the door being thrown open, and a lantern flashed in his face, the light gleaming on the muzzle of a cocked .45. Another man said to the lantern bearer: "It ain't him!" and the next moment Roosevelt's bedfellow was covered with two guns, and addressed: "Now Bill, don't make a fuss, but come along quiet." "I'm not think of making a fuss," said Bill. "That's right," was the answer; we're your friends; we don't want to hurt you; we just want you to come along; you know why!"

And Bill pulled on his trousers and boots, and went with them. Up to this time there had not been a sound from the other bed. Now a match was scratched and a candle lighted. At this point Roosevelt committed the breach of etiquette of asking questions.

"I wonder why they took Bill," he said. There was no answer, so he repeated: "I wonder why they took Bill?"

"Well," said the man with the candle, dryly: "I reckon they wanted him," and blew out the candle, and the conversation ceased.

Later, Roosevelt discovered that Bill in a fit of playfulness had held up the Northern Pacific train at a near-by station by shooting at the feet of the conductor to make him dance. This was purely a joke on Bill's part, but the Northern Pacific people possessed a less robust sense of humor, and on their complaint the United States Marshal was sent for Bill, on the grounds that by delaying the train he had interfered with the United States mail.

The only time Roosevelt had serious trouble was at an even more primitive little hotel. It was also on an occasion when he was hunting for lost horses. On the first floor of this hotel

was merely a bar-room, a dining room and a lean-to kitchen, the second floor was a loft with some fifteen beds in it. Roosevelt reached the place late in the evening. As he neared the hotel two shots rang out and he hesitated about going in, but had no alternative as it was the only place in town. Inside the bar-room were several men, wearing the kind of a smile worn by men who are pretending to like what they don't like. A shabby individual in a broad hat, with a cocked gun in each hand was walking up and down the floor talking with strident profanity. Two holes in the face of the clock bore testimony to his marksmanship.

As soon as he saw Roosevelt he hailed him as "Four Eyes," in reference to his spectacles, and said: "Four Eyes is going to treat!" Roosevelt joined in the laugh and got behind the stove, thinking to escape notice. But the man followed him, and stood leaning over him with a gun in each hand, using very foul language. In response to his repeated commands that Roosevelt set up a drink, the latter said:

"Well, if I've got to, I've got to," and rising struck the unsuspecting desperado quick and hard with his right fist just to one side of the man's jaw, hitting with his left as the latter straightened out, and then again with his right. The man fired his gun, but the bullets went astray, and as he went down he struck the corner of the bar with his head and was knocked senseless. Roosevelt took his guns away from him, and the other men, now loud in their denunciation of the man, carried him out to the shed, where he remained until he came to, when he walked to the station and left on a freight.

One day Roosevelt and Sylvane Ferris on horseback and Hell Roaring Bill Jones driving a wagon went to Medora and vicinity on a business trip. After crossing some eighty miles of gumbo prairie they came to a little town called Spearfish. It was here that Roosevelt first met Seth Bullock, who at that time was sheriff of the Black Hills district, and a man he wanted, a

horse thief called "Crazy Steve," Roosevelt as deputy sheriff of the northern district had succeeded in capturing a short time previous to the meeting.

Seth received them with distant courtesy at first, for all three looked somewhat unkempt after the rough trip they had. But he unbent when he found out who they were by remarking:

"You see, by your looks I thought you were some kind of a tin horn gambling outfit, and I might have to keep an eye on you!" He then inquired about the capture of Crazy Steve, with a little of the air of one sportsman when another has caught a quail that either might have claimed, "My bird I believe?" From that first meeting Seth Bullock became one of Roosevelt's stanchest and most valued friends during the entire lifetime of both.

During the severe winter of 1886-87, Roosevelt stood to lose a lot of money, and it was his grit and nerve that pulled him through. It was a winter that will never be forgotten by the stockmen in Montana and Dakota. During that year thousands of cattle perished from starvation and cold. Some authorities placed the loss to cattlemen as high as 80 per cent. In that winter whole herds were swept out of existence and the cattle industry received a blow from which it did not recover for half a dozen years. That winter the Hashknife ranch lost a million, and the Ramseys got disgusted and quit after losing something like $80,000.

Roosevelt lost heavily like all the rest, but while the other fellows got frightened or disheartened and sold out, he hung on. He closed up the Chimney Butte ranch and concentrated all his interests at the Elkhorn, where he injected strict economy and business principles into the management of his affairs. He worried through the disastrous winter, and when summer came what stock he had left was in good condition. During the summer he would sell an occasional load of cattle, just enough to pay running expenses, while he kept gradually adding to his stock. The

price of cattle went up as a natural result of the bad winter, and of course Roosevelt sold to advantage. He kept up this policy, exercising nerve and economy until he made up all his losses and came out at the end of ten years with a fine profit.

One of Roosevelt's neighbors was the Marquis de Mores. Roosevelt and De Mores were contemporaneous in their western investments. Both were wealthy, courageous, fond of outdoor sports and the wild life of the plains. They were alike in some respects, and in others utterly dissimilar. The difference between the men was the difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin. Both had the same courageous nature, but Roosevelt's bravery was the cool intrepidity of the Saxon, while De Mores' was the fiery and impetuous courage of the Frenchman.

Once the Marquis took it into his head to be offended by something Roosevelt was reported to have said. The trouble arose at the time the Marquis was indicted for the killing of a man. One of the witnesses against the Marquis, a Dutchman named Reuter, had money deposited with Sylvane Ferris, at the Chimney Butte ranch, for safe-keeping. On his way to the trial he withdrew it. The Marquis heard of the transaction, and jumped to the conclusion that Roosevelt was backing the prosecution. He thereupon at once sent a curt note to Roosevelt telling him what he had heard, and that "there was a way for gentlemen to settle differences." Roosevelt promptly replied that he had heard a lie, and that the Marquis had no business to believe it on such authority, but that he was accepting the challenge to a duel, and as the choice of weapons rested with him, he chose Winchesters at twelve paces, "shoot and advance," until one or the other got enough, and that he would follow the note in person within an hour. He dispatched the letter to Medora, the home of the Marquis, by one of his men, and true to his word started immediately after. Before he came in sight of Medora he was met by a courier traveling in haste from the Marquis with a gentle-

man's apology and a cordial invitation to dine with the Marquis. And thus ended a promising duel with the nobleman.

When Roosevelt was leaving for Cuba in 1898, Sylvane Ferris purchased the remnants of his cattle herds on the Little Missouri. Col. Roosevelt's famous Rough Riders' regiment was composed mostly of the cowboys and men he had known in the ranch country. At one of the regimental reunions, a man who had been an excellent soldier, in greeting Col. Roosevelt mentioned how glad he was that the judge had let him out in time to get to the reunion. Roosevelt inquired what was the matter, and the man replied with some surprise:

"Why Colonel, don't you know, I had a difficulty with a gentleman, and—er—well, I killed the gentleman. But you can see that the judge thought it was alright or he wouldn't have let me go." Waiving the point Roosevelt asked him: "How did it happen? How did you do it?" Misinterpreting the question as showing interest only in the technique of the performance, the ex-cowpuncher replied: "With a .38 on a .45 frame, Colonel." Roosevelt chuckled over the answer, and it became proverbial with his family and some of his friends, including Seth Bullock.

When Col. Roosevelt was shot at in Milwaukee, Seth Bullock sent an inquiry, to which the former replied that it was alright, that the weapon was merely a .38 on a .45 frame. The telegram in some way became public and it puzzled outsiders.

In Roosevelt's return to the East and his entry into political life, Dakota felt a keen sense of personal loss mingled with pride at his achievements. And when word was received that Governor Roosevelt, who was then nominated for Vice-President, would include North Dakota in his speech-making tour, it was received with joyful anticipation. It was on Sept. 16, 1900, that the Roosevelt special train was making its way across Dakota prairies. At 6 o'clock as his train was darting westward from Mandan, the Governor rose and dressed quietly. He called no

one. He quite evidently wanted to be alone. To his colored man who brought him a cup of coffee, he said: "Don't let anyone know I'm up." He picked up "Kenilworth" and stepped onto the observation platform of his car, adjusted a camp stool and tried to read, but his eyes were continually roving over the beauties of the Dakota land, and his memory vibrated with scenes he had lived through seventeen years ago, his features lighting up with a reminiscent smile. The train swung into New Salem, and as the Governor swung off his car, a heavy-set, bronzed cowman, big-boned, set jaws, withering contempt in the eyes for anything that was not game, literally fell upon him.

"Mah Lord," said estimable Joe Ferris, "but I shuah thought this man wah once hoodooed." The ranchman's arm extended and his hand fell affectionately on the Governor's shoulder.

"Hello Joe," said the Governor.

"How, old man," said Ferris. The two just rubbed their elbows in the delight of being together. The people on the Governor's train were asleep. They didn't know whether they were in Montana, Dakota, or South Africa.

"Joe, old boy," said the Governor, I don't care where this train goes to. I'm going to stay here and talk with you. Will you ever forget the first day we met?"

"Shuah, guvernor, I cawn't ever let go mah thinkin' of you. Youah jest ketched holt of me long ago. I get to thinkin' of youah sometimes up heah, and I get so lonesome jest seems as if youah must shuah come back to us."

The two walked up and down the depot platform. The train started away. To one who stood beside him the Governor said: "I'm going to stay until I get ready to leave. Let the train go. It will have to come back."

The conductor suddenly discovered the Governor was not on board and the train did come back.

"The first time you and I met," said the Governor of New

York to Ranchman Joe Ferris, "was when I came here to hunt. You had me for three days and you nearly murdered me. It seemed as if all the ill luck in the world pursued us. Finally in the night our horses and saddles separated. We were eighty miles from anywhere. Do you remember what you said Joe?"

"Shuah I do. I woke up and the horses they wah gone, and I comes to youah and I says, 'I ain't never committed any great crime that such a thing should happen to us,' and I asks youah what great crime youah had committed in the past. Youah tells me youah been all square all youah life, and I says, 'then I cawn't understand why we wah so unlucky.'"

"Do you remember, too, Joe," continued the Governor, "how I swam the swollen stream and you stood on the bank and kept your eyes on me. The stream was very badly flooded when I came to it," said the Governor to some townsmen who had come up. "I forced my horse into it, and we swam for the other bank. Joe was very much disturbed for fear we wouldn't get across."

"I wouldn't have taken that swim for all of Dakota," said Ferris.

Joe Ferris then joined the Governor on his car and journeyed westward with him. As the train stopped at different stations, groups of people came out to meet the Governor. At Hebron the people on their way to church gathered at the station platform and asked him to pass among them and shake hands. "One can always do that on any day," he said as he started grasping their hands. The little children pressed close to him, and he said to them: "I am very far away from my own, but it does me good to be with you. It is a sort of compensation."

The children were out at Richardton, and he gave them time to meet him. But he was anxious to get to Dickinson, the place from which a great deal of his business was transacted years ago. He called Secretary Jewell of the North Dakota Campaign Committee to him and said:

"I want to meet everybody that I can in Dickinson, but it must be done quickly and befitting Sunday. I am informed that the Militia Company there would be out and a band. I cannot prevent that, but it would please me if the band rendered sacred music, and if the military company didn't parade. I have no false notions about Sunday, but I believe in respecting the day all that is possible, and if I did not think it a sacred day, as I do, I would respect it just the same out of courtesy to others. I will not campaign or work on Sunday."

So Mr. Marshall Jewell, editor of the Bismarck Tribune, wired the Dickinson band and militia to have only sacred music and not to parade. The train came to the town and the band on the station platform solemnly struck up that good old cake walk tune, "A Georgia Camp Meeting." Just the shadow of a smile passed the Governor's face.

"I think," said Colonel Amos Knapp, who was with the Governor's party, "that the word "sacred" has different meaning in different lands."

The militia company didn't parade. A throng of people who had known Roosevelt in the old days gathered about him, glad to see him. A gray-faced, lean man pushed his way through the crowd, nervously chewing his cud of tobacco, eagerness and hesitancy visible in his actions. The Governor caught sight of his face, "Why, Paddock, it does me good to see you. Do you remember when I needed a hammer so badly and you loaned it to me? You loaned me a rifle also. I never shall forget how badly I needed that hammer just then. Now, Paddock, you get right on this train and ride as far as Medora with me. I wish to know all about you and the people up here."

Paddock grinned all over, so pleased that he hardly knew where he was, and boarded the Governor's car and rode to Medora. Nearly an hour was given to Dickinson people, and then the train sped on to Medora, Roosevelt's old stamping ground,

but not until a written greeting, a welcome to the West, had been handed to the Governor by James W. Foley, North Dakota's poet laureate, as the latter got off the train at Dickinson. An extract from it will reveal the merit:

Hello, Teddy, all the West is watchin' you;
Hello, Teddy, and it's wishin' for you too;
We take your western manner and we take your western style;
We've watched you since we knew you, and we've talked you all the while,
You're a man that praise don't rattle, and a man success don't spile.
An' that's why we watch for you, an' are wishin' for you, too.

Hurrah, Teddy, or for better, or for wuss.
Where'er y' be or what y' be, you're Teddy, sir, to us.
You were Teddy when the bugle called to every creed an' clan,
You were Teddy with your soldier boys, they're with you where you stan';
You are Teddy all the time sir, but, by gad, you are a man,
An' it ain't the kind or breed, it is men is what we need.

The train stopped at Medora, the place bearing the name of the beautiful wife of the Marquis de Mores—a forsaken spot and a place of memories. "The romance of my life began here," said Roosevelt, with a sweep of his hand toward the twenty-odd buildings of the town. A handful of people and their wives and children hung back bashfully on the station platform, waiting for the Governor to approach them. They knew him, but the true cowman is never forward, never impudent. The Governor was among them in an instant.

"Why, this is Mrs. Roberts," he said. "You haven't changed a bit, have you?"

"No, Governor," said Mrs. Roberts, "I haven't even married again."

The woman's clothes were plain, her face sunburned, the hands showed toil stains. The eyes were clear and honest. The sound of the voice was that of all western voices of the mountain and plain, clear, ringing, conquering.

"Here's George Myers," said she. George was a bouquet of smiles.

"My, my, George Myers!" exclaimed the Governor. "I did not even hope to meet you. I thought you would be away. Do you remember the feast of green biscuits you gave me once? George (this explanatory to the crowd) used to cook for me. Ha! Ha! George, do you remember the time you put the beans in the frying pan with the rosin? That was an awful mess. And, say George, do you remember the time you tried to mount that horse Mok with the calf in your arms?"

"Ed Deeks is here," said George.

"Oh, well, I must see him," replied the Governor, but, George, the best proof in the world that I have a good constitution is that I ate your cooking and survived. I shall never forget, though, that calf George tried to carry in his arms while on horseback. That calf made a wade through the river like Pharoah's army in the Red Sea."

Hands were outstretched to Roosevelt from every side. "It doesn't seem right," he said, "that I should come here and not stay. It does not seem right that I should only pass through."

"Hell Roaring Bill Jones will probably get here before you leave, Governor," said one of the cowboys.

"I shall miss Hell Roaring if I don't see him," was the Governor's reply.

"I don't care," he said a moment afterward, "if you are Democrats or Republicans or Populists. Any resident of the Bad Lands is all right."

Mrs. Roberts volunteered: "Gunnysack Bill has gone to church."

"Good for him!" said the Governor.

F. W. Foley, who was in charge of the Marquis de Mores' property, came with his wife and daughter to greet the Governor. Chub Foley was there. Some of the cowboys were away, but enough of Roosevelt's old neighbors came to give him a great welcome.

"Let me see, Mrs. Roberts," said the Governor, "you are the oldest resident here, are you not?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Roberts, "I am the pioneer."

"I've got the beaver skin yet that you gave me," said the Governor, and Mrs. Roberts beamed with happiness. Here was honesty of heart and simplicity of soul greeting this man. There was no politics in it, only heartfelt kindness.

"By the way, George," this to Myers, "I'm going to have Bryan come out here and eat some of those biscuits."

"Farmer Young is coming," shouted the crowd.

"Good!" said the Governor. "When I was here, he was the only farmer in the Bad Lands. He represented the whole Farmers' Alliance of this country."

Farmer Young came up with the salutation, "Howdy, Roosy!"

"How, Young," said the Governor, "I want to be remembered to Mike Nut. He used to keep a cafe here. The Delmonico of the Bad Lands. Tell him I send the best word to him."

A broncho was then brought for the Governor, and mounting it he rode it a thousand feet skyward to the crest of the Great Butte, to get a good view of the Little Missouri River and bottoms. Sitting on his horse he said to those who climbed up after him:

"Over there is Square Butte, and yonder is Sentinel Butte, the great sentinels of the Bad Lands. My ranch was at Chimney Butte. Just beyond us is the trail where Custer marched westward to the Yellowstone and the Rosebud and his death. There

is the church especially erected for the use of the wife of the Marquis de Mores. His old house is beyond; you can see it." His eyes took in all the magnificent sweep of the buttes and the river of yellow waters. He was silent a moment and then he said:

"I can paraphrase Kipling and say that 'whate'er may happen, looking back to my old days here, I can thank God I have lived and toiled with men.'" The hour and one half stop at Medora was the most picturesque event of his entire campaign trip; which was greatly enriched by the many humorous incidents that befell him in various towns, owing to the zealous efforts of his former cowboys and members of his Rough Riders regiment, who were all enthusiastically supporting him for the office of Vice-President. On one occasion Buck Taylor accompanied Roosevelt on a trip and made a speech for him. The crowd took to his speech from the beginning, as did Roosevelt, until the peroration, which ran as follows:

"My fellow citizens, vote for my Colonel! Vote for my Colonel! and he will lead you, as he has led us, like sheep to slaughter!"

Though this hardly seemed a tribute to Colonel Roosevelt's military skill, it delighted the crowd, and brought about a tremendous applause and votes being cast in his favor.

On another occasion, a member of Col. Roosevelt's regiment who was on board the train, got into a discussion with a Populist editor, who had expressed an unfavorable opinion of Roosevelt's character, and shot the editor, but not fatally. They had to leave him to be tried, and as he had no money, Col. Roosevelt gave him $150 to hire counsel. After election, Roosevelt received a letter running as follows:

"Dear Colonel:

"I find I will not have to use that $150 you lent me, as we have elected our candidate for District At-

torney. So I have used it to settle a horse transaction in which I unfortunately became envolved."

A few weeks later, Roosevelt received a broken-hearted letter from the same source, stating that the newly elected District Attorney had put him in jail! When three years later President Roosevelt visited a town in another state, whom did he find among the delegation that received him, but both his correspondent and the editor, now fast friends, and firm supporters of his.

As Governor Roosevelt continued on his trip through the high plains and Rocky mountain states, in some localities he was met by hostile audiences. Once on reaching a certain town, his party was informed that there might be trouble. Here the local committee included an old and valued friend of Roosevelt's ranching days. He was a "two-gun" man of repute, who was not in the least quarrelsome, but who always kept his word. They marched to the Opera House, packed with rough-looking men. Here, the "two-gun" man seated himself immediately back of the Governor, a gun on each hip, his arms folded, and fixing immediate gaze on any section of the house from which there came even so much as a whisper. The audience listened with rapt attention. At the end, with a pride in his rhetorical powers, which proceeded from a misunderstanding, Governor Roosevelt turned to the chairman and said:

"I held that audience well, there wasn't an interruption." To which the chairman replied: "Interruption? Well I guess not! Seth had sent word around that if any ——— peeped, he'd kill him!"

No guests were more welcome at the White House than President Roosevelt's old friends of the cattle ranches and cow camps —men with whom Roosevelt had ridden the long circle and eaten at the tail-board of a chuck wagon. One of them appeared in Washington one day just before lunch, a huge powerful man, who had been known as distinctly a fighting character. It so

happened that on that day another old friend, the British Ambassador, Mr. Bryce, was among those coming to lunch. Just before they went in, President Roosevelt turned to his cowpuncher friend and said to him with great solemnity:

"Remember Jim, that if you shot at the feet of the British Ambassador to make him dance, it would likely cause international complications." To which Jim responded with unaffected horror: "Why Colonel, I shouldn't think of it, I shouldn't think of it!"

Colonel Roosevelt paid North Dakota the greatest tribute when he said that if it had not been for his experiences in North Dakota, he never would have become the President of the United States. And the West, too, likes to think, that, in a measure, he owed to his Western training and career, his proud position as President of the Nation. For it was his training on the plains that led him to resign his position as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, associate himself with the rangers and plainsmen and make his memorable record at Santiago. It was this record, in a great measure, that resulted in his selection as Governor of New York, and from that to the Vice-Presidency was but a short step, followed in the "black Friday's tragedy at Buffalo," by his elevation to the Presidency.

When President Roosevelt visited Medora in 1902, James W. Foley wrote the following poem in his honor:

He's comin' back as President—th' man we used t' know
As just plain Teddy Roosevelt—nigh twenty years ago;
He's comin' back as President—it don't seem hardly true,
But it's writ thar in th' streamers of th' Red, White and Blue!
He's comin' back as President—th' friend of you and me,
Th' head of eighty million of th' free-est souls thet's free;
He's back on his old stampin' ground—th' land that loves him best,
In the fairest, squarest country in this land of ourn—th' West!

CHAPTER XXX.

PRAIRIE FIRES

One difficulty with which the early settlers had to contend was prairie fires. A tiny flame caused by the embers from some camp fire or by a match or spark from the locomotive of the passing train, or even from some emigrant's pipe, often grew into a fire which traveled over hundreds of miles, destroying almost everything in its path. Sometimes these fires started from no visible cause whatever. The settlers in Cass County were particularly endangered by frequent prairie fires. The dry thick grass would burn like tinder when set afire and fanned by a little wind. The fires would generally come from a westward direction, the northwest being the strongest prevailing wind. Frequently the flames would leap the narrow streams, and thus become a danger to buildings and hay stacks.

These fires, by heating a large amount of air, caused a high wind which served to spread through the dry grass with incredible speed. Some of the early settlers can tell thrilling stories of mad races to reach their cabins ahead of the fire to fight it back. Happy the man who in that hour had ploughed a broad firebreak. One means of combatting the flames was to set a "back fire," that is, to set a fire and then put it out before it became uncontrollable. When the fire reached this burned space, it would of course die out from lack of fuel. But the most favorite weapons for fighting the fire were wet grain sacks. Furrows over the firebreaks were often made; all hands assisting in the common cause on the approach of a fire. When seen at a

distance the fire would often appear to extend for twenty miles, forming a huge flaming crescent, and filling the air with smoke.

After these fires the prairie would show great numbers of whitened buffalo bones, many loads of which were gathered by outsiders, who shipped them east, where they were used for fertilizing purposes. Few, if any, of the settlers made use of the bones in any such way.

Theodore Roosevelt during his ranch days near Medora, on the Elkhorn and Chimney Butte ranches, had to fight prairie fires on several occasions. These fires destroyed large quantities of feed, and they had to stop them where possible. The process he followed with his men, was to kill a steer, split it in two lengthwise, and then have two riders drag each half-steer, the rope of one running from his saddle-horn to the front leg, and that of the other to the hind leg. One of the men would spur his horse over or through the line of fire, and the two would ride forward dragging the steer, bloody side downward along the line of flame, men following on foot with slickers or wet horse-blankets to beat out any flickering blaze that was still left.

It was exciting work, for the fire and the twitching and plucking of the ox carcass over the uneven ground maddened the horses, so that it was necessary to do some riding in order to keep them to their work. After a while it also became very exhausting, the thirst and fatigue being great, as with parched lips and blackened from head to foot, they toiled at their task.

During Mrs. Kelly's captivity among the Indians, in the year of 1864, the Indian camp was one day unexpectedly overtaken by a huge prairie fire. It was in the month of October, just at the time of the year that the plants and grass parched by the hot sun were ready to blaze in a moment if ignited by the least spark carried on the wind from some of the many camps.

With frightful rapidity the fire began to extend in all directions, presenting a most formidable sight in its stupendous velocity. The forest seemed shrunk in the terrible grasp of the

trees, the prairies one sheet of fire, and above the sky gleamed with a blood-red reflection. Here and there the Indians were running like wild animals from the flames, uttering yells like demons, as the great walls of fire from right and left began to advance toward them, hissing, crackling, and threatening to unite and swallow them in their raging fury. The wild animals, driven from their hiding places, ran about mad with terror, while immense herds of buffalo made the ground tremble with their furious tread, their bellowings of despair filling the Indians with terror, as they continued running about the camp as if struck with insanity.

In the midst of all this horror and confusion, a terrified white woman on bended knees was praying to her God. Closer and closer came the fire with rapid proximity. The squaws clasped their papooses to their bosoms. Then all at once the strong breeze which had so vigorously assisted the fire, as though stilled by a magic hand, suddenly subsided, and there was not a breath of air stirring. But the fire with its vanguard of wild beasts continued to approach.

The Indians suddenly aroused, old and young, male and female, all began with the characteristic, feverish haste they display in fear of death, to pull up the grass by root all about the camp. They lassoed the horses in the center, and in a few moments a large space was cleared. Then at the edge of the cleared space, in different directions they formed a pile of grass and set fire to it, thus fighting fire with fire. For a moment the camp was almost concealed beneath a vault of fire and the smoke was so thick that the Indians could not see one another. Slowly, by degrees, the flames became less fierce, the air purer, the smoke dispersed, and to the wonderful relief of the white woman and to the joy of the Indians, the camp was saved. The Indians spent the night in camp, to allow the hot ground to cool so that it might be traveled over by people and horses, and the next day took their departure for a new camping ground.

CHAPTER XXXI.

NORTH DAKOTA BLIZZARDS

The early pioneers of North Dakota suffered a great deal from snowstorms, which raged with such a fury that one could not see two feet in front of him. They generally lasted two or three days, followed by a great cold wave. After a snowstorm the prairie looked like a sea whose waves were of greater or lesser size. A snowbank was often from fifteen to twenty feet high, and so strongly packed, that a man with horse and sleigh could go over it without breaking through the crust. A snowstorm usually came with such suddenness that no one had time to prepare for it. Nearly all the dwellings of the land were connected either with rope or wire from the house to the barn, by which the inhabitants could go to and fro in safety.

One graphic illustration which took place in the year of 1885, is that of a man near Fargo, who one day while doing his usual chores in the barn, was caught there in a snowstorm that suddenly came up, a snowstorm whose severity and cold made it one of the worst history can record. In spite of the short distance from the house he became lost while trying to reach it, and found himself tossed about in the bitter cold and unexpected fury of the storm. His cry of distress was heard by his wife in the house, where she sat wringing her hands in anxiety over his absence. As soon as she heard the cry, she went quickly out and answered it. He heard it, and following in the direction of her voice reached the house, and by her timely presence of mind, was saved from the cold and storm.

Among the blizzard experiences of pioneer days was one which occurred during the winter of 1880, in which Andrew Jensen and Mrs. Maren K. Andersen figured. It was on February 17, 1880, that he was taking her home from H. B. Strand's in Buffalo, N. Dak. The day had been fine, and they had left town about eleven o'clock in the evening, after the moon had set. They started on a bee-line for home, but the storm began before they had been long on the way, and by the time they reached Maple

A Typical North Dakota Blizzard

River, about a mile and a half north of Jensen's place and only a mile from C. Westergaard's they could go no farther.

The horses were unhitched, and in the meantime the people lost their bearings. The sled was turned over to shelter Mrs. Andersen, while Jensen trotted the horses around the sleigh to keep them and himself from freezing. The robe in which Mrs. Andersen had been tucked was torn away by the wind and blown into a hollow a quarter of a mile away. In order to save her hands from freezing, Mr. Jensen had to stop occasionally and rub them briskly.

Mrs. Andersen became seized with a violent shivering fit, which probably helped to save her from freezing, as she came out of her experience unscathed, while Andrew Jensen came out of the night's adventure with both feet partially frozen. A little before five o'clock in the morning the storm had cleared enough for them to see Christen Westergaard's house scarcely a mile away.

It was in January, 1870, that Henry Schmidt and his young wife, who were living on the bank of the Red River, in Richland County, together with the former's father-in-law, and brother-in-law, heard someone knocking on the door of their log cabin, at about 10 o'clock in the evening. Mr. Schmidt opened the door, and in staggered a stranger calling for Barney to go and save his partner. Barney was Mrs. Schmidt's brother, J. B. Weling. The stranger's actions seemed somewhat strange, and suggested someone under the influence of liquor. He wore a turban on his head of fox skin, with the tail as an ornament, and for a muffler wore a mink's skin around his neck. He was clad in a heavy coat called a pea jacket, buckskin pants with fringes at the sides, and the so-called snow pack, or she packs made of salt tanned hog's hide.

In surveying the caller closer, Schmidt noticed that the man was benumbed with the cold, and when he put his hands on the table to support himself, a sound was heard as if made with a stone. The man's hands were frozen to rocks, and his feet were ditto. At once a tub was filled with snow, ice, and water, and Schmidt and his wife busied themselves in trying to thaw the man's hands and feet.

When J. B. Weling appeared, having been aroused from his bed, he discovered that the man was James Downing, who with a partner had gone to the Twin lakes in the southwestern part of what is now Richland County, trapping during the winter, and having run out of provisions, had started with some of their

catch for Fort Abercrombie to replenish their larder, and were overtaken by the storm. Downing's partner was Ed. Powers, who not very long previous had been a soldier at Fort Abercrombie. His time having expired, he had been discharged, and had taken up the vocation of trapper.

From James Downing it was learned that his partner having become exhausted had given up the fight and charged his friend to get help if possible from Barney Weling, whom he knew must live not far away. Having learned this, Weling set out to get help with possibly a horse team. The only party in the neighborhood with a mule team refused to accompany Mr. Weling. The next best thing was to get an ox team. This was secured from Patrick Nolan, who also agreed to accompany Weling.

These two stout-hearted men left about midnight for the trail to the Twin lakes, or the trail to Fort Wadsworth, with the temperature about 40 below zero. About six miles from Schmidt's place they found the corpse of Ed. Powers, and returning home next day, reported the case to General Hunt, commandant of the fort, who sent out an ambulance and had the remains of Ed. Powers brought in and properly buried.

James Downing lost the biggest part of his feet, and some of his fingers, and later was able to walk about with the aid of crutches. In fact, six months later he was seen on the main street in McCauleyville, walking with the aid of crutches.

The following is an incident of Indian heroism: A small party of Sioux Indians consisting of two squaws, their two papooses, and an Indian escort, were on their way to the Reservation, near Rosebud, S. Dak., in a conveyance drawn by one horse. Toward evening they reached the boundary line of North and South Dakota, when their conveyance collapsed. The Indian got on his horse and rode for assistance. It was in the latter part of January, 1885, and though it had been a fair winter's day, suddenly a severe blizzard came up. The two squaws be-

gan to look about for shelter for themselves, but more especially for their papooses.

Now, an Indian is supposed to be able to find his way about in the dark, but even the original American gets lost occasionally. Half blinded by the furious blizzard, the two squaws lost their way. It was bitter cold, too cold even for the robust papooses. There was only one thing to be done, and the squaws did it heroically. They took off their blankets, and dressed and wrapped them about the papooses. The lee side of a shallow canyon gave them a slight protection from the whirling and falling snow.

In a story, the squaws would have been rescued just in the nick of time by the Indian brave; but this is no story. It is a tragic incident of life. The Indian brave did return, but he failed to find the squaws and the papooses. It was not until the following morning that a party of Indians set out to search for them, and finally discovered the squaws frozen to death. The papooses were sleeping warmly and comfortably in the clothing and blankets of their brave mothers.

No monument has been erected to commemorate the heroism of these two mothers. But a heroic action is never done in vain. The two papooses will always remember the sacrifice of their mothers; for there are numerous incidents in history which show that the Indian is grateful, and that he does not forget a kindness. The war-like deeds of the Indians have been amply recorded in our history, but what about the heroic domestic sacrifice and patience of the squaw? Her history is a sad one of continual slavery and immolation. Woman is the mother of man, and for that reason is honored, whether she be black, yellow, red, or white. This little story of maternal love and sacrifice is another beautiful touch of Nature that makes the whole world kin.

An incident of no little interest is the one in which John H. Movius figured, and came very near to losing his life. While a young lad of seventeen years living with his parents on a farm

in Whetstone, Minn., he and his brother Emil took the contract to carry mail from Big Stone City to the Sisseton Agency and to Watertown, both in Dakota Territory. On these trips they experienced considerable hardships, especially in the spring of 1881, when the snow was four feet on the level, and they were unable to get to Watertown for five weeks.

On this particular trip that we are about to relate, and which occurred in the year of 1877, John Movius started out alone to make the trip in the early part of March. Strapping the mail bag onto his horse, Prince, he started to lead the horse as the snow was too deep for the horse to carry the rider. After walking the first ten miles, he came to Milbank at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and from there he started for the next point, which was Brown Earth, at the foot of the Coteau Hills, which he reached by sundown.

Here he met Colonel Lamb from Watertown, who was waiting for the stage, and as there was no chance for him to get any conveyance, he started out with Movius, and they intended to make Potter post-office that evening, it being a distance of about eight miles. But while they were in the hills a blizzard overtook them, and in its raging fury they lost their way, missing the house by forty rods, and were obliged to stay all night on the prairie, where the wind howled madly about them, dashing the sleet into their faces, almost blinding them at times.

Being very tired, John Movius was overcome with drowsiness, and would lie down in the snow and actually go to sleep, but owing to the foresight of Col. Lamb, who kept continually arousing him and urging him on, he was able to come out of the blizzard without losing his life. At about 5 o'clock in the morning they finally came to a shack, but the man had no room for the horse, so they blanketed him and placed him between a haystack and an eight foot snowdrift, and themselves entered the single-board shack.

There was no fire, no bed to welcome them, so they had to sleep on the bare floor and nearly froze to death. The railroads had been blockaded all winter to Watertown, and no fuel was to be had, so the owner of the shack had to burn hay to cook his meals. In the morning they received a warm breakfast, and started off for Watertown which though only a distance of nine miles, they did not reach until late at night, and started again for home the next day.

On Christmas Eve, 1893, Rev. Svante Udden, a Swedish minister who did much missionary work among the early Swedish settlements, was being conveyed from the town of Hobart, where he had stayed with A. Wedin, to his next post, a matter of some eighteen miles, by a young man named Emil Djuberg.

As they drove on some distance, a snowstorm came up while they were yet far from their destination. The storm increased in all its violence; night came on; the drifts became high and deep, and the ponies were tired. In the blinding sleet of snow they lost their way. After having driven a while they came upon a hill, and here they paused to see where they might be. In the distance they espied a light which they thought might be a house. Rev. Udden could see the stars now and then through the whirling, blinding snow, and by their aid to steer the course, while Djuberg did his best to urge the tired horses on.

They drove for a long while, the storm continuing in maddening fury. Seeing no sign of a road they began to fear that they were lost for good, and began to discuss how they might preserve their lives until daylight. Then all of a sudden, they tipped over, team and all, and on trying to get up, they found they had landed on the barn roof of Djuberg's home.

Needless to say it did not take them long to get into the house, where they were joyfully received, and here they discovered that the light they had seen came from a lamp in the window, behind which a looking-glass was put to throw the light farther out.

Just below Bismarck, near the site of old Fort Lincoln, which was situated on a high bluff on the west side of the big Missouri River, and a couple of miles south of what is now Mandan, there is a sharp bend in the river. In the spring when the ice goes out into the big Missouri it comes down in huge blocks, some half a mile long, and getting caught in this bend it keeps cracking, and small pieces breaking off float down the river, but other chunks coming down the river fall on this mass in the bed and form an immense gorge. This very naturally backs the water up, so that it overflows to the foot of the railroad. This spring ice-breaking was looked upon as a dangerous thing by the people of Bismarck.

Eight or ten miles up the river was a large flat thickly settled with brush and timber, which made it a fine place to pass away the winter and to take care of the stock, as timber, fuel, and water were all at hand. This was on the east side of the Missouri, and the west side of the river were at that time Indians and wild animals.

In the early days this gorge would back the water all over the flat where the men herding the stock were living, so that in the spring the people of the flat had to move out of their houses, and live on their roofs. There a shelter was made by the use of blankets and poles, and in this the men lived, a very poor shelter against the cold. This spring ice-breaking generally lasted two days.

It was on April 1, 1877, that one of the most terrific blizzards raged on the big Missouri. This terrible blizzard lasted two days. At this particular time, two boys were out on the flat living on the roof. The inhabitants knew the boys were there and would not be prepared for the blizzard, and the fact caused a great deal of commotion, anxiety, and worry over the boys. One of the boys was a lad about 19 or 20 years, the nephew of the Smith brothers, well known settlers of that day. Young Reynolds had been sent to the flat against his will, by his stern

elder uncle Pat. He had come to Dakota lured by the call of the West. Carried away by the vivid enthusiasm of youth, he pictured a west where wonderful things were in the making, but he made the mistake of going to his uncle's home and expecting to materialize his dreams there. The younger brother Ed. Smith meant well, but the older, Pat, was stern and hard.

The town folks wanted to go to the boys' rescue, but the blizzard raged fiercely all day, and toward evening, instead of abating, it raged with a still mightier fury. The inhabitants knew the boys would suffer through the night and that their lives were in danger. So they got a team and sleigh, and eight of the bravest men were going to make a trip to rescue the boys. They got all the lanterns they could find. Some thought it would be impossible to find the way, but one of the party said he could find it. So they started out, and had gone one mile when they were compelled to turn back by the fierceness of the storm, and reconcile themselves to the destruction and fate of the boys.

Next morning the blizzard abated somewhat, so they started out again, and tried to devise some means of reaching the boys. They secured some lumber and started to build a rude boat by the river side. While they were at work, they caught sight of young Reynolds on the other side of the river. The young man, whom fright, exposure and hardship of his stay on the little roof must have unbalanced his mind, for as soon as he saw the men he started to come toward them over the mass of floating ice. The water being very deep and ice cold the men did not dare to swim to him, and the mass of floating ice was not strong enough to hold a man to walk over it.

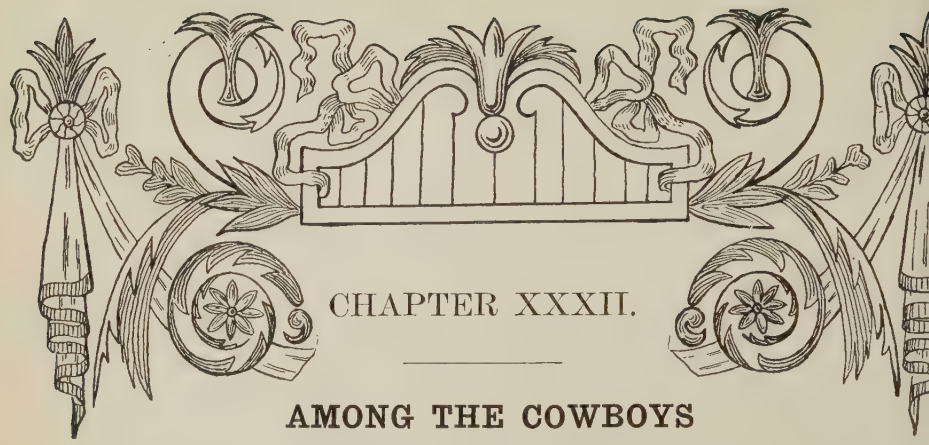
When the lad was within calling distance they shouted and motioned to him to go back. "Go back!" they cried out to him, "and wait, we'll come for you!" But the young man started to come across to them, breaking again and again into the ice water. The first few times he broke in, he managed to get on the ice

again, and started on. But each succeeding time his strength was giving away, and longer would he sit on the chunks of ice, his lower limbs in the ice cold water. That happened a few times, and a spectator said: "He will not come out very many more times!"

Finally he broke in again, and stayed for a few minutes, and each time he stayed longer in the hole when he broke in. When about half way across he broke in for the last time, managed to get in a sitting position on the ice, and then he laid down on the ice and died there before the eyes of the gathered crowd of men who were frantically bent on his rescue. The boat was rudely finished at last, and pushed and rowed by desperate men.

His uncle Ed. remained on the bank, looking intently at the mass of ice. When the men reached the still form of his nephew, he shouted: "Is he still alive?" The men silently shook their heads in the negative. At that the uncle jumped on his horse and went home to wait. He was never the same man again, and blamed himself for the boy's death, and took to drinking hard. However Pat, the older uncle, being a rough, hardened character was not much moved. The other young man was rescued by the party of men, and people said that young Reynolds could also have lived, had he been decently clad, but his poor threadbare garments were poor protection against the bitter cold.

Another man by the name of Crissy, about forty years of age, was also on the same flat with the boys. He had gone there to hunt, and was caught in the same storm. He climbed a tree to save his life, and as he was afraid of freezing and then falling off into the water, or that in case he fell the coyotes would get him, he took off his belt and strapped himself to the tree. When found, he was so badly frozen that both his feet had to be amputated, and he walked on crutches for the rest of his life. For many years afterwards he was a familiar figure in Bismarck, where he ran a little tobacco shop.



CHAPTER XXXII.

AMONG THE COWBOYS

MY PRAIRIES

I love my prairies, they are mine
From zenith to horizon line,
Clipping a world of sky and sod
Like the bended arm of the wrist of God,

I love their grasses. The skies
Are larger, and my restless eyes
Fasten on more of earth and air
Than seashores furnish anywhere.

I love the hazel thickets, and the breeze,
The never-resting prairie winds. The trees
That stand like spear points high
Against the dark blue sky,

Are wonderful to me. I love the gold
Of newly shaven stubble, rolled
A royal carpet, toward the sun, fit to be
The pathway of a deity.

I love the life of pasture lands; the songs of birds
Are not more thrilling to me than the herd's
Mad bellowing, or the shadow stride
Of mounted herdsmen at my side.

I love my prairies, they are mine
From high sun to horizon line.
The mountains and the cold gray sea
Are not for me, are naught to me.

—Hamlin Garland

Predominating in charm, and a strange fascination of the early romantic life in the West, stands out the day of the cowboy. These were days when the country was romantically wild, in a state of delightful semi-civilization, and abounded in cowboy legends—the day of the festive cowboy as he told tales of steer roping and broncho busting by the light of the camp fire, in his musical, low toned, southern drawl. Arrayed in leather or sheep fur chaps—though often they merely had their trousers tucked into the tops of their high boots—flannel shirt, jingling

Typical Cowboys: William Merrifield and Sylvane Ferris

spurs, high-heeled boots, a huge sombrero, and a gay colored handkerchief tied loosely around his neck, he would ride a distance of twenty miles to town, and trip the fantastic toe to the strains of a squeaking fiddle.

They were lean sinewy fellows, accustomed to riding half-broken horses at any speed, over any country, by day or by night. Their high animal spirits, uncurbed, by living in the open bracing atmosphere of the West, often gave way to the playing of many pranks, often of a good-natured, very humorous nature, and

at times again more or less serious. Especially in the spring at the general round-up in which each locality took part, there was a great deal of rough horseplay, and as with any gathering of men or boys of high animal spirits, the horseplay became very rough indeed. As the men usually carried revolvers, and as there were occasionally one or two noted gun-fighters among them, there was now and then a shooting affray. A man who was a coward, or who shirked his work had a bad time of course. A man could not afford to let himself be bullied or treated as a butt; and, on the other hand, if he was looking for a fight, he was certain to find it.

In those days on a cow ranch the men were apt to be away on various round-ups at least half the time. It was interesting and exciting work, except for the lack of sleep on the spring and summer round-ups, which were especially for the branding of calves. There was much hard work, and some risk on a round-up, but also much fun. The ponies were grass-fed and unshod, and each man had his string of nine or ten. One pony would be used for the morning work, one for the afternoon, and neither would again be used for the next three days. A separate pony was kept for night riding.

The meeting place was appointed beforehand, and all the ranchmen of the territory to be covered by the round-up sent their representatives. There were no fences in the West, and their places were taken by the cowboys and branding irons. The cattle wandered free. Each calf was branded with the brand of the cow it was following. Sometimes in winter there was what was called "line riding;" that is, camps were established and the line riders traveled a definite beat across the desolate waste of snow, to and fro, from one camp to another, to prevent the cattle from drifting. But as a rule nothing was done to keep the cattle in any one place.

In the spring at the general round-up of the localities, each

ranch, or outfit, took part in its own round-up, and all outfits of a given region combined to send representatives to the two or three round-ups that covered the neighborhood near by, into which the cattle might drift. For instance, the ranches on the Little Missouri would send representatives to the Yellowstone round-up, and to the round-up along the upper Little Missouri;

A Round-Up

and, moreover, if they believed that cattle had drifted perhaps towards the Indian reservation southeast of them, they would send a wagon and rider after them.

The meeting-place which might be in the valley of a half-dry stream, or in some broad bottom of the river itself, or perchance by a couple of ponds which under some queerly shaped butte that was a landmark for the region around, they would all gather on the appointed day. The chuck-wagons containing the bedding and food, each drawn by four horses and driven by the teamster cook, would come jolting and rattling over the uneven sward. Accompanying each wagon were eight or ten riders, the cowpunchers, while their horses, a band of a hundred or so,

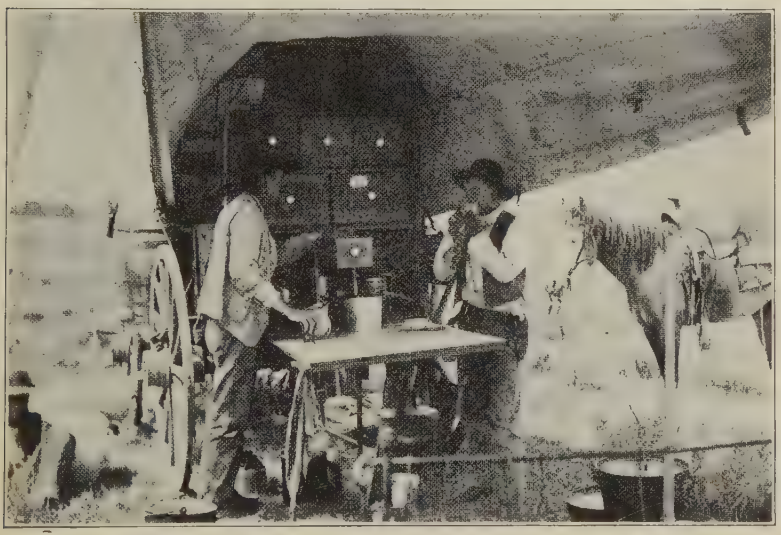
were driven by the two herders, one of whom was known as the day wrangler, and one as the night wrangler.

After partaking of supper, which consisted of bacon, Dutch oven bread, and possibly beef, the men would sit around relating experiences, some rolling up in their bedding, and others following suit at their pleasure. At about three o'clock in the morning, at a yell from the cook, all hands would turn out hurriedly. Dressing was a simple affair. Then each man rolled and corded his bedding—if he did not, the cook would leave it behind, and he would be without any for the rest of the trip—and came to the fire where he picked out a tin cup, tin plate, knife and fork, and helped himself to coffee and to whatever food there was and ate it standing or squatting as best suited him. Dawn would probably be breaking by this time, and the trampling of unshod hoofs showed that the night wrangler was bringing in the pony herd.

Two of the men would then run ropes from the wagon, at right angles to one another, and into this as a corral the horses would be driven. Each man might rope one of his own horses, or, more often, point it out to the skillful roper of the outfit, who would rope it for him; for if the man was an unskillful roper, and roped the wrong horse, there was a chance of the whole herd stampeding. Each man then saddled and bridled his own horse. This was usually followed by some resolute bucking on part of two or three of the horses, especially in the early days of the round-up. The bucking was always a source of amusement to those whose horses did not buck, and these fortunate ones would gather around giving ironical advice, and especially advising the rider to "go to leather," that is, not to steady himself in the saddle by catching hold of the saddle horn.

When the men had mounted, the whole outfit started out on the long morning circle. The ranch foreman of a given wagon was put in charge of the men, and after going some ten or fifteen

miles he would drop them in couples at different points. The duty of each couple was to make its way back toward the wagon, gathering all the cattle they could find. The morning's ride lasted some six or eight hours, and it was still longer before some of the men got in. Singly and in twos and threes they appeared from every quarter of the horizon, the dust rising from the hoofs of the steers and bulls, cows and calves, they had collected. Two or three of the men were left to take care of the herd, while the



Meal Time at the Cook's Wagon

others changed horses, ate a hasty dinner, and then went out to do the afternoon's work.

This consisted of each man in succession being sent into the herd, usually with a companion, to cut out the cows of his brand or brands, which were followed with unbranded calves, and also to cut out any mavericks or unbranded yearlings. They worked each animal gently to the edge of the herd, and then, with a sudden dash, took it off at a run. It was always desperately anxious to break back and rejoin the herd. There was much break-neck

galloping and twisting and turning before its desire was thwarted and it was driven to join the rest of the cut, that is, the animals which had been cut out, and which were being held by one or two other men. Cattle do not like to be left alone, and it was no easy matter to hold the first one or two that were cut out, but when they got a little herd of their own, they were contented.

When the cutting out was done, the calves were branded, and all misadventures of the "calf wrestlers," the men who seized them and held each calf when roped by the mounted roper, were hailed with yelling laughter. The animals, which for one reason or another it was desired to drive along with the round-up, were kept together and left in charge of a couple of night guards, and the rest of the men went back to the wagon for supper and bed. The night guards were assigned by the Captain of the wagon, or the round-up foreman, and left on two-hour guards at a time, when they were relieved by others. This continued from eight in the evening till four in the morning.

All of the men would then picket their night horse near the wagon, usually choosing the quietest animal in his string for that purpose, because to saddle and mount a mean horse at night was not pleasant. The loneliness under the vast empty sky, and the silence, in which the breathing of the cattle sounded loud, and the lert readiness to meet any emergency which might suddenly arise out of the dark night—as on rare occasions something happened to make the cattle stampede—all combined to give a sense of subdued interest.

If the cattle stampeded it was the duty of the riders to keep with them as long as possible and gradually to get control of them. But if things went well, the cattle would soon bed down, and nothing further would occur until morning, when there was a repetition of the work, the wagon moving each day eight or ten miles to some appointed camping place.

During the early eighties the Stockmen's Association of

Montana was a powerful body. The meetings were held in Miles City, at that time a typical cow town. Stockmen of all towns attended, including some of the biggest men in the stock business, such as Theodore Roosevelt, who went as a delegate from the Little Missouri; Conrad Kohrs, who was considered one of the finest types of plainsman in all the Rocky Mountain country; Granville Stuart, who was afterwards appointed minister to Argentine by President Cleveland; and "Hashknife" Simpson, a Texan who brought his cattle, the "Hashknife brand," up the trail into Dakota territory. He and Roosevelt became great friends.

At the stockmen's meetings at Miles City, in addition to the big stockmen, there were always hundreds of cowboys galloping up and down the dusty streets at every hour of the day and night. It was a picturesque sight during the three days the meetings lasted. There was always at least one big dance at the hotel. There were few dress suits, but there was perfect decorum at the dance, most of the men being very proficient in square dances. With such a crowd, sleeping accommodations of any sort were at a premium, and in the hotel there were two men in every bed. Oftentimes the room-mates did not know or even see each other, as one perhaps went to bed much earlier than the other, and the former got up much earlier than the other.

During the days that Theodore Roosevelt lived on the ranch, he usually spent most of the winters in the East, and when he returned in the early spring, was always interested in finding out what had happened while he was gone. On one occasion in his conversation with the Sheriff of Medora, "Hell Roaring" Bill Jones, and Sylvane Ferris, they had mentioned "the lunatic," and Roosevelt was curious what they meant, and so Sylvane Ferris began the story:

"Well, you see, he was on a train and he shot the newsboy. At first they weren't going to do anything to him, for they thought

he had it in for the newsboy, but then somebody said: 'Why he's plumb crazy, and he's liable to shoot any of us!' and then they threw him off the train. It was here in Medora, and they asked if anybody would take care of him, and Bill Jones said he would, because he was the sheriff and the jail had two rooms, and he was living in one and would put the lunatic in the other."

Here Bill Jones interrupted: "Yes, and more fool me! I wouldn't take charge of another lunatic if the whole county asked me. Why" (with the air of a man announcing an astounding discovery) "that lunatic didn't have his right senses. He wouldn't eat, till me and Snyder got him down on the shavings and *made* him eat." Snyder was a huge, happy-go-lucky, kind-hearted Pennsylvania Dutchman, and was Bill Jones' chief deputy at that time. Bill Jones continued: "You know, Snyder's soft-hearted, he is. Well, he'd think that lunatic looked peaked, and he'd take him for an airing. Then the boys would get joshing him as to how much start he could give him over the prairie and catch him again." Apparently the amount of the start given to the lunatic depended upon the amount of the bet to which the joshing led up.

Roosevelt asked Bill Jones what he would have done if Snyder hadn't caught the lunatic. This was evidently a new idea, and he replied that Snyder always did catch him. "Well, but suppose he hadn't caught him?" persisted the former. "Well," said Bill Jones, "if Snyder hadn't caught the lunatic, I'd have whaled the hell out of Snyder." Under these circumstances, Snyder ran his best and always did catch the lunatic. It must not be gathered from this that the lunatic was badly treated. He was well treated. He became greatly attached to both Bill Jones and Snyder, and he objected strongly, when, after the frontier theory of treatment of the insane had received a full trial, he was finally sent to the territorial capital.

It was merely that all the relations of life in that place and

day were so managed as to give ample opportunity for the expression of individuality, whether in sheriff or ranchman. The local practical joker once attempted to have some fun at the expense of the lunatic, and Bill Jones described the result: "You know Bixby, don't you? Well," with deep disapproval, "Bixby thinks he is funny, he does. He'd come and he'd wake that lunatic up at night, and I'd have to get up and soothe him. I fixed Bixby all right though. I fastened a rope on the latch, and the next time Bixby came, I let the lunatic out at him. He almost bit Bixby's nose off. I learned Bixby!"

On one occasion there was an election in Medora. There had been many threats that the party of disorder would import section hands from the neighboring railway stations to down the other side. Roosevelt did not reach Medora, the forlorn little cattle town and county seat, until after the election. He then asked one of his friends if there had been any disorder. Bill Jones was standing by. "Disorder, hell!" said the friend, "Bill Jones just stood there with his hand on his gun and pointing toward the new jail whenever any man who didn't have a right to vote came near the polls. There was only one of them who tried to vote, and Bill knocked him down. Lord!" added the friend, meditatively, "the way that man fell!" "Well," struck in Bill Jones, "if he hadn't fell, I'd have walked behind him to see what was propping him up."

Hell Roaring Bill Jones had been unconventional in other relations besides that of sheriff. He had served on the police force in Bismarck, and one day he and the Mayor had words. Bill pulled his gun. He was, as he said, too much of a gentleman to shoot the Mayor, so he batted him over the head with the butt end of the pistol. That ended the argument. "The Mayor he didn't mind it," said Bill, "but the Superintendent of Police said he guessed I'd better resign." His feeling obviously was that the

Superintendent of Police was a martinet, unfit to take larger views of life. So Bill passed in the badge and came to Medora.

One day Tom Stack and his lady friends at the Blue Goose dance hall, gave a party to which they invited the Roosevelt outfit and their friends. All came to a man except the padrone, who remained on the ranch, and incidentally saw to it that there was plenty of iodine and like healing ointments on hand. Unfortunately the cowboy guests insisted on bringing their ponies to the party, and the ball-room became uncomfortably crowded. Accidentally touching his thigh against a red-hot stove, a little roan ridden by the boy day wrangler lashed out with both feet, overturning the stove and incidentally setting the place on fire. In spite of heroic efforts on part of the cowboy guests to beat out the flames with sage brush, the palace of mirth and revelry was wholly destroyed.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

NOTED INDIANS

SAKAKAWEA: THE BIRD-WOMAN

When North Dakota honored the memory of Sakakawea, through the interest of the Federated Club Women of the State, by the erection of a bronze statue on the Capitol grounds in 1910, the work of Leonard Crunelle of Chicago, this Bird-Woman had more statues than has ever fallen to the lot of any squaw, not excepting Pocahontas. At the Lewis and Clark Exposition held at Portland, Oregon, in 1905, the memory of this Indian was duly honored by the unveiling of a statue of Sakakawea and her baby. When the exposition was first suggested, the part played by Sakakawea in the overland expedition of the white men aroused keen interest among the women of the United States.

It was proposed by the women of Oregon to erect some memorial to the only woman of that expedition, so Miss Alice Cooper, a Denver sculptor, evolved a work that has been pronounced a masterpiece, and that awakens the admiration of thousands of tourists that visit Portland. The squaw, with a papoose clinging on her back, is seen pointing at some distant object, just as the Lewis and Clark Journals describe the way in which she pointed out many a mountain pass that made travel easy for the explorers.

There has been a difference of opinion in regard to the spelling of her name, but "Sakakawea" is the authentic, correct way.

It is derived from the Indian "Tsa-ka-ka-wea-sh," the words for "bird" and "woman." Spelling it Sacajawea, as it is found in many books, is incorrect, as the meaning of this word in Shoshone, is "Boat Launcher," and has nothing to do with Sakakawea, the Bird-Woman.

Sakakawea had a most romantic experience, which appears in fragmentary chapters in the Journals of Lewis and Clark. By birth she was a Shoshone or Snake Indian of Wyoming, and the daughter of a chief. When eleven years of age she was captured by a band of raiding Minatarees in one of the battles with her tribe, and had been sold to Toussaint Charboneau, a French trader, who lived with the Gros Ventres at the Mandan villages, and who later made her his wife. She was reared by the Gros Ventres, wearing their costume, and it was they who named her Tsa-ka-ka-wea-sh (Tsa-ka-ka, signifies bird; wea: woman; and sh: the) owing to the fact that she sang as merrily as a bird. Sakakawea was uncommonly comely.

When the Lewis and Clark expedition reached the camps of the Mandans, Sakakawea gladly welcomed the news when her husband told her that they would go west with the expedition, for she had a secret hope that she might see her own people again. Strapping her eight-weeks-old baby to her back, she made ready to accompany her husband. So far as is known she was the first Indian converted to the Christian religion west of the Missouri river, and the first pioneer mother to cross the Rocky Mountains and carry her babe into the Oregon country. While she crooned to her chubby, brown baby during the long winter, a new light would come into her eyes at the thought of her far away home.

On the way she made and mended the moccasins of the explorers, taught them the Indian methods of hunting bear, told them how to make carriages for transporting the boats around Great Falls, Mont., showed them how to find artichokes stored by the gophers, and warned them against the water they must

Sakakawea, the Bird Woman

not drink. She found eggs of wild fowl, and berries, and made ointment to cure sores and insect bites, and when her husband no longer knew the country, she became guide, interpreter, and protector. She protected the party by her presence from hostile Indians, who when they saw her and the baby with the men, knew it was not a war party, for squaws do not go to war. She secured food for them and horses, saved their Journals and valuable papers at the risk of her life when their boat capsized, and was the only one of the party who received no pecuniary reward for her services. The journey along the Missouri was very fatiguing to Sakakawea, but she bore it with marvelous fortitude. Once taken suddenly sick her life for a time was despaired of, and the expedition halted; but owing to the fortunate discovery of a hot sulphur spring, whose water cured her, they were soon able to continue their journey up the Missouri.

Time and again the Journals pay tribute to her wonderful memory. As a child she had wandered over much of the wilderness which was then unknown by the white men; and she seemed to remember every trail, every pass, every landmark in the wild country through which the expedition traveled. More than once the party would have halted by apparently impassible barriers, but always Sakakawea came to the rescue and pointed some pass through which she had traveled in childhood.

Along the roads were also some appearances of old buffalo paths and some old heads of buffaloes, and as these animals have wonderful sagacity in the choice of their routes, the coincidence of a buffalo with an Indian road was the strongest assurance that it was best. On one afternoon they passed along the hillside of a creek in Wyoming, until in the course of six miles they entered an extensive level plain. Here the tracks of Indians scattered so, that they could no longer recognize them, but Sakakawea recognized the plains immediately. She had traveled it often in her childhood, and informed the expedition that it was the

great resort of the Shoshones who came there for the purpose of gathering quamish and cows, and taking beaver; and that the grade track was a branch of the Wisdom River, and that on reaching the higher part of the plain they would see a gap in the mountain, on the course to their canoes, and from that gap a high point of mountain covered with snow, and they found she was correct in every instance. Struggling over mountain passes and shooting rapids in frail canoes, the party was always accompanied by Sakakawea.

Sakakawea's meeting with her own people was an occasion of great joy to her. One morning at 7 o'clock Captain Clark with Charboneau and his wife walked on shore, but they had not gone a mile before the Captain saw Sakakawea, who was with her husband about 100 yards ahead, begin to dance and show every mark of the most extravagant joy, turning around and pointing to several Indians whom he now saw advancing on horseback, sucking her fingers at the same time to show that they were of her native tribe. They soon drew near the camp and just as they approached a woman made her way past the crowd to Sakakawea and, recognizing each other, they embraced one another with the most tender affection. The meeting of these two young women had in it something peculiarly touching, not only in the ardent manner in which their feelings were expressed, but from the real interest of the situation. They had been companions in childhood in the same battle with the Minatarees, and both had been taken prisoners; they shared the same rigors of captivity until one escaped from the Minatarees with scarce a hope of ever seeing her friend released from the hand of her enemies.

After a conference with the chief, Sakakawea was sent for to act as interpreter. She came into the tent and sat down and was beginning to interpret, when in the person of Chief Chinnewait, she recognized her brother. She instantly jumped up and ran and embraced him, throwing her blanket over him, and weep-

ing profusely. The Chief himself was moved, though not to the same degree. After some conversation she resumed her seat to act as interpreter, but her new situation overpowered her, and she was frequently interrupted by her tears. After the council had finished, the unfortunate woman learned that all her family was dead except two brothers, one of whom was absent, and a son of her elder sister, whom she immediately adopted.

Captains Lewis and Clark paid high tribute to the Shoshones as a nation in their "Journal." This powerful tribe, whose friendliness they especially desired, might not have been so friendly and favorably disposed toward the expedition, had it not been for the young Shoshone woman who accompanied them. But her services as an interpreter was only a small part of the services this remarkable woman rendered Lewis and Clark.

It was through her influence that the Shoshone Indians equipped the expedition with food and necessities, and escorted Captains Lewis and Clark across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, for the latter did not know the way, which was very dangerous. One day Sakakawea overheard the Indian guides talking among themselves of taking the horses and food and deserting the white men and going back, saying they did not want to cross the mountains. She told this to Captain Lewis who adroitly reminded them of their promise, saying he also would keep his, and send them the goods they had wished. The Indians acquiesced, and resumed the journey across the Rockies. Had it not been for Sakakawea, the Indians would have deserted that night, and the white men would have been left in the Rockies with no horses, and no way of getting food.

In December 1805, the expedition reached the end of the journey and saw to their great joy the mighty Pacific Ocean, and in March 1806, they started on their way back, reaching the villages of the Mandans in August. Charboneau refused the Captains' invitation to accompany them east, saying he preferred

to remain with the Mandans. He was paid $500 for his services as interpreter, but no record is made of paying Sakakawea, who remained with the Mandans until after the smallpox epidemic in 1837. Then she returned to her own tribe, and remained among her own people to the last, on the plains watered by the Wind River, in Wyoming. Here the faithful Bird-Woman died April 8, 1884, at the home of her adopted son Bazil. She was then one hundred years old, blind and deaf. Her son, Baptiste, born in

Indian Custom of Burial

North Dakota, was educated by General William Clark at St. Louis, where he remained until 1820, later acting as a guide and interpreter to the white men going west.

Sakakawea was buried not far from Washakie, the present agency of the Shoshone tribe, in Wyoming. She was not buried on a scaffold according to the Indian custom, but was given a Christian burial by her husband, Charboneau, and the pile of rocks over her grave kept off the coyotes and wolves that infested the plains burying grounds. In 1907, the state of Wyoming erected a monument to mark her last resting place.

CHIEF JOHN GRASS

In his prime, John Grass, whose early name was "Jumping Bear," was known as the Daniel Webster of the Sioux. He spoke all the tribal languages, and was the the greatest interpreter of the Indian sign language, which is universal among the dark-skinned races. In his early days he was one of the chief advisers of Sitting Bull in their councils of war. He was a natural conciliator. He smoothed over the political jealousies, brought together the best equipped and strongest army ever known in America. This army consisted of 7,000 warriors and was equipped with modern guns both for infantry and cavalry.

In the midst of Indian warfare of Dakota's early days, one of Cupid's arrows went astray and pierced the heart of John Grass; and this early affection of his for a white woman captive had the effect of changing our state's history and his attitude toward the "palefaces." The old love affair was staged in 1864, when General Alfred Sully made a military expedition from Fort Rice to the Yellowstone, conveying across the Sioux country citizens bound for the gold fields of Idaho. While on this expedition, the battle of Killdeer, at Killdeer Mountain, on the present site of the Diamond C ranch, and the battle of the Bad Lands—just east of Sentinel Butte—were fought.

At this time the Sioux held Mrs. Fannie Kelly, a white woman, as a captive. This fact was known to General Sully but he was unable to get her release. Mrs. Kelly was with the band of Sioux that attacked Captain James Fisk near Ives, between Rhame and Marmarth. Jumping Bear—later John Grass—became enamored with Mrs. Kelly, who was then a young woman of nineteen. Mrs. Kelly contrived a scheme to get her release by an apparent requital of Jumping Bear's affection.

After numerous wanderings they went to the Black Hills in the latter part of November of 1864. Mrs. Kelly then induced Jumping Bear to carry a letter to Fort Sully, on the Missouri

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Chief John Grass

River in South Dakota. Jumping Bear did not know of the contents of the letter, and left secretly on a promise of Mrs. Kelly that she would become his wife on fulfilling his mission.

The letter warned the commander of the fort that an expedition was being planned on a pretext of delivering her to them, but in fact a massacre of soldiers was intended. True to his word Jumping Bear made the 200 mile journey in the cold weather the first part of December, and delivered Mrs. Kelly's letter, and received from the commander of the fort some presents in return, and a letter to be delivered to Mrs. Kelly. A few days later the Sioux band decided to start for Fort Sully, not cognizant of the fact that Jumping Bear had previously set out secretly with Mrs. Kelly's letter.

Jumping Bear started back, joyful in his belief that he could soon claim Mrs. Kelly for his wife. The Sioux band and Jumping Bear did not meet on the way. To make a long story short, the soldiers being on their guard a massacre was prevented, and Mrs. Kelly was rescued at Fort Sully, where two months later she was joined by her husband, and together they left for their former home in Geneva, Kansas. Our old Chief John Grass was then a young man of twenty-five, and it is believed that his youthful affection for Mrs. Kelly was the cause of his true friendship for the Whites during his long and useful career; during which time his reputation as an orator and lawgiver among his people was widespread.

John Grass, Chief of all the Sioux, and the last of the great chiefs of the Teton Dacotahs, died at the Standing Rock Reservation May 14, 1918. He was a progressive Indian leader, popular with the Indians, and for many years had enjoyed the respect and confidence of the Whites. He advised the Indians to "get wisdom" and receive the white man's education, and learn to till the soil and become good farmers and citizens, as he felt that it was only a question of time when their allotments would be cut off

by the government. His teachings had marked influence for good among his people, and much of their progress can be attributed to the counsel and wisdom of the old chieftain.

Grass came to understand that it was suicidal for the Indians to fight the government, and therefore he counseled his people in the ways of peace. He was a strong supporter of the Allies in the World War, and to the last urged his young men to enlist. Hundreds of Indians acted upon his advice, and joined the American Army. His adopted son, Major Welch, was at the front in France. John Grass' spirit seemed to be hovering among his boys in France, and his heart would have truly rejoiced at the spirit and bravery they displayed.

CHIEF GALL

Chief Gall, the greatest of Sioux War Chiefs in modern times, and the master mind that led the Indians to victory in the Custer fight, June 25, 1876, belonged to the Unkpapa tribe of the Sioux nation, and was as fine a specimen of an Indian as ever dignified an Indian council. He had the presence and bearing of a Roman statesman, with the physical stature and proportions of a gladiator. He was broad-shouldered and ponderous, and carried his head with all the hauteur of an offended king, while the ease and dignity of manner as he approached one and offered his hand would do credit to the most courtly.

In the year of 1868, while with a small party of Indians, who had formed an attack on the poorly garrisoned post of Fort Buford, Gall sustained a wound the marks of which he carried to his grave, and which was said to have been the cause of the rancorous hatred he manifested toward the Whites. The savages were repulsed in the attack and the soldiers started in pursuit of the fleeing Indians. A bullet grazing his skull knocked Gall down, and a soldier coming up he feigned death. The soldier thinking it could do no harm to "kill an Indian deader," drove his bayonet

through the Sioux's chest, actually pinning him to the earth.

With incredible hardihood, Gall dragged himself to a waterhole, plugged the hole in his chest with a bit of deerskin, and crawled away on the trail of his friends. He was a long time in recovering, but the bayonet had not touched a vital spot, though it went clear through his body. He boasted that he took some scalps in retaliation, though he never got that particular soldier.

A year later, Gall was acquiring the reputation of being an intrepid leader, with such capacity in the direction of strategic warfare as would have made him a great general had he been a white man. After the battle of Little Big Horn, in which Gall was one of the leading figures, he escaped with Sitting Bull into Canada, remaining there until early in 1879. Then Gall returned to fight, while Sitting Bull, true to his character, sneaked in to surrender because he was hungry and in rags.

In the winter of 1880, Chief Gall and his band of Indians were camped near Poplar River, Mont. Chief Crow King, Low Dog, and other Indian chiefs with their bands were there also. A part of General Miles' regiment, the Fifth Infantry, mounted on Chief Joseph's ponies, were ordered from Fort Keogh, and part of that grand old regiment, the Seventh Cavalry, were ordered from Fort Buford to join the Fifth Infantry and proceed to Poplar River. The expedition was in command of Major Ilges and he was ordered to arrest or capture Chief Gall and his followers.

Upon his arrival at Poplar River, Major Ilges made his presence and errand known to the Indians. The chiefs held a council with the officers and the Major advised them to surrender. But Gall was made of no common clay. He told Major Ilges that he would fight and die before he would lay down his arms. The Major gave him a certain number of hours to consider the matter.

Gall was very loyal to his friends, and late that night he awoke and notified a Mr. Henderson, a storekeeper, of the situa-

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Chief Gall, the Hostile
(Taken shortly after his capture in 1880)

tion, advising him to depart. Henderson was regarded by the Indians as their friend. Gall told the white trader that he was afraid he might be killed during the fight, which was sure to take place the following day.

The fight occurred the next day and the Indians were routed by a Gatling gun. They were also greatly discouraged by lack of provisions and scarcity of clothing to protect them from the searching cold. The Indians returned the fire of the soldiers with spirit until the Gatling gun was turned upon them, when they ceased firing and a flag of truce fluttered. Shortly after, Chief Gall, Crow King, and Low Dog and other recognized leaders came forward and said they would surrender for their people were suffering from hunger and cold. The Indians were taken to Fort Buford as prisoners of war, and on the long march suffered much, for they were poorly clad and the winter was severe and the snow deep.

Sometime later, Gall was brought down to Fort Yates and lived there to the end, being a great help to Major McLaughlin in establishing the new order of things on the Standing Rock Agency. Touching was Gall's first meeting with his mother on his return from Canada, who, crying with joy at seeing him again, prostrated herself before him, embracing his feet, but Gall did not betray his real feelings before spectators, instead he drew himself up in his dignity and walked away, as if saying: "Woman what art thou to me?" although he himself was greatly touched by their meeting.

Not even so mighty a warrior as Gall escaped the wiles of Cupid. It was in 1885, after he had passed his prime, that he fell in love. Gall was at that time the finest-looking Indian to be seen, the pride he felt in his chieftaincy and his prowess as a warrior showing in his very attitude. It was at Standing Rock Reservation, where he had lived since 1881, that one morning he sought a private interview at the Agency with James McLaugh-

lin, who presided there as agent. Major McLaughlin noticed that he was very mysterious that particular morning. His usual impressive carelessness of surroundings seemed to have deserted him and he looked about to see if he and McLaughlin were alone, and having satisfied himself, said:

"Father I have come to have a talk. When you came here, we agreed, you and I, that I should come and talk straight when I wanted advice and that we were to be friends."

McLaughlin expressed his approbation in the all-embracing Indian word of: "How!"

"How!" rejoined Gall, then he continued: "I have been your friend; you are my friend. I told you that I would give up the customs of my people and live as white men do, as nearly as I could. Have I done that?"

McLaughlin assured him that he had been all he could ask, that he was perfectly content with him. And Gall went on:

"Father, I have changed my habits; I follow the footsteps of the white man, for I know he is wiser than I am and that the Indian way is no longer the way to go. But my friend, I cannot change my heart. We can catch a bird, but we cannot change its tune. My heart is good, but it is sad, for I am in love."

And the magnificent Gall, the big warrior, who had been ruthless in warfare, cold and haughty in his bearing at all times, that same Gall blushed as he said the last words, but he looked McLaughlin straight in the eye. And he had reason to blush, for he knew that the other was thinking of Gall's elder wife. Five years before, it would not have been necessary for Gall to seek advice from any man as to what he should do if he wanted a woman for his wife. It would have made no difference if he had one or more wives. But since his capture, Gall had accepted the white man's way, and abide by the white man's word he would.

"I know it is not right," continued Gall, "for I have said I will be as the white man, and what Pizi (Gall) says, he will do.

But I have thought much about this. I have a wife. If I had not given word to you I might take another. The woman I love lives in the lodge of another, but I know she loves me and would come to me. You are my friend and I have given you my word. Will you give me back my word? My heart is very sad."

And McLaughlin talked to Gall in a manner that the man who had led the Indian soldiers at the Battle of the Little Big Horn, would expect him to talk. With deep earnestness he pointed out to him that one of the important things in the turning of an Indian into a white man, was the taking of a single wife; how the white man had become great by making marriage a solemn and sacred thing, to which only two people could become parties. He pointed out how necessary it was that the big men of Gall's tribe accept the custom of the white man, in order that others follow their example. That in order to accomplish great things men must make sacrifices, and how these sacrifices would be appreciated by the Great Father.

Gall then made McLaughlin a speech and pointed out that he knew it was in the power of the agent to divorce people. He said his wife was old and he wanted but one—the one he didn't have. But McLaughlin refused to interfere, telling Gall that he wanted him for a friend, but making it clear that he must abide by the white man's rule, that divorces were granted only where an Indian had more than one wife, and wanted to put the rest away and make other provisions for them.

And Gall pondered a moment, the heaving bosom alone telling of the conflict within, then drawing himself up proudly, in all his magnificent austerity, he said:

"I have promised to go the white man's way, and I stand by my word. But I might not have promised if I thought my heart would sing again at the coming of a woman. I will pay the price of being as white men are!" And shaking McLaughlin's hand, he proudly walked out of the room.

When in 1899, Mrs. Francis Hollis was compiling her book: "Our Legacy from the Dacotas," she sought an interview at Standing Rock Agency with Chief Gall and tried to get him to relate some of his experiences in the battle of the Little Big Horn, but he replied with all the grandeur and hauteur of a king: "Nine years ago I surrendered to the United States Government, and since then I have tried to obey the Whites, and do as well as I know how. I then put the past behind me, and I want to leave it there!" And nothing, not even an offer of money would induce him to talk.

On the 10th anniversary of the Custer fight, the famous battlefield was visited by the officers of Reno's and Benteen's commands, and Chief Gall was taken along to tell about the battle. Curley the Crow Scout was there also. The moment Gall caught sight of him, his eyes flashed in a glitter of anger and scorn and he turned his back on Curley. Then in the flash of a lightning he suddenly whirled around and pointing his finger at the latter burst forth vehemently: "If you had not crawled through the grass like a snake, you would not be here today!" The cowed Curley assented by simply saying "Yes," and kept very quiet. Gall, that grand old Sioux Chief was worked up to a pitch, and it would not have taken much to have started trouble. When Chief Gall was asked: "Were the soldiers brave?" and "Did they fight hard?" he answered: "I never saw men fight so hard. They got down on their knees and fought until they fell under our bullets. Too many Indians—not many soldiers."

Though Gall by birth was heir to no particular honors, he made himself the Chief of the Northern Tetons, and became one of their ablest leaders. He had the courage and dash of a born cavalry leader, and possessed that nobility which romance was wont to endow the Red man. He was as outspoken as Sitting Bull was secretive. Chief Gall died at Standing Rock Agency in December, 1894.

The accompanying photograph of Chief Gall, is a great picture of the greatest Indian chief that the West has ever known. This, and the bust picture of him, used to illustrate chaper: "The Battle of Little Big Horn," are declared by Prof. Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago, who is an Anthropologist and considered one of the greatest in his line, to be the greatest study of any two photos of Indians that he knows of. The one shows the savage, and the other the marks of cultivation and civilization. The latter was taken in after years, when Gall had been subdued and had become in a measure reconciled to civilization, but the one herewith presented was taken of him when a prisoner of war, just after his capture.

SITTING BULL

Sitting Bull, the Sioux Indian Chief, was born on Willow creek, in Dakota, in about 1837, and was a youth with more cunning than soldierly instinct—a strange combination of fanatic and savage, and in his later years was deemed something of a bluff and a coward by his tribe. He was the son of Jumping Bull, and the nephew of Four Horns, and Hunting-His-Lodge, all Sioux chiefs. He was at first named "The Sacred Stand," but at the age of 14 years, having killed and scalped his first enemy, his name was changed to Sitting Bull. As a young man he showed enmity towards the Whites and was repudiated by the more peaceful members of his tribe. During the Civil War he led in the massacre of the Whites in Iowa and Minnesota, and in 1864 was driven into the Big Horn country and to the Yellowstone by the United States troops.

In 1866 he made a pretense of treating with the government, but the next year was again on the war path; and until 1876, was continually engaged in warfare with the Whites or friendly Indians. That year his band exterminated the force commanded by Gen. Custer sent against them on the Little Big Horn.

Sitting Bull himself did not take actual part in the battle

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Chief Sitting Bull

of Little Big Horn, though he was near by. The real leaders were Crow King, Gall, and Crazy Horse. The Indians themselves esteemed him something of a coward, though they feared his powers as a medicine man. During the battle, the renowned Sitting Bull was "making medicine" in the village, and afterwards of course declared the Indian victory to be due solely to the strength of his necromancy. As usual the superstitious savages believed him, and his prestige received a corresponding increase.

After the massacre he escaped with his followers into Canada and there he remained until 1879, when to end a precarious existence he accepted the amnesty promised by General Miles and returned to the United States territory. Sitting Bull made his way down to Fort Buford and surrendered with a handful of his followers, mostly old men and women. He was taken a prisoner to Fort Randall where he remained for two years, when he was sent to Standing Rock Agency. There he was crushed into submission by Major McLaughlin who told him that his days of chieftaincy were over, and that he might eat if he worked. He went to work and might have developed into a tractable Indian, but for the fact that the government made the mistake of loaning him for exhibition purposes. His vanity was so much flattered that he was difficult to handle on his return to the agency. He became morose, and was in a state of mind to cause trouble through the outbreak of the Messiah Craze in 1890.

During the Messiah Craze his influence was considered dangerous, and his arrest was ordered. This remarkable development of religious fanaticism showed the Sioux in an entirely new aspect. Briefly, it consisted in the growth of a cult that came into being as the result of a story of revelation told by a Nevada Piute Indian, named Wovoka. He claimed to have been transplanted into heaven and there saw God, and was told to carry to his people the message that they must work and act conscientiously and be at peace with the Whites. A religious dance was

prescribed. Wovoka claimed to have been given power over the elements, and having performed certain successful demonstrations he came to be regarded as a prophet.

The story traveled with much speed and reached the Sioux country. The original revelation by Wovoka had been cunningly elaborated by Kicking Bear, so that it appealed to the worst forms of savage superstition. He claimed to have been taken up through a hole in the sky by a man whom he described as Christ, an Indian who had been crucified by the Whites. He had been told to go and tell his people to make ready for the destruction of the Whites, and the coming of the Red Messiah who would reign over a world peopled with Indians, and teeming with game in the midst of a delightful country. He preached the doctrine of resistance, telling his people that they must indulge in sacrificial dances and that if the Whites interfered with them, the bullets of the soldiers would be ineffective, while theirs would kill. That in the following spring the Whites would be submerged in a sea of mud, but the Indians by the virtue of their dances would remain on top of the mud, which would then be made solid, covered with trees and grasses, and made pleasant for the Indians by the presence of buffalo.

This preachment appealed to Sitting Bull. It may be that the old chief made so much medicine that he came to believe in it. At any rate it was a pleasant religious scheme for a man who hated the Whites with the bitterness that filled the heart of Sitting Bull. He was then living at his camp on the Grand River, S. Dak., where he had a couple of houses with stable and corral. And he went with enthusiasm into the dancing.

This Ghost-dancing, as it came to be called, was in itself an inspiration producing the exultation of religious ecstacy. It began by taking a steam bath. Sweat lodges were built; low structures of willow covered with robes and made air tight. The dancers would crowd into the lodge, then the medicine man on

the outside would thrust in stones that had been heated red hot. Water was then poured over the stones, after the aperture had been closed, and a very snug Turkish bath was the result. After the Indians had been steamed to the cooking point, they would come out, dress in some sort, and join hands and start in a circling dance, which became a frenzied whirling. This was kept up until the participants fell out of the circle, fainting, or screaming in a delirium.

This mild pastime was kept up by Sitting Bull for some six weeks, when the state of the Indians became such that Major McLaughlin saw in it a menace to the peace of the reservation. Sitting Bull did not have a very large following, but all the Indians were more or less affected by this craze. The government became impressed by the situation, and in November put troops into the country where the dancing was going on to protect North Dakota with its thousands of unprotected citizens, who would be at the mercy of a vagrant band looking for an opportunity to exploit their queer belief at the expense of the Whites, who would be disarmed according to the promise of the cult.

Major McLaughlin, watching Sitting Bull through the eyes of his Indian police, saw that the time was approaching when he must be arrested. An order was issued that the military and Indian police jointly carry out the arrest. In an attempt to carry out this order on December 15, 1890, Sitting Bull together with his son, and several chiefs and members of the Indian police were killed. A few of Sitting Bull's followers got away and took part in the battle of Wounded Knee on December 29, 1890.

Following Sitting Bull's death, the Indians had remained very much excited. There were about 3,000 soldiers in the country. It was thought that the end of the trouble could be brought about by the disarming of Big Foot's band, most of them from the Cheyenne reservation. While the tepees were being searched for arms by the soldiers, a fanatical youth, Black Fox, shot a

soldier. Instantly there was a fight, and a battery of Hotchkiss guns, stationed a short distance away, opened upon the camp. The slaughter was sickening, the machine gun shells mowing down the women and children in scores. It lasted only a few minutes, but when it was over, two hundred Indians, mostly women and children, and sixty soldiers lay dead on the field.

This bloody battle, if that could be called a battle which was in the nature of a slaughter precipitated by the ignorance of white men trying to handle frightened and obstinate Sioux, was called the battle of Wounded Knee, and was the closing chapter in the book of the militant Sioux. The old chiefs were all dead. Sitting Bull, Spotted Tail, and Crazy Horse all died violent deaths. Gall, Rain-in-the-Face, and Red Cloud, went out in the midst of the peace they so long fought against. And the sons of the men who fought Custer to death on the Little Big Horn became farmers on their allotments in the country where their fathers hunted the buffalo some thirty years ago.

CROW KING

In the early days of his manhood, long before he became a chief, in the days when Gall, Sitting Bull, and he were all young men, before they all wrote their names in flaming red on the prairies of Dakota, Crow King saw Red Bird, and his heart went out to the beautiful dusky maiden and he desired her for a wife, to live by his side, and to follow him when his people took the trail to hunt game in the valleys between the Missouri River and the great hills to the west. And Red Bird was quite willing to leave her father's lodge and follow Crow King, who even as a young man gave promise of being rich in those attributes which once made all there was for manhood in the eyes of a Sioux maiden. But she would not share the tepee of Crow King with any other woman, and promised to come to him only when she felt sure that she alone held place in his heart.

However, things came to a climax when the Indian band was about to move west on a journey that might be beset with perils, and the medicine men had ordered a great sun dance to placate the Great Spirit, and Crow King with other young men had offered himself in sacrifice. With prayers and offerings the medicine men cut gashes in the breasts and shoulders of Crow King, and they picked up with cruel knives the hard muscles under the red skin, thrusting strong skewer sticks beneath them, and to these they attached the lariat, which they fastened to poles, and thus Crow King hung suspended, only his toes touching the ground. And there he danced and whistled that the people who sat in a great circle about the medicine lodge might know his great courage and his total disregard of suffering.

For a whole day Crow King hung suspended under the broiling sun, his disdain of suffering making the old men remark: "There is a man!" while the maidens admired in secret, and one of them wept and hoped that the dance might be over. Finally the muscles were broken by the motions of the dancer and Crow King fell out of the circle, his courage attested. Then the medicine men rubbed a handful of earth into the gaping wounds of his breast and back, and Crow King went to feast, accepting from the hands of Red Bird the water and food for which he was craving. The result was that they were plighted and wed, Crow King taking his choicest horses and leaving them behind at the lodge of Red Bird's father, and taking away his bride clad in the beautifully beaded bridal robe made by her grandmother.

For five years Crow King and Red Bird lived happily as man and wife, and Red Bird was envied by the women whose husbands regarded them lightly, even as Crow King was envied by the men over whom he now ruled as Chief by virtue of his skill in warfare and his prowess in the chase. Then came a day when the Crows and the Unkpapas engaged in a severe battle in which Crow King was badly wounded, the arrow passing through his

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Chief Crow King

body and he felt blood in his lungs. He was marked for death and according to Indian custom, left to die on the plains. For several nights he lay there waiting for death which he did not fear, but sorrowing that he would not see Red Bird again.

Then a vision came to him of a ghost who told him that he might yet live long among his people if he would vow that he would for one day forget his pride and place as a warrior, and be as a dog and go on all fours about the camp of his people and take Red Bird with him. For many nights he would not make the vow and dragged himself to water and drank and did not die. But one night the ghosts about him were so thick that he made the vow.

Crow King claimed that the ghosts then gave him strength to climb his horse which had been left by his tribe, and almost starved and near dying he came to his village, where the people took him for the ghost of Crow King and fled before him, but Red Bird took him to her lodge of mourning and devoted herself to nursing him back to health. When he told her of the vow he had made, she wept in the darkened lodge, but in her fear that Crow King might die, she promised to go with him, though she realized that it meant disgrace to her among the women of the lodge, who would point a finger of scorn at her.

One morning when the dogs of the village were reconnoitering in the outer lodges, there appeared among them Crow King and Red Bird, going about on all fours and eating the scraps that were thrown the dogs, amid the jeering of the people that followed them. When the sun went down, Crow King and his wife went back to their lodge, but the shame Red Bird had endured had killed her love for Crow King, and she grew to hate him who had made her the scorn of the women and children. With Crow King it was different—no man pointed the finger of scorn at him, for he was able to take care of himself and his honor, and his standing in the tribe was not affected thereby, but with Red Bird's

love for him gone he grieved and sorrowed that he had not died like a man.

For two years after this, Red Bird lived in the tepee of Crow King, but not as his wife, said no word of reproach to him, but sorrowed. Then one day a young brave of another tribe came visiting, and while Crow King was sitting in council, Red Bird got up and left his lodge, going with the stranger. Crow King did not pursue them, nor show anger, but when two winters later his tribe had made a camp close to the village in which Red Bird lived with the man she had eloped with, he sought them out, and taking two of his best horses gave them to the husband of Red Bird, told him he hoped Red Bird was happy and that he would help her husband to riches, for he had put a great shame on her and she was right in leaving him.

From that time Crow King would have no more to do with ghosts or medicines of any sort until his brother High Bear whom he dearly loved fell ill with tuberculosis. In his despair Crow King went to the medicine men and offered to pay them all they asked for if they would cure his brother. The medicine men relieved Crow King of all his worldly possessions and put High Bear through such vigorous treatments that he might well have wished death in place of them. However, High Bear died and Crow King was ruined. Then it was that Crow King dealt a blow to superstition and washed his hands of all medicine men forever.

He ordered his wife—for he had married again—to prepare a big feast to which he invited all the medicine men, asking them all to bring along their medicine bags. In the center of the lodge he had a roaring fire built, and around this the assembled guests seated themselves. Then Crow King made a flattering speech. He told his guests that they were great medicine men, that their charms and influence with the spirits were such as to make them feared by all men; that he had bidden them to a feast, but before feasting he would ask that they delight his eyes by displaying

their charms with which they performed their wonders. And each men seeing a chance to exploit the potency of his particular fetich, drew out his medicine bag and produced therefrom the fetich. Crow King walked the circle, took from each his medicine sack and fetich—a bear claw in one, the foot of a rabbit in another, the dried eye of a wolf in the third, and so on. When he had collected the whole lot, he threw it all into the roaring fire.

The medicine men looked to see the impious one drop dead; the crowd gathered before the lodge groaned. Then Crow King made another speech in which he told them that their medicine was a lie, that they had robbed him as they had robbed his people. He asked them to take what revenge they might on him, but not to let him catch them at it. Then he ordered the food served and the medicine men were obliged to eat with what appetite they had left. This defiance of Crow King was the beginning of the end of the medicine man among the Sioux.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CATTLE RANCHES

Among the first to locate near Medora, and the first to start a ranch and begin stocking up, were the Eaton brothers—Howard, Willis, and Alden—who came with the railroad in 1880, and became the owners of the Custer Trail Ranch, which later became known as the "Dude Ranch," owing to the fact that wealthy people of the East made it their rendezvous when bent on a sight-seeing and pleasure trip to the West. In those early days whenever a well-dressed person was seen, it was customary to call him a "regular Dude," meaning a well-dressed person. A lady was called a "Dudine." A well-dressed person was rather a novelty among the early ranchers. Some of the ranch owners wore linen trousers summer and winter in those days, not from choice but from necessity.

This ranch occupied a very attractive site near the base of a tall butte, and some fifteen or twenty buildings, mostly of logs, were constructed. This picturesque villa stood upon the plains where Custer creek enters into the Little Missouri, being surrounded by an amphitheater of buttes which made it an ideally scenic spot.

These brothers had some eight hundred horses, besides a large stock of cattle. On this tourist ranch was a billiard hall, large tennis court, a library of some 3,000 volumes, containing historical works, philosophy, and many volumes of current lit-

erature. Riding ponies were in abundance of all degrees of docility from the unbridled broncho, to the placid old "stager" for the novice. These were rounded early each morning for the pleasure of the guests who wanted to explore the Bad Lands. Added to that, the congenial, lively and interesting company that was found at the ranch at all times, left the tourist nothing to be

The Custer Trail Ranch

desired except perhaps the unpurchasable ability to ride a broncho.

Among the many distinguished visitors that came to this ranch resort were: Rufus Hatch; Margaret Wade Deland and her husband Louis Deland; Dan Beard and wife; and Ernest Seton Thompson and wife. From this ranch the guests were taken on frequent trips through the Yellowstone Park. The first trip being made in 1883, when Howard Eaton took a riding and camping party from Pittsburg and New York, through the Yellowstone, riding from Livingston to Gardiner, and through the park for three weeks.

In 1883, A. C. Huiderkooper, a well known millionaire of Meadville, Pennsylvania, and an acquaintance of the Eatons,

came out to the Bad Lands, bent on a hunting trip. He was impressed with the country and its wonderful ranching possibilities, that he stocked a ranch near Medora, known as the H. T. Ranch, and had at one time as many as 3,000 head of cattle. After the land was surveyed, he made extensive purchases of land. After some years he sold out to a man by the name of Pabst, from Milwaukee.

Francis Pierre Wibaux and Gus Greesy came to Little Missouri, as Medora was then called, in 1885, coming direct from

The Eaton Brothers: Willis, Howard, Alden

France, and settled at a place called Keith, near Wibaux. They came about six months later following the arrival of Marquis de Mores. Greesy's wife was an English woman, whose first name was Minnie, and her husband had the name of the town changed to Mingusville, using the first name of his wife and his own. Greesy went back to France in 1886. Wibaux remained and had the name of the town changed to Wibaux.

Pierre Wibaux, or Perry Wibaux, as he was more familiarly

known, was born in Roubaix, France, in 1859, where he attended school until eighteen years of age. He then enlisted in the army for a time, and on leaving that service, visited England for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the work in textile mills, his purpose being to fit himself for that industry. While there he became acquainted with the young lady who later became his wife, and he likewise learned there of the opportunities in America, particularly in the cattle business.

He determined to come to the United States, and prevailed upon his father to advance him $10,000 with which to engage in the cattle business. Bidding good-bye to friends and relatives he sailed for America, landing at Chicago, in the stockyards of which city he received his first knowledge of cattle, and then continued his journey to Wibaux.

Perry Wibaux went right into the stock-raising business, and became one of the largest ranch owners in the United States, his ranch extending into western part of North Dakota and eastern Montana. At one time he was the owner of more cattle than any other man in the United States, and maintained this reputation for a number of years. After getting his ranch started, he built a large imposing residence about twelve miles from Wibaux, which became known as the "White House," owing to the fact that it was the only white painted house in those days, as well as the most modern. Almost all of the houses in the vicinity were little log cabins. Having built his residence he went to France and brought back his bride. With them they brought French servants, much to the amusement of the cowboys, and later to their own discomfiture, when Cupid started playing pranks and his arrows flew in the wrong direction.

Wibaux and his wife would spend the summers on their ranch, and would go to France for the winters. His wife was a much liked woman among her western neighbors. When their only child, a boy, got old enough to go to school, they decided to

stay in France and educate him, and the ranch was placed in charge of their foreman. After that Wibaux used to come every years for a month or so, but his wife remained in France.

As the settlers began to crowd in, Wibaux, finding his range growing gradually narrower, disposed of his outfits one by one, until in 1907 he had closed out his cattle business entirely. After his severance from the cattle business, Perry Wibaux embarked in the banking business, holding interests in Miles City, and then disposing of the latter also, he was heard of no more, until after a number of years, when he came back and visited the old place with no particular purpose.

In 1912 he became alarmed over his physical condition, and went to Chicago where he could obtain the best expert advice concerning the distressing malady he felt approaching. On March 20, 1913, came the word that he had died at a Sanitorium in Chicago. Mrs. Wibaux and their son Cyril were at the bedside, being summoned from France a short time before, when the attending physician became convinced that the condition of his patient was hopeless. Pierre Wibaux left an estate valued at $750,000, the life-use of a lot of money to his wife, and a dying wish that his body be cremated and his ashes be brought to Wibaux, buried on a sightly knoll, and a bronze statue of himself be erected over the ashes, and placed in an attitude of overlooking the hills he so dearly loved, and where he had spent the best years of his life—another who had found a charm in the living of the freedom of the West!

Shortly after his death, his wife and son came out, selected the spot, and today the monument stands on a sightly knoll about one mile from Wibaux, overlooking the range he so loved to ride.

W. L. Richards, who was closely identified with early ranching days, came to Dakota Territory on September 2, 1885, herding cattle on the Little Missouri, in what is now McKenzie county. At that time there were no ranches where he was located.

Pierre Wibaux, his Wife, and their Son Cyril

On the west side of his location was the Yellowstone, with the Big Missouri on the north side. Richards was then in the employ of the Reynolds Bros., who left Texas with a herd of 4,500 cattle and started a ranch south of Wibaux. The ranch afterward became known as the biggest ranch in the northwestern part of Dakota. In the summer of 1886 they brought in another herd of 7,000 head, these being driven all the way from Texas.

They now had 11,000 head of cattle, as some had been shipped out. But in the hard winter of 1886-87, which was very severe, out of the 11,000, Reynolds Bros. lost 7,000. This did not dismay them however, for in the following year two more herds, 5,000 in all, were added to the stock, and out of these, 2,000 were shipped out. The Reynolds' ranch was called Long X Ranch. A. N. Jeffries was the manager and one of the stockholders of this ranch. During Jeffries' absence, whenever he went to Texas on business, Richards was left in charge of the ranch.

About eighteen miles from the Long X Ranch, George Frye and Ed. Chase had a ranch at the mouth of Cherry Creek, which was known as the Pig Pen Seven Ranch. Willis Richards stayed four years on the Long X Ranch, and in 1889 took charge of W. S. Crosby's ranch, and put in his first herd of Texas cattle. Crosby lived in La Crosse, Wis. This was the first herd of Texas cattle put in on the east side of the river, in Dunn county. At that time there was no land owned or surveyed in Dunn. What is now known as McKenzie, [illegible] and William counties, was then all known as McKenzie county.

On May 20, 1892, W. S. Crosby was killed in Texas by a fall from a horse while accompanying a train of cattle from Amarilla to Wyoming Junction, Col., where they unloaded the cattle driving them north. From the very start, Crosby had entered into the cattle business on a large scale, and his ranching enterprise was most successful. After he was killed, J. M. Hickson and F. P. Hickson of La Crosse, Wis., founded a cattle company,

and W. L. Richards became one of the stockholders and manager of the ranch, taking over the equipments of the late W. S. Crosby.

George Frye and Willis Richards, being neighbors and both sportsmen, often went out together shooting prairie chickens, which were so numerous in those days that as many as four and

W. T. Richards

five hundred could be seen in one flock. On one occasion Richards had just sixteen cartridges, and to Frye's request that they try their luck at chickens, replied: "Yes I'll go, and I bet I'll get a chicken with every bullet." "I'd like to see your sixteen chickens," was the amused answer. So they started out. Luck

favored Richards and with his first shot two chickens fell, and one with each succeeding shot, missing once. During this time Frye was shooting also, and did not notice that one of his chickens, with true sportsman jest, was added to Richards' pile. When Richards proudly walked home bearing his seventeen chickens, Frye continued to comment on his companion's wonderful skill as a shot: "Seventeen chickens! and only sixteen shells!" Later, when Frye was told who had shot the seventeenth chicken, the incident became a source of great merriment for years afterward. The chickens in those days were so numerous that Richards and Frye at one time shot 500, and sold them to Joe Green for 20 cents apiece, who again shipped them east where he received high prices for them.

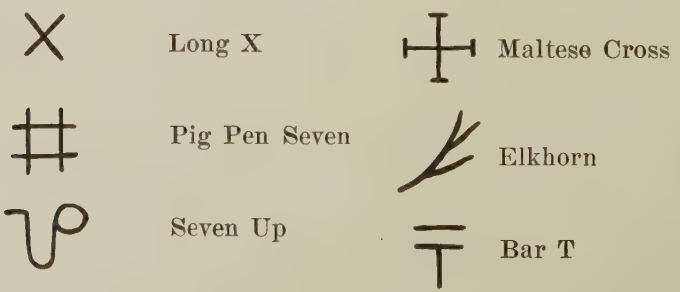
The Diamond C Ranch, one and one half miles from Oakdale, owned by W. L. Richards, is an historical place. In 1864, 2,200 soldiers under Sully's command chased some 6,000 Indians to this ranch, and from there to the Bad Lands. This was at the time of the battle of Killdeer Mountain. The Richards and Wilcox Ranch was started in 1889 with 400 New Mexico Herefords. The ranch was purchased from Sam Beiline, an old settler. It is at the present day the largest ranch in the northwestern part of North Dakota, comprising 117,000 acres. There are some 4,500 cattle, consisting of high grade Herefords on this ranch, as also some 300 horses. The buildings on the ranch are all of logs.

In 1889 the Bird's Head Ranch was started by Straub Bros., but in 1897 the ranch was closed and the owners went ranching on a small scale. Daniel Manning and H. C. Christensen and Chris Anderson had a ranch on the Little Missouri in 1889, about 65 miles northeast of Dickinson. This ranch was about twenty miles from the mouth of the Little Missouri where it empties into the Big Missouri. In the summer of 1885 a Mr. Beisgl started a ranch at the mouth of River Creek, but closed up in the hard

winter of 1887. Reynolds Bros. sold the Long X Ranch to J. Converse of Boston, who having bought the A. H. Arnett Ranch combined the two ranches, but through mismanagement became broke.

In those days, roving bands of Indians would come through the country hunting. Among these was an old Indian named Crow Fly High. He was the brother of Crow's Breast, and both were chiefs, but owing to some feud between them they were not on speaking terms. Crow Fly High settled with his 300 warriors on the east side of the Big Missouri, and Crow's Breast on the reservation on the west. Crow Fly High was a familiar figure among the ranchers, to whom he paid frequent visits, generally at meal time and would not depart until he had been invited to dine. Somehow, somewhere, he came in possession of an old navy blue soldier's overcoat and an officer's ventilating hat. These he wore only on special occasions. When the weather was 40 below zero, he would don this soldier's overcoat and the ventilating hat, and again in summer when it was 100 in the shade he would thus array himself, to the intense amusement of the ranchers.

One of the chief characteristics of the ranches, were the various and sometimes amusing forms of brands, by which each owner recognized his cattle and horses. The following are a few of the brands:



Bar X

Diamond C

H. T.

Bar S Bar

Bird's Head

On some of these ranches the initials of the owner's name were used. Not infrequently, the initials proved to have a mirth-provoking significance. For instance, the following incident well illustrates this: Willis Richards and his brother Todd had saved up $600. "Say Todd, let's buy some cattle with our money," suggested the former. "Alright! I'll go you," answered Todd. And so they purchased one hundred head of cattle. Some of these were from D. A. Mobley, who had branded his cattle with his own initials—D.A.M. on their right ribs. Now the Richards' brand was T U F and this new brand was seared on the left side of the same cattle. This soon became a source of merriment among the neighbors, who never let an opportunity pass by in which they did not solicitously inquire of the new owners: "How are your 'damn toughs' getting along?"

Late in the summer and fall, Willis Richards and other ranchers would start on an expedition of corralling and branding stray mavericks (calves). The roads being rough and hilly, it was almost impossible to go with a wagon, so they went on horseback, taking with them the dough outfit, which consisted of a bag of flour, some salt, and perhaps baking powder or soda, if they happened to have either one or the other. A novel method of making bread was to pour a little water into the sack, put in a little salt, add a little baking powder or soda if they happened

to have either, if not, the deliciousness of the bread was by no means impaired by the omission. With a little stick the ingredients were mixed to the right consistency of dough. Little sticks were cut from the green boughs of trees and the dough was wound around these and held over the fire, which was built of twigs and brushwood, until a golden brown. As water does not soak flour, and the flour was very cheap in those days, after the dough on top of the flour was used up, the remaining little crumbs were simply thrown out, and the sack was in a normal condition again.

Meat on these trips was also pierced on these little green sticks cut from boughs of trees and held over the fire until roasted, retaining a juicy and delicious taste. On these expeditions the regular branding iron was too cumbersome to carry along, so a horseshoe was taken in its place for branding purposes. After placing it in the fire, and allowing it to become very hot, it was taken up in two small sticks held horizontally opposite each other—a simple trick well known to ranchers—which held the horseshoe stationary as though held in a vise. With the edge of this horseshoe the different brands were traced on the mavericks.

At other times, branding was done with a hot iron the shape of the owner's brand. This was placed in the fire until it came to the stage of white heat, which is beyond the red hot stage. The animal was roped and tripped, and as it lay on the ground the hot branding iron was pressed against its side. It is claimed that the iron being at white heat sears the hide of the animal quickly, so that while it may seem cruel, it does not inflict so great a pain to the animal.

CHAPTER XXXV.

VIGILANTES IN NORTH DAKOTA

No character is so inseparably associated with pioneer life in western North Dakota and eastern Montana as the notorious horse thief. To a pioneer living miles away from civilization, oft stranded on the prairie without means of transportation, to be deprived of that which next to his gun, was his most valuable possession, was a serious predicament. Hence to steal horses was a crime for which no punishment was considered too severe. Because horses were the most valuable of chattel property, and the easiest to make away with, horse stealing was indulged in more than any other kind of thievery.

It was to suppress this great evil that a meeting of the leading stockmen was held in Miles City in 1882, and organized a Vigilance Committee. The prime mover in bringing about the organization was Granville Stuart, then the richest stockman in the west. The committee was simply an unauthorized company of men banded together for the purpose of catching and summarily hanging every man suspected of being a horse thief. The committee was composed of two kinds of members, honorary members and active members. The honorary members were those who did the organizing and planning, but who did not care to risk their lives and reputation in actual execution.

The active members were those who did the actual work, and their number was about fifty. They were composed mainly of shifters, irresponsible parties, men without property or character, ex-convicts, and horse thieves. They were hired on a salary basis,

ranging from $35 to $50 per month. For two years this organization operated in all parts of Montana and waged a successful campaign. It proved a highly efficient instrumentality in ridding the territory of undesirable characters in so far as it was used to accomplish its purpose, but at times it served a secondary purpose which overshadowed the first in importance.

In the fall of 1884 it was deemed advisable to make an expedition into North Dakota. To this end a detachment of about twenty men was made up at Glendive, and a character known as Flopping Bill was put in charge of the party. Being in need of a suitable guide it was decided to take Louis La Pache, a French-Canadian, who was at that time awaiting trial for horse stealing, having been arrested in Dakota a short time previous by U. S. Marshal Aatte. Thus equipped the committee moved down to Medora and began preparations for an extensive campaign into McKenzie County.

The company first proceeded along the north side of the Little Missouri River. Its first stop was at the mouth of Beaver Creek in Billings County, where there was a ranch owned by Wm. Roberts, Geo. Medlock, and Jim Monroe. No one was found there but their hired man, Thomas Webb, an Englishman. The proprietors had received word of the Vigilantes, and had wisely taken refuge elsewhere. After allowing the Englishman to feel the sensation of a lariat around his neck, he was released on the condition that he leave the country and never return. Needless to say McKenzie County has not been visited by Webb since. The Vigilantes further dignified their proceedings by placing the sign of the skull and cross-bones on the door of the cabin, together with a notice to vacate upon a penalty of death. They promised to return in thirty days to execute their judgment.

The next step was at the W-Bar Ranch in old McKenzie County. The Vigilantes expected to find allies at this place, as the ranch was one of the several owned by the noted Greesy and

Wibaux firm, one of the largest stock concerns in Dakota and Montana; members of which had participated in the organization of the Vigilance Committee. However they were disappointed. The W-Bar ranch foreman, Charley Armstrong, and his comrade Sid Tarbell, were not in sympathy with the movement, nor did they feel themselves called upon to condone the presence of the Vigilantes, for of all the many forms of lawbreaking that daily occurred, for only one was the death penalty inflicted, that of horse stealing. Assault and battery, robbery, rioting and murder went not only unpunished, but often unnoticed, except as a matter of transitory interest. But with horse stealing it was different. If a man was assaulted he would soon recover; if he was robbed would soon regain what he had lost, money was a small object anyway; but if his horse was stolen, he would be left afoot, stranded on the prairies. Being cognizant of all this the two men on the ranch not only refused to entertain the Vigilantes but ordered them to depart.

Passing down the river, a sheep ranch operated by Thomas McGregory, Scott Dunorout, and Bennett, was next visited. No one was at home however, for the intended victims had been forewarned and had taken advantage of their opportunity. The sign of the skull and cross-bones greeted them on their return. The Committee then went to the Eaton Bros.' ranch. It was here that a Hidotsa Indian, called Two Shields was captured. He had been out hunting in the woods. Being anxious for amusement, a mock hanging scene was put on, the Indian was hanged to a tree with a rope so tied as not to strangle him. Then he was told to go to his cabin, to stay there three days and then leave the country. Shields went to the cabin, climbed on the roof and sat there singing and crying for three days and nights, after which he disappeared.

At that time Hall and Braden were running a sheep ranch at a place on Squaw Creek, which later became the famous Long

X Ranch. Here the Vigilantes burned 500 tons of hay, all the machinery, harness, and all other property that could be burned, ending up by setting the prairie on fire. The only one present was Charley Nacy, the hired man. He was taken along to act as a guide, as it was thought that he possessed valuable knowledge as to the whereabouts of certain persons. Nacy accompanied them as far as Spring Creek, where he misdirected them and made his escape.

In course of due time the Committee found its way to the Shafer ranch. There were three cowboys there at the time, Jasper Holts, Frank Chase, and Kid Edgar. These boys were taken entirely unawares, not having heard of the expedition, and invited the travelers to dinner. The invitation was accepted, but after the meal they found themselves prisoners and were told that they were to be hanged to the cottonwood trees which stood near the cabin.

The situation was for them critical, but they were saved by Frank Chase, who was a brilliant speaker of striking personality, and a man of wonderful ingenuity. Chase told them he was one of the biggest stockmen in that country, that he sympathized with their project, and would gladly co-operate with them. He proved the truthfulness of his statement. He took them out and showed them several herds of stock. He told them what he had accomplished and his plans for the future. They listened and believed, and departed thinking they had found a friend, but in fact he was their dangerous enemy. Many years afterward Kid Edgar said: "I never was so sure of anything in my life as that we would be hanged to that cottonwood tree, but Chase lied out of it."

After leaving Shafer, the expedition was uneventful for some time. The party continued to move eastward until it reached the Missouri River near the mouth of the Little Missouri. There the Committee boarded a steamboat and went up the river to Fort

Buford. While on the steamboat the Vigilantes did not by any means lose sight of their purpose. At a place called Nelson Flat, near the mouth of Tobacco Garden Creek, they found two hunters, Eva Bronson, and a man known as Red Mike. Bronson attempted to escape and was shot dead, but Red Mike was captured. Every effort was made to make the prisoner divulge information which it was believed he possessed. To this end he was bound securely to a chair and a fire made under it, but Red Mike refused to give any information, probably due to the fact that he had none to give. He was taken to Fort Buford and later let go.

Thus after a month's sojourn in Dakota the Vigilance Committee returned to Montana. The results of the campaign might be briefly summed up in this way: a large amount of property was destroyed, countless miles of prairie burned, one Englishman was persuaded to leave the territory, Two Shields, the Indian, was frightened back to the reservation, one man was killed, one man was scorched, and no horse thieves were captured. The original purpose of the Vigilance Committee was to catch horse thieves, but it sought later to achieve a secondary purpose, which was not so commendable.

The real purpose of the expedition into Dakota was not to catch horse thieves, but to drive the smaller ranchers out of the country. There are five circumstances which point to that conclusion: First, it was at this time that the big stock men of the West fully realized that they were soon to be crowded out of business by the ever increasing number of small settlers, and nothing was left undone to discourage settlement; second, the expedition was largely one of devastation and not of pursuit. Horse thieves were not interested in grazing conditions, neither were they injured by the destruction of property, for they had none; third, the campaign seemed to be directed entirely against permanent settlers, engaged in the cattle and sheep business; fourth, the Committee did not catch, or so far as is known at-

tempt to catch, any one suspected of being a horse thief; fifth. the expedition was in fact the most notorious example of vandalism known to that part of the region. It was in this expedition that lawlessness reached its height. The small ranchers and cowboys, anticipating another invasion, provided a proper defense, but neither the Vigilance Committee or any of its members ever returned.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FRONTIERS OF CIVILIZATION

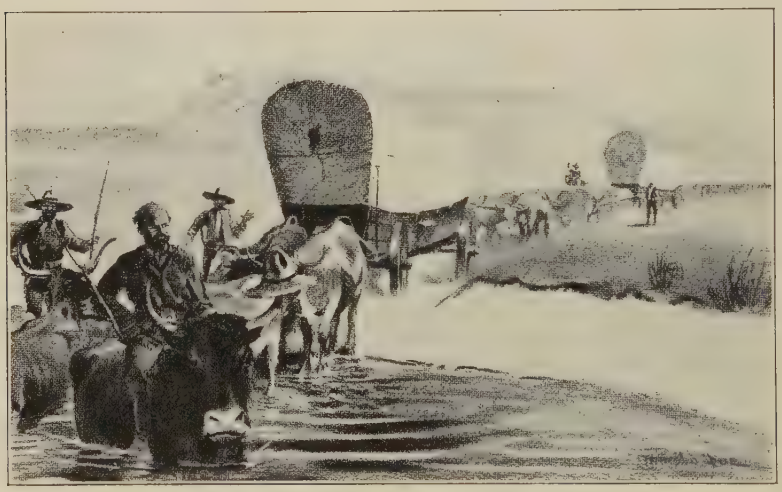
There is a certain charm in living on the frontier of civilization. It is hard to define the charm, but like the old lady said who bought an organ with three knee swells, when asked what the third swell was for, answered: "I don't know, but it's there!" It is like the Arab in the desert who can see beauties there which others cannot.

When the Northern Pacific railroad was building west from Duluth some odd forty years ago, there were persons who accompanied the construction crews who would locate where a town was established; while others would continue until the next town was located; when some would locate and go into business, while still others were always looking for something better in advance. Some located at Brainerd, Moorhead, Fargo, Jamestown, and Bismarck, which was the terminus for seven years, and again when the road crossed the Missouri. Many of those who had been in Bismarck from the time of the road's arrival, moved to Mandan, Dickinson, Medora, and on to the west.

Military posts formed the nucleus around which many towns in our state were built, for instance, Lisbon, Wahpeton, Pembina, Jamestown, Bismarck, and Medora. The first settlement at the Little Missouri was on the west side, when Captain Baker established a military cantonment in 1879. All military posts in those days were allowed a post trader, appointed by the secretary of war, on the recommendation of the officers of the post.

The principal business of post traders was selling bad

whiskey to the soldiers at a large profit. Soldiers would at times become intoxicated; tried by court-martial; forfeit part of their pay, and their services would be lost to the government while confined in the guard house. Great business, great profit. But what a chance for the son of a poor politician to get rich quick and without work! Is it any wonder that the wife of a cabinet official could sell tradership for $12,000 per year, some forty years ago?



Prairie Schooners of Frontier Days

Among those who knew the privations as well as the charm of frontier life, was Dr. John W. Movius, who in the year of 1870 with his wife and family of six children settled just across the line of Dakota Territory on the Minnesota side on a farm in the vicinity of Whetstone, and were closely associated with Dakota through their sons Emil and John, who held the contract to deliver mail from Big Stone City to the Sisseton Agency and to Watertown, both in Dakota Territory. They pursued dairy farming with about 40 cows, and their barns being very primitive it took all their attention to make a success of it. Their only neigh-

bors were transient Indians of the Sioux tribe, who came frequently to the homestead where they were given flour, bread, and other eatables to keep them on friendly terms, as the family were the only white settlers for miles around.

Sometimes they entertained friendly Indians, who when the cold weather set in, often stayed over night, and slept on hay covered with their blankets in the front room. When the family, who were devote Christians of the Evangelical Lutheran faith, knelt at family prayers, the Indians to their great joy would kneel and worship with them.

An interesting incident took place one Christmas Eve. According to the custom that for generations had been followed in the family, there was a stir and hustle for days before Christmas. An air of secrecy seemed to pervade the place; everybody got busy to surprise everyone else with some sort of a present to make the festival as homelike as possible. The older boys got a suitable tree out of the timber. As there was no pine, they secured a young white ash. The girls trimmed it with ornaments of tissue paper, green and white, made baskets and bags out of red tissue paper, also wax tapers galore. The mother baked all sorts of figures for tree decoration. Finally the tree was decorated, and the family waited for the return of the father, who being a doctor was called to Pomme-de-terre River County, north of Appleton, to attend to the shattered arm of one Conrad Yaekel, which the latter received in a gun accident.

Finally the father came, and the ceremony of the tree began by the singing of various hymns. The tree, which stood back of a large curtain ready to be revealed, was viewed with a great deal of expectancy as a number of the children were below fourteen years of age. During the singing of hymns, one of the older children lighted the wax tapers, removed the curtain, and some one else turned down the kerosene lamp, thus leaving the room in a mellow light from the flickering wax tapers. Then followed

an explanation of the figure of the tree by the father, who was a devote Christian, and followed the custom established by his forefathers to the last letter.

On this particular Christmas, while the lights were turned down, an Indian, his wife, and a half-grown lad sneaked into the house unnoticed by anyone. When the lamp was again lighted, the Indian stood looking like a statue, gazing upon the decorated tree, while his wife in surprise and amazement placed her hand over her mouth and called out "hina—hina—hina!" being an exclamation of wonder and surprise, and the Indian lad began jumping up and down around the tree in his delight. Needless to say they were kindly treated and remembered with articles and trinkets when the distribution of gifts took place, that seemed very pleasing to them.

At one time the family passed through a very dangerous experience with the Indians, which but for the presence of arms in the house, and the diplomacy of Dr. Movius might have had a very serious ending. William Movius, one of the sons, was in the habit of trapping, and at one time noticed that the game had been removed from his traps, so he thought he would lay for Mr. Indian, as no white men were about. He therefore started to look after his traps in company with his brother Ernest a little earlier than usual, and as they came to the locality where the traps were set, having gone that far by boat, he pulled his boat ashore and making his way through the heavy underbrush to the other side, he perceived an Indian in the act of removing a muskrat from one of his traps; whereupon he leveled his gun at the Indian and called in a loud voice "Packachee!" which was a common word meaning: "Get out of there." The Indian begged for his life, and also asked to be allowed to get his mittens which were close by the water's edge, which permission was given him. and he "got out of there."

No more was thought of this affair. The boys related their

experience at home, and the father approved of the action his son had taken. The next day in the afternoon while Dr. Movius and his son William had gone out hunting, and Mrs. Movius with her eldest daughter Emma and four smaller children were alone at home, sixteen Indians, including a chief and an interpreter, came over the high rocks to the peaceful little home, and without ceremony walked boldly into the house. They were gaudily decorated with war paint and acted very aggressive. Went about the house talking, gesticulating, and examined everything they could find to interest them.

As soon as the Indians had entered the house, the eldest daughter stepped to the corner of the room where a dozen or more army muskets with bayonets were standing, and placed her hand on one of them, and thus stood guard. Two of the sons, Emil and John, ran to find their father, and elder brother, whom they soon met returning from a hunt in the Minnesota bottoms. They immediately went into the house where Dr. Movius greeted the Indians, and asked them to what occasion he was indebted to them for this unexpected visit. The chief through the interpreter informed him that he had come to settle the matter that transpired the previous day, in which his son had attempted to kill one of his men.

The Indian who had been frightened the day before was in the company, and pointed out William as the one that had attempted to kill him. The chief demanded to know whether the killing of Indians by his son was sanctioned by Dr. Movius. To which the latter replied that it depended entirely on circumstances, that he was the only white man in that county, among many Indians, and that should any of the Indians steal any of his property, he had told his son to defend it and if necessary shoot in defense, but if none would steal from him nor molest his family or property, they would not be harmed; that on several occasions he had found that the Indians were not as friendly

as they should be, and while he had been in St. Paul, he had gone to see the "Great Father" of the State of Minnesota, and told him that he wanted some protection, and that the "Great Father" had given him a large number of guns and ammunition for his defense, and appointed him captain, so that when more settlers came he could distribute the guns and ammunition among them.

He further informed the chief that the Governor of Minnesota had told him that as soon as danger threatened, to dispatch one of his sons to the nearest telegraph station and wire him, and he would send soldiers to defend him. All this was communicated to the chief, and he was told that the family did not fear him, but they wished to live in peace, and would not like to resort to any of the means of protection offered them by the Governor, but neither would they allow any of their property to be stolen.

To which the chief replied that his men did not steal, whereupon William related the incident of the day before. After some arguments, and sizing up the several large revolvers carried by Dr. Movius and his eldest son, the chief finally said: "I promise you that my men will not steal any of your property hereafter," and Dr. Movius assured him that in such case, he also promised that none of the Indians would be shot. This settled the dispute, and all sat down on the floor in a circle, while a red stone pipe, nicely carved, with a long pipestem, was produced, which served as the "pipe of peace" and made the rounds, each one of the men, both red and white taking a puff from it, after which the Indians departed apparently good friends.

The next morning the eldest son, William, went to see his traps, being accompanied by his father, who feared the Indians might be up to some mischief. As they came near the place they saw an Indian thrust his head out of the tall grass near the river bank. When he saw them he ran as fast as he could toward the tents. Dr. Movius decided to go up and repay their call; but in

the meantime the Indian must have given the alarm, for before he got there, tents and Indians were gone, and could be seen disappearing over the hill in the distance. The supposition is, that most of the men were gone, and the women and the few men that were left, having been informed of the dangerous old white man, feared him and "packacheed." The family had no more trouble with Indians after that, though they frequently visited

A Typical Frontier Home (Home of Mrs. Margaret Roberts)

the home, and Dr. Movius was a highly respected medicine man among them.

Another of those early associated with frontier life was Lloyd Roberts, who came to Bismarck with his wife and three children, in 1878, being engaged in the butcher business. Here sometimes as many as 150 Indians came to their little cabin for the offals. When the Fort Mead reservation was established as a protection to the people going to the Black Hills, Lloyd Roberts secured the agency to deliver meat to the soldiers stationed there. He then built a small cabin and moved his family to the Black Hills. Mrs. Roberts is the proud possessor of a pair of gold ear-

rings that were made from three different kinds of gold panned in the Black Hills during the first two years of the gold craze.

After Sitting Bull had surrendered, and the country west of the Missouri was thrown open, Lloyd Roberts was among the many Bismarck people who came west and settled around Medora. He started a small ranch 14 miles south of Medora, on the Missouri River, known as the "Sloping Bottom." This was in 1882. He was considered one of the best judges of cattle in the country, for which reason he was often employed to visit the states to purchase stock for those who wished to stock ranches, or who wanted to place more stock on ranches already started. Among the ranches that he helped to stock was the Eaton Bros.' ranch.

In September 1886, he left Medora for St. Cloud, Minn., to purchase stock. He was never again heard from, excepting once when he sent his wife $20 from Cheyenne, Wyoming, and wrote her that he was going on to Rawhide Butte, Wyoming. He disappeared completely off the face of the earth, so far as being again heard from. It was believed that he met with foul play, as he always carried money, and was a man who risked everything and trusted everybody.

His wife was left on the ranch with five small children, all girls. The wife was left in a strange country, with no near neighbors, and only a small amount of property. Most any other woman under like conditions would have become discouraged, not so with Mrs. Roberts. She stayed on the ranch, raised her children, and never asked help of anyone. She has lived to see her family all well married, and herself independent in her old age. She is a living example to women who may be left in like condition.

Among the most hardy and reckless characters of early frontier days, were the woodchoppers, who braved the perils of the Indians for the sake of selling their cut wood for eight dol-

lars per cord to the passing steamboats, which was the minimum price above Fort Randall. There were only a few who engaged in this dangerous business, and these were scattered along the lonely stretches of the Missouri River, being at the same time the most hardy and reckless characters that the frontier produced, for though it was profitable, it was no business to attract the timid. In the summer of 1868 alone, seven woodchoppers were killed by the Indians between Fort Benton and the settlements.

Two of these typical characters, who were partners in business, and well known to early pioneers were "X" Beidler, and "Liver-Eating" Johnson. Both were large, powerful men, ignorant in those matters which civilization holds as knowledge, but profoundly versed in all the various wisdom of the wilderness. Beidler had won an awe-inspiring record for courage during Montana's vigilante days, when serving as deputy under the United States Marshal George M. Pinney; while Johnson earned his sanguinary title a certain Indian raid upon the trading post at the north of Musselshell River. The Indians had been driven off, losing several of their number in the encounter, and it was said that Johnson in a spirit of devilish bravado had eaten the livers of the dead warriors.

On one occasion after disposing of their cordwood near the mouth of the Musselshell to Captain Marsh, the latter being on his way to Fort Benton, both Beidler and Johnson were invited on board the steamboat, as was usual in their transactions, being entertained while the steamer continued her journey. On this particular day, which was May 11, 1869, and Captain Marsh's birthday, the crew had ice cream for dinner in honor of the event. Ice cream was a rare luxury on the upper river, and the ice had to be brought from Fort Peck. Neither Beidler nor Johnson had ever seen or heard of ice cream before, and its surprising frigidity in the heat of a summer afternoon caused them to eye it with suspicion, though Beidler was adverse to admitting his

ignorance. Johnson on the other hand was less reticent and asked in a startled whisper of his companion: "X, where in hell does this stuff come from?" "Shut up you fool," growled Beidler, bravely swallowing a spoonful of the ice-cream, "It comes in cans!"

Among the passengers on this trip was a party of Eastern tourists, containing several ladies who were spending the summer viewing strange sections of their own country. The ladies had been intensely interested in all the novel scenes of the frontier they had witnessed, but when the two rugged characters of the woods, Beidler and Johnson, appeared on board, they became particularly enthusiastic, and their curiosity soon led them into a conversation with the two men, neither of whom took very kindly to being patronized as if they were a pair of Sioux, though they maintained their stoical composure. At length one of the ladies inquired of "X":

"Mr. Beidler are you married?"

"Yes," was the grunted answer.

"Oh, indeed? Do you know I hardly thought that. Is—is your wife, ah—a white woman?"

"Indian!"

"How delightful! A native of the plains. Where is she now?" sweetly questioned the lady.

"I've sent her to Rome!"

"To Rome? To be educated? Just think of such devotion," she chirruped to her companion. "Mr. Beidler do you mean to Rome, Italy?"

"No," responded "X" grimly. "To roam on the prairie!"

At this point the conversation abruptly terminated. The ladies suddenly lost all interest for further inquiry, and allowed Beidler and Johnson to pursue the rest of the journey in peace, much to the grim delight of both men.

The following incidents remind us that some of our leading

citizens of North Dakota did not always live the dull, monotonous life of urban dwellers. Just to remind the participants of the following incidents, and their old-time friends, who are enduring the hardships of civilization in Dickinson, Williston, and elsewhere, we relate these tales as 'twere told to us:

On the Long X ranch some thirty years ago were employed Willis Richards and Frank Banks. Their adventure began on the Little Missouri River bottom near the old Long X ranch, and ended up in a cotton-wood tree. On this particular day, accompanied by the ranch dog, they walked to the river bottoms for the purpose of locating a grove of timber suitable for corral poles.

After finally locating a particularly fine patch of timber, Richards and Banks lolled in the shade of the cotton-woods near a dense growth of diamond willows. The conversation drifted from corral poles to grizzly bears. Mr. Banks had just concluded a lengthy discourse on bears with the remark that he intended to take his jackknife and trim the toe nails of the first bear that crossed his trail, and his companion had just murmured a silent wish that one might appear for the purpose of demonstration, when they heard something unseen come tearing, rushing, crashing through the dense growth towards them.

In order to give Banks plenty of room for his manicuring stunt, Richards lost no time in going up a nearby cotton-wood tree. After vainly pleading with Richards to wait until he could get his boots off, not being able to climb the tree with them on, Banks succeeded in getting up the tree also.

They had scarcely got comfortably seated in the tree, when the ranch dog struggled out of the thicket into the open, dragging through the dense underbrushes a long diamond willow, one end of which in some manner became fast in the dog's collar, and he fought his way through the underbrush in a vain effort to get rid of it. Mr. Richards never told whether his companion trimmed the dog's toe nails.

Another tale which has to do with a second adventure was staged one winter's day not long after the above event on the Fort Berthold reservation. Crow Fly High, Chief of the Gros Ventres tribe, who by the way has for a number of years been a good Indian, had ordered the Long X outfit to keep its cattle off the reservation.

W. L. Richards with the assistance of Jay Grantier, with small success be it said, was doing his best to make the cattle graze on Uncle Sam's domain. There was a blanket of good tracking snow covering the prairie on that particular day. The ground was frozen and slippery. Grantier was riding a sharp-shod horse, while Richards, with a six-shooter hanging down his right hip, was sitting in the middle of a barefooted one. Incidentally Grantier had left his six-shooter at the ranch.

After riding the reservation for several hours, it so happened that they had to cross their trail made earlier in the day, in order to complete the circle. Upon arriving at the trail they made a discovery which caused them to change their minds about riding any further in that direction. They discovered that a number of Indians were trailing them. They immediately headed their horses for the home ranch. Grantier, having a sharp-shod horse, was of course in the lead. In answer to Richards' earnest pleadings to stay with him, Grantier called back that he would gladly do so, but he had no six-shooter. "I'll trade you my six-shooter for your horse," shouted back Richards. Grantier could not see it that way, however; in fact he would not even consider the proposition.

Following the Sioux Massacre of 1862, when the Sioux war cry was sounded on Dakota soil, and the terrorized settlers and citizens fled to Fort Abercrombie to seek protection against the blood-thirsty savages, two Wahpeton citizens, Mr. Stone and Judge McCauley, were lodging together in the fort when there was an alarm sounded that the Indians were about to make an

attack. This caused a great stir and excitement, and all were up and ready in a short time.

But none were more deliberate and thoughtful at this time than Judge McCauley, who got out of bed, and carefully attended to his toilet, putting on his white stiff collar with excellent precision, and not satisfied until he had accomplished the correct adjustment of his necktie, and with a final, satisfied glance into the mirror was prepared to receive the Indians in audience, when the announcement came that the alarm was false. With the tension of fear relieved, Judge McCauley's actions, which were not premeditated by any means, but resulted from habit and the general excitement, became the subject of much banter among those at the fort. "No doubt," he said, "I was impressed that it was unnecessary to hurry much." The judge has heard of his respect for toilet many times since; it is a good joke, but he takes it all in good part.

The Czech pioneers around Dickinson used to make frequent trips to the Bad Lands to secure cedar posts for building operations. On June, 1892, Anton Burda, Joe Zahradnik, and Thomas Hajny set out for the Bad Lands to secure some posts. This was at a time when the settlers had been intimidated by current false reports regarding the activities of the Indians. The three settlers took their tent, rifles, blankets, axes, etc., with them, intending to stay several days. Arriving at the Bad Lands they pitched their tent, had supper and went to bed. At 11 o'clock in the night Burda was awakened by a noise, and hurried out of the tent to see what was the matter, but could see nothing, and then to his dismay discovered that his horse had run away. He awakened his companions, who assured him that he could easily recover it in the morning. Early in the morning before his companions were up, Burda started out on a search, but could find no trace of his horse. He returned to the tent just as his companions

were having breakfast, where his companions pacified him that his horse must have gone home.

It was agreed that Zahradnik was to cook the dinner, while the other two men went to kill a deer. No sooner had they come to a divide than they were alarmed by the hooting and calling of Zahradnik. They hurriedly turned back, only to see volumes of smoke, and upon coming still closer, heard shot after shot being fired. Hajny, greatly excited, stopped in his tracks and exclaimed: "My God! the Indians have come!" Both men were at a loss what to do, terror had possession of them, and yet they could not leave their companion to his fate. So, cautiously they made they way in his direction. When they came still closer, there was no sign of an Indian, and they saw Zahradnik putting out a prairie fire, and discovered that the tent had caught fire from the ashes emptied near it in the morning, and the shots had been the explosions from the cartridges left in the tent.

As all of their provisions had been burned, Zahradnik tried to rescue a few charred potatoes from the ashes, and in poking in the ashes, he brought an unexploded cartridge in contact with a still hot coal, with the result that it exploded, the shell striking Mr. Burda in the leg, but not seriously wounding him. Hungry, they started for the nearest ranch, which was about 20 miles away, where they came at 10 o'clock, waking the owner who was already in bed, and telling him of their misfortunes. Here they received a supper and lodging for the night. On returning to their homes, they were still further dismayed to find that the horse was not there, and it was not until two weeks afterward that the horse was recovered, having been found by a man in the Killdeer Mountains, having gone a distance of 160 miles.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

PIONEERS
THE BUILDER

An old man going a lone highway
Came at the evening cold and gray
To a chasm vast and deep and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim;
The sullen stream had no fear for him;
But he stopped when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow traveler near,
"You're wasting your strength in building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day;
You never again shall pass this way;
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide;
Why build you this bridge at eventide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head,
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me to-day a youth whose feet
Must pass this way.
This stream which has been as naught to me,
To this fair-haired youth may a pitfall be,
He too must cross in the twilight dim.
Good friend I'm building this bridge for him."

—George Van Arnam.

It is not glittering generalities that has made North Dakota among the best of the Union, that has built beautiful homes, educational institutions, developed well tilled fields, and other evidences of modern advancement; but rather we must turn for the answer to this mark of progress in our state to the early

pioneer, the builder of this empire, who crossed the border line into this, then undeveloped territory, and with his worldly possessions all conveyed in the covered wagon drawn by the ox team, pitched his tent in the wilderness, or out in the open plains, as it were, to begin the work that brought North Dakota to the fore and made it one of the best states in the Union.

Although beset by many dangers and obliged to undergo many and severe hardships, yet the fortitude, determination, and bravery of the hardy pioneer in his eagerness to make a home for the wife and little ones dependent upon him—feared not the howl of the coyote, nor the war whoop of the wily red man. But having the determination that savors of success he built a home of logs, sod, or such material as was at hand and began the struggle of pioneer life, under circumstances and conditions that would at the present time seem to difficult to the average man.

With an abiding faith in the future he labored on and on, surmounting every difficulty, brushing aside seeming impossibilities, smiling at misfortunes; with sublime faith that in the end success would crown his efforts; turned the virgin soil where before the Red man had his haunts and the buffalo a grazing ground, making it a veritable garden, where the rich golden grain, waved by the summer breeze, kissed by the sunshine, and watered by the dews of heaven, could be produced in abundance. The angry storms, sweeping blizzards, and biting cold of winter, nor the scorching sun of summer held no terror to the pioneer. Far from market, separated from the old home in the East, his relatives, and companions of early life, save the good helpmate, his wife, without schools, churches, or any of the conveniences of the present day the struggle was begun.

And yet the old pioneer looks back to those early days, not altogether with a feeling of regret; for among the difficulties of pioneer life there were many pleasures, not such as at present, but the "home" and "neighborhood" gatherings, the singing

schools, debating societies, country dances, spelling contests, but out and beyond all else was the feeling of neighborly love, a care for one another, of a life lived not for self alone, that made them forget and minimize their struggles—it was the brawny, true spirit of the West!

Not only are they the pioneers who tilled the soil, but side by side they stand with those who had their share in the building

Out Where the West Begins

of towns and cities. It is impossible to do the pioneer full justice. We in our sheltered lives cannot grasp the extent of the hardships they endured. We of the present generation owe all we have, and all we are, to these builders of an empire. The time will come when our state will set aside a day as a legal holiday, on which all will join to honor the memory of the pioneers—of those who have passed beyond, and of those who are still among us—whose deeds of valor often equalled that of the soldier on the field of battle! And as their dark locks whiten, as their steps

totter, as their eyes grow dimmed, let us not forget the sacrifice they made for us.

A wonderful heritage has been given us. It was purchased by the sweat of the brow and the callous of the hand of our men, and only God knows the extent of the sacrifice some of our women were asked to make. No wonder Dakota has prospered. Her fields yield rich harvests and prosperous cities have sprung up—so much has gone into her making. The following incident from life will give a glimpse of what all went into her making.

In a little bit of Paradise on the other side of the Atlantic, there lived in a cozy little two-roomed cottage a young married couple. They were ideally happy, and many envied the young husband his happiness and his charming pretty bride. For them, each week passed by like a dream, and each Sunday was joyfully looked forward to, for then with their merry coterie of friends they made excursions into the nearby forest and parks of the city, where Sunday after Sunday, afternoon and evening, concerts were held. There, seated on benches in the cool shade of the trees, they watched the gay multitude assembled there, jesting, laughing, with all the free abandon of youth; or they would stroll under the cool alleys of trees, whose branches met and formed a canopy overhead, and to them came the sweet fragrance of the lilacs, the twittering of birds in the trees overhead, the strains of the most enchanting music of K——'s orchestra, whose fame as a musical genius had spread far and wide. Every rustle of the leaves on the trees, every note of the songsters above, seemed to whisper to them of their love.

A year of happiness passed by, a little daughter was born to the young couple, and it seemed as if their cup of happiness was full to the brim. For a time their coterie of friends made excursions without the young couple. One night shortly after midnight, the young wife, awakened by the child, heard in the distance the merry voices of a crowd returning late from some

concert garden. Presently she heard a rustle in the bushes under the open window, smothered voices, and then out on the clear summer air there floated into the room the soft notes of a beautiful song. The first two lines in English translation, which, however, do not do justice to the original, would be as follows:

"A lowly thatched cottage nestling near the church,
Ah, there dwelleth love and peace."

The young wife stood spellbound in the center of the room, her child clasped to her. Two voices she recognized as belonging to men, and the clear soprano and contralto of women's voices seemed strangely familiar. She hurried to the window to raise the sash and see who were the night serenaders crouched under the window, but the footsteps had warned the latter, and with a rustle, and a twitter of laughter they made good their escape.

The next morning the young wife told her husband and her mother about the night serenaders, but they refused to believe, saying that she must have had a pleasant dream. But the young wife made a mental vow that should they ever come again she would awaken both, and prove that it was no dream she had. A short time passed and nothing more occurred. Then the advent of a big concert again brought the serenaders, who were returning with the crowd late at night, and again the sweet notes of the song floated into the room. The young wife hurriedly awakened her husband and her mother, and all three listened to the beautiful medley of trained voices. As the last notes of the song died away, the husband opened wide the window, but only caught a glimpse of disappearing figures. Both husband and wife had a suspicion it was their friends, but when they approached them the next day, they all denied any part in the serenade. "Well, if they ever come again, they'll not get away before I find out who they are," remarked the husband. They did come, just once more, but neither on that occasion was he able to discover who they were, though he had his suspicions.

Another year went by, and then a gloom seemed to settle on the little home. The husband had received letters from his relatives in America, who pictured in glowing colors the possibilities of North Dakota, and he decided to go there. Vainly the young wife pleaded with him not to go, that they had been so happy where they were, that money wasn't everything. But the call of America was stronger, and the husband went, leaving the wife and little girl behind until he could save enough to pay their passage.

After a wearisome journey in the steerage, he saw one morning the large imposing Statue of Liberty near the shore of New York. It seemed to be greeting him, full of promise of the good the future held for him. His hungry eyes gladdened at the sight of New York, and soon he was on his way to his destination, which was D———, N. Dak., then a mere hamlet. He got to Chicago where he bought a lunch with the few remaining pennies he had, and continued the rest of the journey without a cent in his pocket, and not having a morsel of food for over two days.

But a big disappointment awaited him in D———. A few days after his arrival he tried to secure work, only to find there was none to be had in his trade. It was winter, and day after day he vainly searched for work, ready to accept anything, work for anything. To make his disillusion more complete he was kindly informed by the "relatives," that since he was not working they could not keep him, that he must go elsewhere to search for work. And this man who knew not what tears were sat down on a stone in the roadside, with his pitiful little bundle of belongings beside him, and—wept.

By some means he got to W———, but there work also was scarce. Hearing that in the more western states there was plenty of work in his trade with good wages, he not long after managed somehow to get farther West, where he at once secured work and was able to lay by a small sum each week. In a little

over a year he had saved enough to pay the transport of his wife and child. He sent her the passports, and also divulged his plan that she go to D———, and before she arrived there he would also be there to greet her, and together they would settle there, as he had heard the town was beginning to boom, while where he was, his boss was having financial reverses, and though a splendid man to work for, could not pay his wages in full each week, and he had quite a sum held back.

So the young wife left the place where she had been so happy, left mother, sister, friends, home, everything, to follow her husband and an unknown future. The day of parting came—a parting not for a few days, but for years—perhaps forever! As the mother clasped her weeping daughter to her breast, she said: "It's hard dear, to part! but think how beautiful it will be when we meet again!" The train whistled—a last glance at the faces of loved ones—and a chapter of life was closed!

Finally the wearisome ocean trip and the long ride in the train was to come to an end. The train whistled, and the conductor shouted D———! D———! The eyes of the young wife lighted with joy, and she quickly arranged the little girl that her daddy might see her at her best. Assisted by the conductor, the young wife found herself with her luggage and little girl on the station platform, trying to see the form of her husband. Strange, that he was nowhere to be seen! The rest of the passengers had left and she alone stood waiting, when a stranger came up to her and inquired if she were Mrs. ——, on being told yes, he informed her that she was to come with him, that he was her husband's "relative." "But my husband, where is he?" was the startled question. Then she was told that her husband was expected daily, that he had been prevented from coming because he could not get the money due him, until some customers came and paid for the work that was done for them; that his boss with the best

of intentions could not pay him until they came, as he had no ready money.

Alone in a strange land, away from those she loved, and where she had known naught but happiness, the young wife was forced to accept the invitation of the "relatives." But the days lengthened into weeks, and still the husband could not come, he had no money to pay his fare, and his wages were held by his boss, who day after day assured him that the customers would surely put in an appearance soon, and then he would pay him. Meantime the young wife sewed from morning until late at night for the "relatives," in return for their allowing her to stay with them until her husband's return. Being brought up a Catholic, she was jeered at for her faith, but more so because she at first refused to sew on Sunday. But finally to preserve peace she sewed on Sunday too.

On the memory of the little girl was impressed a scene, that even when she grew up caused the muscles of her throat to contract. The mother was sewing at the home of one of the "relatives," and the little girl was playing at her feet, when all at once she spied thru the glass door of the old-fashioned cupboard a half loaf of bread. It reminded her that she was beginning to feel hungry. At her insistent demands, the mother got up from her sewing, went to the cupboard and started to cut off a slice of bread, when the housewife came in, and in no gentle language told her that this must never happen again, if she wanted something she must first ask for it, and wait till it was given to her. When she was informed that the bread was wanted not for the mother but for the child, that changed matters somewhat and a slice was cut off, and, as it was stale, it was placed in the oven to soften, and then offered to the little girl. But to the anger of the housewife, the little girl refused the bread—perhaps the look of anguish she caught in her mother's eyes made her forget her hunger!

After several weeks the father and husband was at last able to come. Two little rooms were rented on the second floor of a light frame building belonging to one of the "relatives," where the wind whistled and moaned, and no amount of heat could keep out the cold. Day after day the husband and wife waited for work that never came. He who formerly had worked in the exclusive shops of Europe for the minimum sum of 20 dollars per week, found he could not make even fifty cents some weeks in the "land of promise." As the few dollars he brought with him from the West dwindled away, the prospects were very poor indeed! After some weeks of waiting, finally a customer came, and what a joy his advent was to the little household, for when the work was finished they would get the big sum of $3! What mattered it that it would take over a week to finish the work when compared with all it would buy? Now and then other work came, but not enough to meet even the most urgent needs.

At this time the young wife gladly consented to take in a girl from the country and teach her to sew, the parents of the girl promising to bring in potatoes and meat now and then in return. This solved the food question somewhat, but there was still the rent, which had remained unpaid for two or three months, and one day the husband and wife were given notice to move out. During all this time the taunts to which the young wife was subjected to, from the "relatives," who despised her because she was far above them in intelligence, and whose only fault was that she was too heartsore and gentle to retaliate, are best known to herself and to her God.

Suffice to say that in the years that followed, they had nothing left on Nero in their ingenuity of inventing various means of inflicting suffering, and could look on their work of years of torture of a woman's soul with the same exquisite delight that possessed Nero as he watched the burning of Rome! And when the little girl grew up and began to understand, she used to raise

tear-stained eyes to heaven, and ask herself: "Is there really a God on high?"

But to go back to that first year when the young couple were given notice to move out by the "relatives"—they had work that when finished would bring them exactly $5. With this they could pacify the relatives; but on the other side of the Atlantic lay the mother of the young wife seriously ill, heart-broken over the treatment her daughter was receiving from the "relatives." The young wife, having no one here of her own kith and kin, sought a mother's comfort. The widowed mother, and a younger sister were poor themselves, they could not help in a material way, and between them and their beloved daughter and sister rolled the broad Atlantic, over which only words of comfort could be sent. The solace of a spoken word, of an embrace, was denied them.

Meantime the husband and wife with their precious $5—for the work had been delivered—were debating what to do with it. There was the notice to move out, there was food and clothing needed, and, to balance it, on the other side of the Atlantic was the sick mother. Of course the money was sent that very day to the sick one, while they waited with dread to be shoveled out into the street. They had not a friend, and were among a people whose language they could not speak, but many were there who would have helped them, even though not rich themselves, had they known.

There was an empty building across the street, and the husband decided to go and see if it could be rented. The owners, total strangers, rented the building to the husband and wife, knowing they had not the money to pay in advance. To the kindness of these strangers is due the fact that they were not moved out into the street. The change seemed to bring good luck in its wake, for soon both husband and wife had all the work they could do, and in a few years bought the building, and prosperity came with better days.

But on the other side of the Atlantic is a—grave. The $5 had brought a few comforts to the sick one, but the angel of death hovered too near the bedside, to save the loved one. Only a grave!—but ah, the charm—the lure—that grave has for the little girl's mother. Years have been unable to destroy that bond of love that goes beyond the grave. Twice she has crossed the Atlantic to see it. And the little girl, who has since grown to womanhood, will never forget that first visit, when she saw her mother sink on that mound of clay, encircling it with her arms, with the broken words of "Mama, mama, is this the way we meet?" Was the soul of the loved one hovering near? Who knows? But something brought calm to the little girl's mother, and she ceased her violent weeping. Oh, they who lived on the edge of things gave more than work to the country's building!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

STATEHOOD

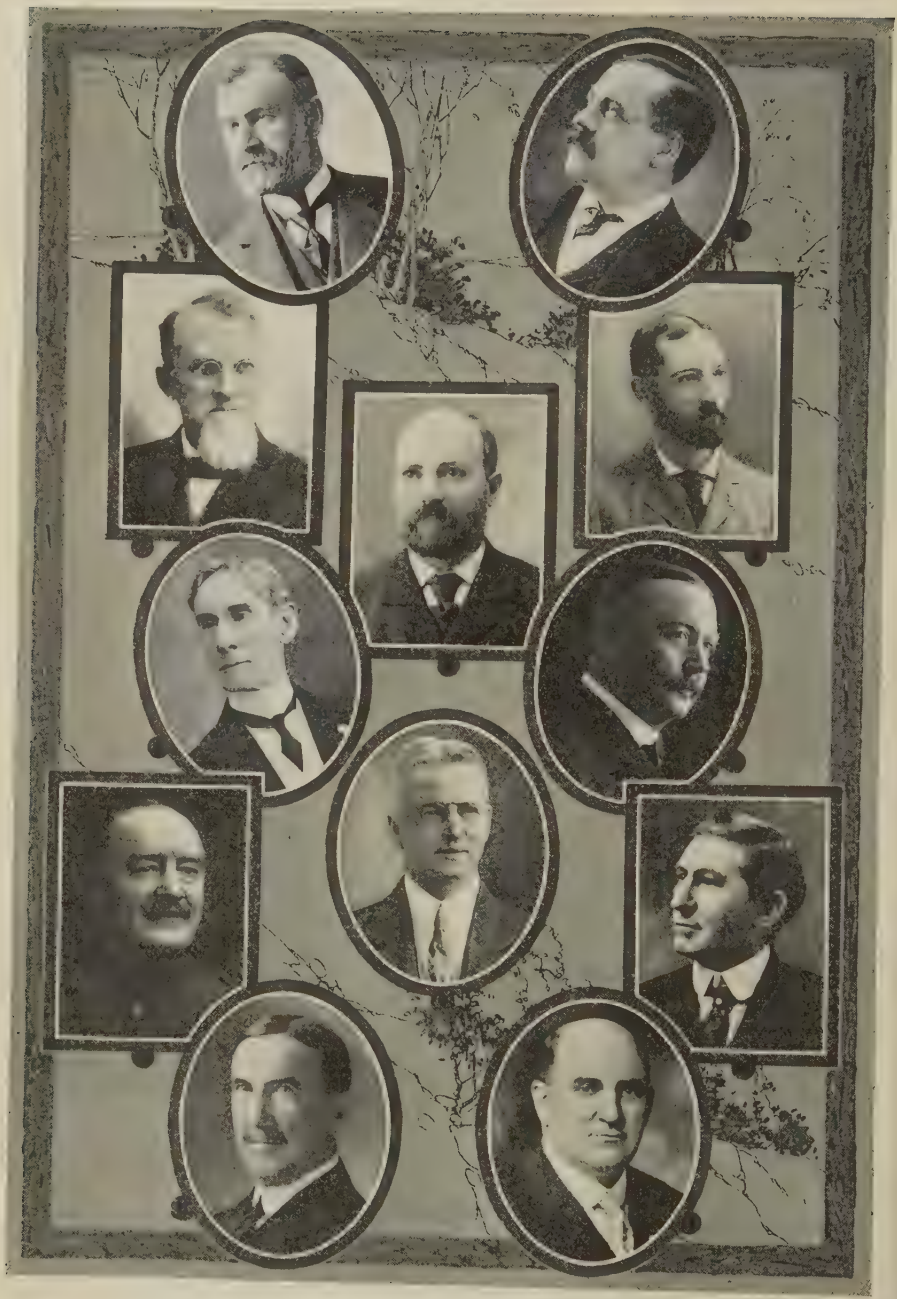
The supreme energies of North Dakota from 1882 to 1889 were bent in the direction of twin born statehood. The removal of the territorial capital from Yankton to Bismarck resulted in a large measure from disappointment of the North Dakota delegation at Washington, and the determination of its members to make a new state, since a territory was denied. To Alexander McKenzie, the dominating force on the legislative commission appointed to select a site for the new capital, was due the choice of Bismarck, which naturally became the state capital of North Dakota six years later, when President Harrison proclaimed the admission.

In the winter of 1888-89, a bill, commonly called the Omnibus Bill, passed both houses of Congress and was approved by the President, February 22, 1889. This divided the territory into two parts and admitted both to the honor of statehood. Immediately upon the passage of the bill, steps were taken to consummate the measure. Delegates to a convention to form a state constitution in conformity with the act were chosen. North Dakota's constitutional convention began at Bismarck on July 4, 1889. The president of the convention was F. B. Fancher of Jamestown. The convention was in session for about six weeks, adjourning in August, 1889. During this time it framed a constitution, which was submitted to the voters of the new state, to be voted upon October 1, 1889. The election of officers took

place at this time. John Miller was elected governor, Alfred Dickey, lieutenant governor, and John Flittie, secretary of state. Henry C. Hansborough of Devils Lake was elected to Congress. Out of a total of 35,548 votes cast, 27,441 were for the constitution, and 8,107 were against it.

In her thirty-one years of statehood North Dakota has made remarkable progress. Within a quarter of a century a region that was practically an uninhabited plain has become the world's chief wheat-producing section. The history of North Dakota is the story of a people that have conquered empire out of emptiness, that have gathered in a vast untilled area and made it blossom in a few years to agricultural greatness. Year by year the advancing army of settlers had opened up new sections by the plow. First to overcome and pacificate were the wild aborigines, and in some parts of the commonwealth the wild animals.

Everywhere was the wild land, the unbroken sod, which required only the industrious farmer to make it yield a golden harvest. There have been a few failures, but there has been more success than failures. There are pioneers still living who dwelt here when there was no organized government. Those who have cast their lot with North Dakota since her admission to the Union are in the main of that sturdy breed of which the best Americans are made, whether they come from abroad or from other states. It is in a commonwealth like this that men and women have the best chance to prove their capabilities, and North Dakota stands forth before the nation as a splendid example of wholesome citizenship.



Men Who Guided the Ship of State.

1. Miller
2. Andrew Burke
3. Shortridge
4. Allin
5. Briggs
6. Devine
7. Fancher
8. White
9. Sarles
10. John Burke
11. Hanna
12. Frazier

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MEN WHO HAVE GUIDED THE SHIP OF STATE

JOHN MILLER—1889-90

John Miller of Dwight, Richland County, first governor of North Dakota, was born in the county of Tompkins, state of New York, on October 29, 1843, of Scotch ancestors who settled in New York in 1833. He was reared on a farm, and educated at Dryden high school, New York, settled in Dakota Territory in 1880, and was always a Republican. He was an honorary member of the last territorial council, carrying his district by a vote of 3,648, to 1,708 for his Democratic opponent. In the first convention for state officers after statehood was attained, he was nominated for governor after one of the closest convention struggles in the history of the state. His election followed, and his term characterized by all the excitement and interest incident to the beginning of statehood. He later moved to Duluth, Minn., where he was engaged in the grain commission business. He died October 26, 1908.

ANDREW BURKE—1891-92

Andrew H. Burke, second governor of the state of North Dakota, was born in New York City, May 15, 1850. His mother died at his birth and his father died when he was but four years of age. He was taken to Indiana in 1858 by the Children's Aid Society and placed on a farm. Here he lived until twelve years old, when he enlisted as a drummer boy in the Seventy-Fifth Indiana volunteers, in the famous Fourteenth army corps, under

"Paps" Thomas. After the war he was connected with the business department of the Daily Journal, the Courier, and afterward with the same department of the Indianapolis Sentinel. In 1880 he came to Casselton, N. Dak., and was elected treasurer of Cass county in 1884, which office he held for three consecutive terms. He was then elected governor in 1890 and took the oath of office in 1891. After the expiration of his term he moved to Kansas City, Mo., and later to Roswell, N. Mex., where he died Nov. 17, 1918.

E. C. D. SHORTRIDGE—1893-94

E. C. D. Shortridge, third governor of North Dakota, was born in Virginia, March 29, 1830. His early life was spent and his education gained in Missouri, the latter being completed at the academy at Paris, Mo. He came to Dakota in 1882 and settled in Grand Forks County as a farmer. He was for a time an enthusiastic member of the old Farmers' Alliance and served one year as president of that organization. In 1892 he was nominated for governor by a fusion of the Democratic and Populist forces and was elected by a small majority. In politics he was a Democrat. He died at his home in Devils Lake, February 4, 1908, largely as the result of old age. For ten years past he had been connected with the local land office.

ROGER ALLIN—1895-96

Roger Allin, fourth governor of North Dakota, was born in Devon, England, December 18, 1848. He emigrated to Canada and from there came to Dakota in March, 1880, settling on a farm in Walsh County. He was a member of the territorial council and was elected as one of the most active members of the constitutional convention. He was also chosen at the first state election, by the same constituency, a state senator. At the second state convention, which nominated Andrew H. Burke for governor, he was nominated for lieutenant governor and was

elected, taking his seat as presiding officer of the senate at the opening of the session in 1894. He is still a resident of the state and lives in Park River, N. Dak.

FRANK A. BRIGGS—1897-98

Frank A. Briggs, fifth governor of North Dakota, was born in Hennepin County, Minn., in a suburb of the present site of Minneapolis, on September 15, 1858. He was educated in the common schools in Minnesota, and was married to Nannie R. Meek in 1876. He was a printer and a newspaper man in his younger days, being at one time editor of the Howard Lake Advocate. He came to North Dakota in 1881 and worked for a time as bookkeeper. He was afterward postmaster at Mandan and served as treasurer of Morton County for eight years. In 1897 he was elected state auditor and in 1896 governor, both of which positions he filled with honor and credit. He died August 8, 1898, at Bismarck, in his fortieth year and before the completion of his time. He was succeeded by Joseph M. Devine.

JOSEPH M. DEVINE—1898

Joseph M. Devine, sixth governor of North Dakota, by profession an educator, was born in Wheeling, W. Va., March 15, 1861, and was graduated from the classical course of the University of West Virginia. He came to North Dakota in the summer of 1884 and engaged in extensive farming operations. In the fall of 1886 he was elected superintendent of schools for Lamoure County. He held his position for ten years, during which period he built up a system of education in the county which gave to it a reputation of progress and efficiency over the state. In 1890 he was appointed state educational lecturer, which position he held for eight years. In 1891 he was unanimously elected president of the State Educational Association. In 1896 he was elected lieutenant governor and on the death of Governor Frank A. Briggs became governor of the state. In

1900 he was elected to the office of state superintendent of public schools. In 1904 he engaged in business in Minot. At present he is superintendent of the State Reform School at Mandan.

FREDERICK B. FANCHER—1899-1900

Frederick B. Fancher, seventh governor of North Dakota, was born in Orleans county, New York, in 1852. His family moved to Michigan in 1856, and he was educated in the common schools and at the state normal schools of Michigan at Ypsilanti. From there he moved to Chicago in 1871 and had just established himself in the insurance business when his office was destroyed by a great fire. In 1881 he came to North Dakota and took up a homestead six miles north of Jamestown. He was the first president of the Farmers' Alliance for the Territory and was president of the constitutional convention which formulated the constitution for the new state. He served as commissioner of insurance from 1895 to 1899, and was inaugurated as governor in 1900. Was re-nominated by the Republican convention, but withdrew because of his ill health. He is now a merchant in Sacramento, Cal.

FRANK WHITE—1901-04

Frank White, eighth governor of North Dakota, was born in Stillman Valley, Ill., December 12, 1856. He was trained for the profession of civil engineer and took his degree in science at the University of Illinois. He followed the profession of a civil engineer from 1880 to 1882, when he came to the Territory of Dakota and became one of the pioneers who exposed the riches of a new country, becoming primarily a farmer. In 1891 he left the plow and went to the legislature, and from that time was prominent in public affairs. He served as a volunteer in the United States Army during the Spanish and Philippine wars, and saw much active service, especially in the Philippines. His election as governor took place in 1900, and was re-elected in 1902.

During his administration, the state educational institutions were given their first great opportunity for substantial growth by the passage of what is known as the "Mill Tax Bill." Also the Pure Food Laws were first passed and put into effect, and a systematic accounting of public funds was inaugurated. Colonel White, North Dakota's soldier governor, stands high on the roll of men who accomplished great things in constructive statesmanship at a period when the state of North Dakota needed strong men to shape its fortunes. In 1904 the University of Illinois conferred upon him the degree of L.L.D. He took part in the World War as commanding officer of the 2nd North Dakota U. S. National Guard, and saw fourteen months of service over seas, being awarded the university degree of the Order of Palms, by the French Government, as an appreciation of his fairness in settling questions that arose between the Americans and French while he was in charge of the claims and leases for the U. S. Government. He is married, has two sons, and resides at Valley City where he is active in business and church life.

E. Y. SARLES—1905-06

E. Y. Sarles, ninth governor of North Dakota, was born at Wonewoc, Juneau county, Wis., January 15, 1859. He was educated in the common schools and at the University at Galesville, Wis., and engaged in banking and business in Wisconsin until he moved to North Dakota in 1881. He located at Hillsboro with his brother and engaged in banking and other business. He is now president of the First National Bank of Hillsboro. He married Anna York in 1886, lives at Hillsboro, and has four children. He served as Mayor of Hillsboro and trustee of the State Normal School at Mayville. He was elected governor on the Republican ticket, taking his seat in 1905. He has extensive business and farming interests in Traill county and is one of the state's prosperous and successful business men.

JOHN BURKE—1907-12

John Burke, the tenth governor of North Dakota, is undoubtedly one of the greatest men North Dakota has ever produced. "Honest John Burke," the thrice elected Democratic governor in a Republican state, was born in Keokuk county, Iowa, February 25, 1859. He was educated in the common schools and entered the Law Department of Iowa State University, September 1884, and graduated June 1886, and later moved to Devils Lake, where he practiced law. He married Mary Kane of Waukesha, Wis., and has three children, two of whom are girls. He served as County Judge of Rolette County, one term in the house of Representatives and then in the Senate. He was elected governor as a Democrat in 1906, re-elected in 1908, and in 1910. He has done much to interest home-seekers in North Dakota. In 1912 he was boomed for the Presidency and received the endorsement of his party in North Dakota. Since 1913, he has been serving as Treasurer of the United States in President Wilson's Cabinet. U. S. Treasurer John Burke is well and favorably known throughout the United States.

LOUIS B. HANNA—1913-16

Louis B. Hanna, the eleventh governor of North Dakota, was born in New Brighton, Pa., August 9, 1861. He was educated in Ohio, Massachusetts, and New York, and came to North Dakota in 1881. He was a member of the state legislature from 1895 to 1897, and 1899 to 1901. From 1905 to 1909, he was a member of the State Senate. He was chairman of the Republican State Central Committee from 1902 to 1906. He was elected Congressman in 1908, and re-elected in 1910. He was elected Governor in November 1912. He resigned his seat in Congress and was inaugurated Governor in January 1913, and re-elected in 1914. He is married and has three children—two daughters and one son. His present home is in Fargo, where he is interested in

banking. Mr. Hanna was one of the ablest and most popular governors the state has ever had.

LYNN J. FRAZIER—1917-

Lynn J. Frazier, the twelfth governor of North Dakota was born in Rice County, Minn., December 21, 1874. With his parents he came to Dakota Territory in the spring of 1881, at which time they settled on a homestead near Hoople, in Pembina County, his home up to the present time. He was educated at the Mayville State Normal School, and at the University of North Dakota. His ambition was to become a lawyer or doctor, but on the death of his brother, at his mother's earnest request he gave up this cherished ambition for that of farming on the old homestead. In his community he was Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Rural Consolidated School District, Secretary of the Hoople Farmers Grain Company, and Director of the Crystal Home Improvement Company. He was elected Governor in November 1917, as a candidate of the Non-Partisan League. He is married, and has five children—two sons and three daughters.

CHAPTER XL.

THE RED RIVER VALLEY

The Red River Valley is a vast domain, every spot of it made sacred by the toil of pioneer hands. It is claimed to be the last spot the Creator made in this part of the world, and that he poured into this valley all the wealth of soil he had left after fashioning the rest of the universe. It is a splendid spot on inheritance.

The swift-flowing streams at the close of the ice age and the settling of Lake Agassiz left it a soil palpitating with fertility, inexhaustible in productiveness. And so it comes that we have great stores of fertile soil, beautiful rivers, sunlit prairies, and woods wreathing bank and valley. Add to this a glorious climate —sudden at times, perhaps, but bracing—befitting atmosphere for the strenuous builders of an empire, and we have a new paradise framed by the Creator as his last and noblest achievement.

Into this realm came the early pioneers endowed with grit and determination. On they came, to wring from savagery a civilization by founding homes and building cities. The inhospitable wilderness was here in all its wild abandon. Here the black bear slumbered lazily in the forest fastness; here the wolf howled, the buffalo roamed; here superstition worshiped and sacrificed its bloody victims upon the altar of its savage faith. Here the tepee and trail told of the restless roaming instinct that beat in the wild breast.

Upon this scene came the practical Dane, the undaunted

Czech, the patient Swede, the resolute Norwegian, the steadfast Icelander, the ingenious Saxon, the passionate Irishman, and the frugal German—full of industry, full of devotion, full of faith. All the quarters they asked for was a strong arm and a long day in which to work.

And the result of their achievement has made the Red River Valley designated in the geography of the earth as the "Granary of the World." Today the Red River Valley is the greatest tract of territory, in point of productiveness, of any equal area on the face of the earth. It has been proven that the valley produces more bread material, and better bread material, than any

The Red River Valley

region in the world, of equal area. The land is very valuable; the assessed valuation has increased from a few dollars to the hundred millions.

The Red River Valley has been called the "Nile Valley of America, the land of No. 1 hard wheat." Here in this valley prospered the many so-called "Bonanza Farms." Although the profitableness of a farm should determine whether it is a bonanza or not, to the Eastern people it was the size that determined. A small farm in Dakota was 640 acres, or at least 320 acres. The Bonanza system began with two sections, 1280 acres, although

the average bonanza farmer operated from 3,000 to 10,000 acres —from four or five to fifteen sections.

The first of these bonanza farms was the Dalrymple farm, eighteen miles west of the Red River in Cass County, opened in 1875, and comprised of 100,000 acres, of which 1,280 were broken in 1876, yielding 32,000 bushels of the choicest wheat. In 1895 there were some 65,000 acres under cultivation. The cultivated land was subdivided into farms of 2,008 acres, each tract had suitable buildings, consisting of houses for superintendent and men, stables, granaries and other buildings. The farm as a matter of course required a large number of men, horses, and machinery. In 1896 the great farm was divided into small farms.

The Dwight farm in Richland county was opened in 1879, consisting of 19,000 acres, and in the year of 1880 increased to 27,000 acres. This farm owned a storage capacity in 1886 for grain aggregating 150,000 bushels. In use on the farm were 200 horses and mules, 44 binders, 8 steam threshing machines, 30 gang and sulky plows, and 45 seeders. There was also an elevator of 60,000 bushels capacity. Wheat, oats and barley was successfully raised on this farm.

The Fairview farm twelve miles west of Wahpeton, in Richland County, was established in 1881. This was a model farm of 4,000 acres, all improved. The farm contained among other buildings a granary of 40,000 bushels capacity and an elevator of 60,000 bushels. There were 6,000 trees growing on the place. One hundred mules were used and 80 hands employed during the summer.

The Cleveland farm in the western part of Richland County opened in 1882 and consisted of 1,280 acres. Two hundred acres were broken the first year, at which time buildings were constructed. Within three years the entire acreage was under cultivation.

The Grandin farm near Fargo, consisting of a large acreage,

is especially well known among the early pioneers in the vicinity, who hired out to work on this farm during harvest to enable them to make a little ready money with which to purchase necessary implements for operating their own homesteads. At the present day the bonanza farms have all been broken up into smaller farms.

In the early days the Bonanza farmer could not be induced to raise anything else but wheat, giving it all attention, and completely ignoring dairy and stock-raising, or any hints upon diversified farming. Wheat was the money-maker, and so only wheat was raised; they bought beef, pork, butter, eggs, and for a time even had vegetables shipped by express from St. Paul. Dr. Levi Stockridge, ex-president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, while at Fargo in 1882, said: "What under heaven are you thinking of? You tell me you are growing, on the average, about 40 bushels of wheat to the acre on this Red River Valley soil. That will never last." For this little indiscretion, suggestive of diversified farming, he got into the Valley papers, and as he later said: "They gave me the awfulest handling I ever saw a person get."

But later years brought the wisdom of diversified farming to the farmer, and he began to see that he could double his profits thereby, and keep the soil in an inexhaustible condition for years and years to come. Today, not only diversified farming but dairy farming and stock-raising is carried on extensively, not only in the Red River Valley, but throughout the entire state.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE ROMANCE OF GOLDEN VALLEY

About twelve miles west of the Bad Lands, in western North Dakota, the traveler encounters the eastern "shore" of the famous Golden Valley, the populating of which rivals in point of time some of the boom towns of the boomiest portions of the old '49 gold regions around Frisco, and involves some very thrilling romances of the days when cattlemen hated homesteaders, and pulled a gun at the sight of a "hunyakes" as the ploddy agriculturist was contemptuously termed by the breezy knights of "chaps" and Stetson top pieces.

The Golden Valley roughly speaking extends from down Marmarth way, where the Little Missouri, clinging to its affinity the Bad Lands, crowds itself almost to the Montana line, clear up to where the savage Yellowstone takes a bite out of North Dakota, and immediately sinks its identity in the more turbulent bosom of its larger sister, the Big Muddy (Missouri), being some ninety miles long. It is anywhere from ten to twenty-five miles wide, the widest part being from Sentinel Butte on the east to Wibaux on the west, reaching into Montana about eight or ten miles. Its soil rivals the famous Red River Valley, and its climate is said to have the rigorous tang that emanates from Medicine Hat, so greatly tempered by the zephyrs that radiate from the far-famed Chinook country as to give the region all the delights of an Oregon season, coupled with the snap and ginger known only to the ozone of North Dakota.

This fertile valley, now shipping millions of bushels of cereals every year, was the cattleman's paradise, and so carefully did he "discourage" the discovery of it by settlers, that thirteen years ago the city of Beach, named after one of General Custer's gallant officers, was nothing but a water tank and a station house.

Although Sully chased the Indians across these prairies, and although Custer had marched over these productive plains, yet the rancher and the cowboy had it all their own way here

Golden Valley

until a decade ago. Here from the east came the grazing herds that Theodore Roosevelt gambled with against the storms of winter, and lost one winter because old Boreas held the trump cards on him. His fame as a rider, a lover of good horses, a daring deputy sheriff, and a willingness to brave the swollen, turgid, coffee-colored waters of the Little Missouri, is still fragrant in these parts. In spite of the fact that he was an eastern tenderfoot, his rugged personality won the hearts of the

equally rugged cattlemen. With apologies to Sir Walter Scott, the following might apply:

"Oh, young Roosevelt has come out to
the West,
In all the wide borders, his steed
was the best.
He stopped not for butte and he
stayed not for stone.
He swam the Missouri, where ford
there was none."

His admirers saw him return to the East with sincere regret, and have loved him, fought for him, and voted for him with rare devotion ever since. It is interesting to speculate on what would have been his career had he remained in Dakota. It is just as thinkable that North Dakota might have furnished a strenuous president as for the Empire State to have done so.

Here in the Golden Valley wandered the "long horns" which made, broke, and made again, the name of Pierre Wibaux, known as the cattle king of the Northwest. Here, some twenty miles north of Beach, on the Beaver Creek, the shrewd Frenchman located the headquarters of the famous "W-Bar" ranch, at a picturesque spot where a noted "Palace" was built, called by many the "White House," the lumber being carried in from the railroad station miles away. The "Palace" had many big rooms, a lobby, a mahogany bar, a white-aproned dispenser of drinks, a famous chef who presided over the roaring stove in the big kitchen, and served a "cuisine" which rivaled that known to the palate of the great cattleman when he frequented the boulevards of gay "Paree." The "Palace" fell into decay when Wibaux interested himself in the city that bears his name, and after standing in ruin for many years was fired about four years ago by an incendiary, who witnessed the ascent in smoke and flame of what was once the most pretentious structure on the slope.

One of the most sightly and impressive natural scenes in these parts is the eminence known as Sentinel Butte. It is a

massive pile, several hundreds of feet high, and received its name because it is higher and overlooks the other buttes in its vicinity. The following panegyric addressed to this miniature mountain, from the pen of Lewis F. Crawford, who, having graduated from Harvard University, made his home at the city of Sentinel Butte which nestles close at the foot of the monster pile, shows that even in the so-called wilds there are objects that can arouse the trained mind of the scholar to attempt some of the best flights of literature:

CRAWFORD'S IDYL TO SENTINEL BUTTE

"What a bewitching charm there is about Sentinel Butte, her solemnity, her grandeur, and her splendid agricultural inutility! What a history the geologist reads from the delicate tracery of her fossil fish, the prodigal veins of her lignite, the scarred escarpments of her declivities, and the rocky battlements of her towering summit.

"In unremembered aeons of the past, slimy saurians dragged their cumbrous lengths over her surface, and fishes gamboled in the salty deep which covered her and left only fossil remains to tell their reluctant story. In the next day of geologic time the sea was swept away and in its wake grew up dense forests, and mastodonic mammals to feed on their succulent herbage, and in quick succession the alchemist in Nature's laboratory added the massive beds of lignite as a continuing chapter in her wondrous past. The mind stands appalled and the tongue speechless in contemplation of the dynamic changes, the upheaval, the subsidence, the deposit, the erosion. Yet there she stands, true to her name, a sentinel, a guide, an inspiration.

"How many times have her protecting gorges given security to buffalo, deer and antelope! How many times, without human audience, have her solitudes resounded to the wolf's lonesome ululation or the piercing sovereignty of the eagle's cry! How

many times has she served as chart and compass to the Indian hunter, half-breed trapper, or Jesuit priest! What dauntless courage did she give to Sully, when her more than "forty centuries," looked down upon the battle of Bad Lands! What sublime faith or unavailing hope did she bestow upon Custer and his handful of brave men as they bade a last adieu to her, retreating from the Yellowstone divide!

"If her lips could speak of the past, what chaos, what loneliness, what struggle and solace, what achievements and defeat, what glory and what gloom! If to her were the gift of prophecy, what peace and plenty, what serenity and contentment, what nobility and grandeur, what inspiration and hope, what faith and what holiness, could not her unsealed lips foretell?

"She has hitherto stood the most conspicuous tenant in solitude of vacancy superlative, though now within the daily vision of five thousand prosperous people in the far-sung Golden Valley, who raise their hopeful matins and thankful vespers to her benignant and towering form, out of whose womb issues fruitfulness surpassing the want of Nature. Though now surrounded by thrift and activity may she herself ever stand unprofaned by the hand of commerce—the veritable "Great Stone Face" to those who look upon her confidently expecting and patiently awaiting the fulfillment of prophecy."

CHAPTER XLII.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE KILLDEER BATTLE

THE KILLDEER MOUNTAINS

Round thy rock-bound head, Oh Killdeer,
Winter's blizzards rage and roar,
As the dusky Indian warriors
Raged and fought in days of yore.

All is peaceful now and quiet;
No more rolls the Indian drum;
And the warrior, too, has vanished
Towards the setting of the sun.

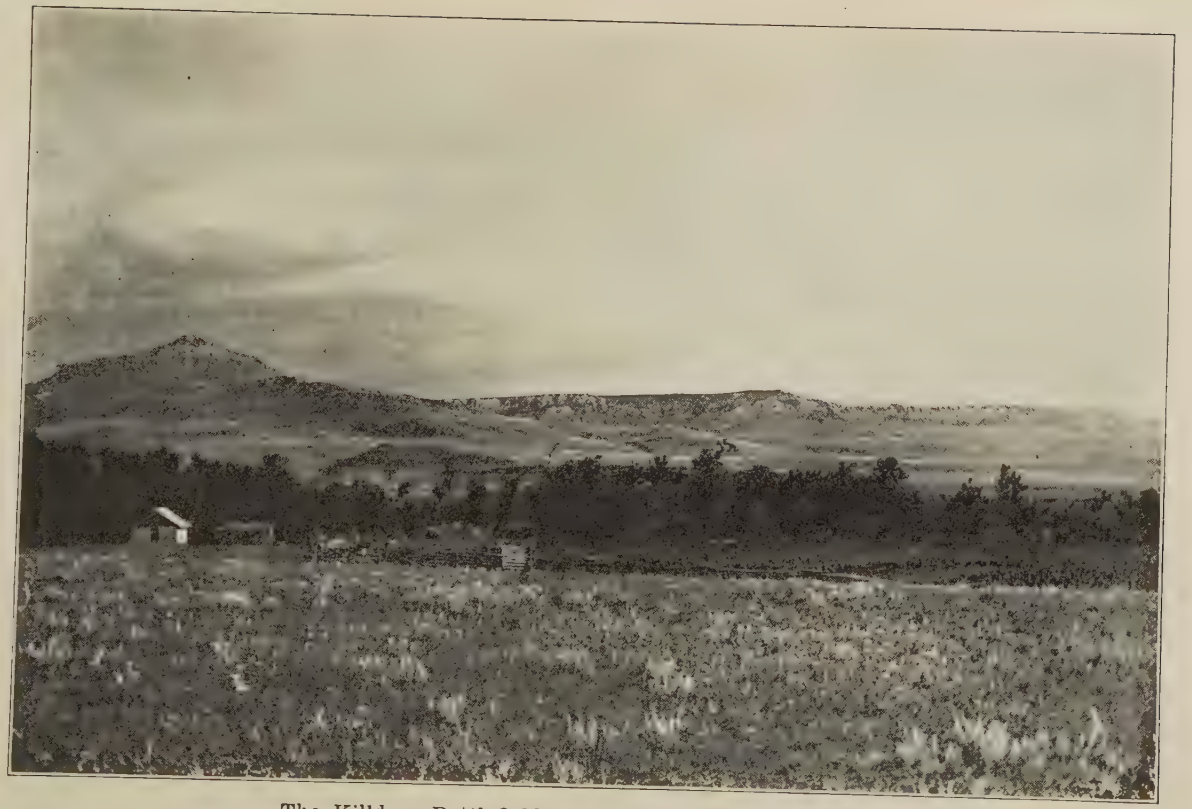
Indian lover, Indian maiden,
Ye who roam these vales no more,
Come to me and softly whisper
All your mystic Indian lore.

Tell me how ye tracked the red deer
O'er the mountains, thro' the glade,
And from yucca's tough, green fiber
All your lovely baskets made.

Tell me how you wove your wampum,
Made the figures all so true,
Telling all your tribe's own history,
All her loves and battles too.

Tell me, did ye dance by moonlight,
Round the dreary medicine hole,
Practicing your incantations
To appease the spirits bold?

Warrior, Maiden, all have vanished,
And the valleys peaceful lie



The Killdeer Battlefield, showing the Diamond C Ranch

Bathed in sunset's golden glory
And the rose tints of the sky.

On the lone shack of the settler
Falls the sun's departing ray
In a blessed benediction
To the passing of the day.
—L. A. M.

On July 28, 1914, was celebrated at the Killdeer Mountains the fiftieth anniversary of the great Killdeer battle, which occasion was commemorated by two monuments being placed at the graves of Sergeant George Northrup and Horatio Austin, the two men fallen in that great battle. A most interesting feature was, that a number of veterans of the Sully expedition, and participants in the great Killdeer battle, had arrived to be present at the historical celebration. These were: Wm. Houlton of Elk River, Minn., member of Co. "E" 8th Minn.; L. C. Ives of Tracy, Minn., member of Co. "G" 2nd Minn.; C. J. Luce of Groton, S. Dak., member of Co. "C" 6th Iowa; C. A. Bennett of Granite Falls, Minn., member of Co. "B" Brackett's battalion; J. D. Harker of Dawson, N. Dak., member of Co. "B" 6th Iowa; Thomas Welch of Bismarck, N. Dak., member of Co. "M" 7th Iowa. With these also came Carl L. Boeckman of Minneapolis, the artist, who was engaged to paint the Killdeer battle for Minnesota, and which painting may be seen in the Governor's room at the Minnesota State Capitol; also L. K. Houlton of Elk River, Minn.

Among the distinguished speakers secured for the event, were: Governor L. B. Hanna, Judge Andrew Bruce of the State Supreme Court at Bismarck, Secretary O. G. Libby of the State Historical Society, Curator H. C. Fish, and Attorney U. L. Burdick from Williston.

In the fall of 1913, Capt. Ives from South Dakota came out and located the final resting place of the two men fallen in the battle. Through the efforts of Curator H. C. Fish of the North Dakota Historical Society, and W. L. Richards of Dickinson,

the two monuments had been secured from the government. A few days preceding the celebration Curator Fish and Bruce Jackson of Bismarck came out to place the monuments furnished for the graves of Sergeant Northrup and Horatio Austin by the government. Around the graves was built a rustic fence, and a flag placed to the memory of the fallen.

The battle of Killdeer Mountain was one of the biggest battles ever fought between the white soldier and the Indian. There were from 5,000 to 6,000 Indians camping on the slopes of the Killdeer. These with their inferior weapons, such as bow and arrow, flint locks, and clubs, were stormed by 2,200 Sully men with the Springfield and 16 cannon. The Sully men were all well mounted and drilled.

The next day after the fight the tepees were burned, hundreds of tons of meat were thrown on the fire, beautiful robes were added to the fuel, and all the travois and tepee poles were consumed, leaving about 3,000 dogs shot to death among the smoking ruins of the Indian home.

George Northrup, one of the men who was killed in this battle of July 28, 1864, was one of the most romantic and also one of the most gifted of the early pioneers of the state of North Dakota. He was a close observer of nature, and at one time when a number of scientists were in the Northwest Territory, Northrup happened to meet them, and in the discussion that followed, he gave such accurate knowledge of the subject from actual observation that he was a marvel to the college-trained men.

For days at a time he would travel across the country drawing the little hand cart, hence the Indians gave him the name of "The Man-Who-Draws-the-Hand-Cart." He was often seen traveling through the territory in this strange rig. He was never disturbed because the Indians thought he was a little out of his head. At one time an Indian Chief wanted Northrup to marry his daughter, and Northrup said that as soon as his whole body

would be as dark as his face and hands then he would marry his daughter, for then he would be a real Indian. The Indian seemed satisfied.

In 1861 he was out near Devils Lake, and while there met with a couple of Englishmen on a hunting expedition; they were all captured by unfriendly tribes, and only by the quick work of a friendly tribe to Northrup were they saved. They had to walk from Devils Lake to the Hudson's Bay post near Abercrombie.

George Northrup at the time of his death was the correspondent for the St. Paul Pioneer Press. He wrote under the Indian name of "Icimani." Shortly before the battle Northrup said in fun to one of his friends: "If I am killed in battle, you write my obituary, will you?" He little thought that the Sept. 6th, 1864, issue of the St. Paul Pioneer Press, would contain the obituary, and a description of the battle, as well as an editorial about him.

The guests and speakers who came to attend the fiftieth anniversary celebration all arrived at Dickinson, from where they were to be conveyed in autos to the Killdeer Mountains. But to the great disappointment of the Dickinson people a terrific rainstorm broke out on the morning of July 28th, making it impossible to make the trip. Almost every available automobile had been chartered for this trip, many people arranging to start on the 45-mile drive as early as 4 o'clock in the morning. But many of these same persons were long before this hour bailing water out of their cellars.

Although the rainstorm spoiled the great event for the Dickinson people, guests and speakers, it by no means did away with the celebration held on July 28, 1914, on the wooded slope of the Killdeer Mountains. Nearly a thousand people gathered there to celebrate the great event. There the weather was beautiful all day, but in all directions lightning and storm held sway. The committee on the grounds hastily secured speakers from among

those present, and an interesting program was given to the crowd, among which were foot races, pony races, bucking contests, and a ball-game between Manning and Oakdale, and the event turned out a huge success.

The contrast of fifty years ago was noticed on all sides. Here were a thousand people from well-tilled farms, wide valley ranches and homes, all happy and contented, and well dressed, owning autos or well-groomed equipments—then 2,200 Sully men with rifle and cannon, shouts and hurry, hurry and noise, driving with sheer might nearly 6,000 Indians into the brakes over the mountains. The battlefield was turned into beautiful farms and the pioneer soldier was the forerunner of the white man's civilization.

Of the veterans and speakers who had been stranded in Dickinson Judge Bruce and Comrades Harker and Welch spent the day in Dickinson and found it necessary to return to their homes the same day. The rest remained till the next day, when W. L. Richards and E. A. Lillibridge, in two autos, took Comrades Houlton, Ives, Luce, Bennett, the artist C. L. Boeckman, and L. R. Houlton, son of Comrade Houlton, to the Diamond C ranch to view the historic battlefield.

Messrs. Luce, Houlton, and Bennett had never re-visited the battle grounds of fifty years ago, and it was with a great deal of anticipation that they stepped into the cars ready to convey them to the historic place. Mr. Luce remarked that he well remembered with what satisfaction the soldiers drank at the big spring at the Diamond C ranch.

While en route to the historic place, Richards casually remarked that he had found some bell-shaped shells around the mountains at different times, which remark was received with good-natured jocularity by some members of the party, when Bennett spoke up and said: "Yes, it's true, I myself standing on a peak of the mountain shot an Indian with those very bell-shaped

bullets. I'll show you the spot where it occurred." And true to his word Mr. Bennett after fifty years, during which time he had never seen the place, located the peak, and searching around, found the very same two shells that he had shot the Indian with.

The veterans of '64 had a fine time in the mountains, going over the old battle ground, and picking up relics. L. K. Houlton found a solid copper hatchet, which he treasures very highly. In the early sixties the Indians of the Superior Lake region were supposed to know the art of hardening copper. It is thought that there is not another copper hatchet in North Dakota, and to know that this one had been lying there on Killdeer Mountain for over fifty years is a surprise.

The old trails where the Indians disappeared over into the breaks beyond the mountains are very plain today. The mysterious cavern which breathes forth a continuous stream of cool air is there on top of the mountains. Dead Man's Gulch, so deep that the largest tops of the elms just throw their tips to the sun, is there, and contains the remains of Indian dead over fifty years ago. Those great oak and elm and birch trees, so often spoken of by the foot-weary soldier of over fifty years ago, still shade the tired man, and make the mountains beautiful beyond description. And that great pile of white limestone rock covered with trees, bushes, grass, and creeping cedar, looms up 900 feet above the prairie, and seems to say: "I have not changed so very much in fifty years." These all were there to greet the veterans of '64, and served to call forth many reminiscences of fifty years before.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE BAD LANDS

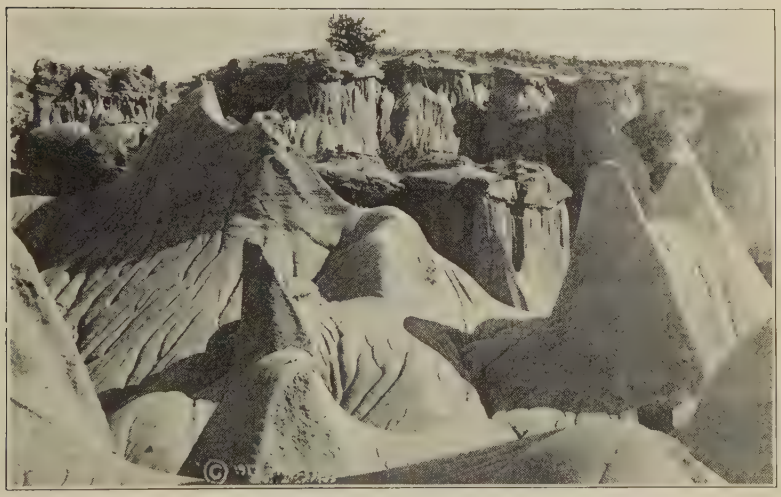
The question that is so often asked by persons on their first visit to the Bad Lands, is: "What caused the weird formations known as the Bad Lands?" followed by the exclamation: "What strange formations!"

A number of years ago the place was visited by many savants from all parts of the world. These geologists, hundreds of them, went to view the Bad Lands. When their opinion was asked as to what caused the Bad Lands, they answered "Floods." The sea shells to be found washed on the hills, ashes on top of high hills, and petrified wood of any amount, had led geologists to believe that the country had once been flooded. But nevertheless, there are others who think the geologists were mistaken, and among these was the late J. W. Foley, called the "Nestor" of the Bad Lands, who had lived for thirty years in the Bad Lands, and was a man of unusual perceptive ability and intelligence.

Standing in the valley at Medora, looking at the hills on each side of the river they are found to be 300 feet high, with a nine-foot vein of coal near the base, and several smaller ones extending almost to the top. Taking a level to the top of the hills and leveling across the river, it is found that the opposite hills are the same height. Leveling from the coal vein we find the one on the other side the same level, and the same thickness. Examining the soil on the table lands on each side it is found to be the same age. Near the top of the buttes, gravel of the old river bed is found, showing that the stream was once near the top of the

hills. Mr. Foley's theory was, that in ages long gone by there was no Little Missouri River, that the country was all level and the coal vein was continuous from what is now one side of the river to the other. Taking the level from the top of Fryberg hill to Sentinel Butte, it is found that the level is about the same, and this led him to believe that the country through which the Little Missouri River now runs was once all a prairie country.

From the changes that have been noticed there in over thirty



Fantastic Carving of Weird Bluffs, Domes, and Castles, in the Bad Lands

years, it is reasonable to think that in the long ago time a small washout started on the Big Missouri River, which continued to grow, and as time went by, the Little Missouri was formed as it is seen today. As the channel became deeper and the coal veins became exposed, they became ignited by spontaneous combustion. This burning coal caused the ground to disintegrate and fall down; rains would wash it away and a chasm would be formed, which would continue back from the river until more coal was exposed and ignited. That this burning has been going on for

thousands of years there is no doubt. Again, the elements would cause the ground, mostly clay, to slide, leaving buttes, as seen today. But these buttes too are constantly changing. Some have soft sand rock on top which helps keep the shape for a time, but even the sand rock has been seen to disintegrate and fall as the support below it is washed away.

J. W. Foley, the Nestor of the Bad Lands

Foley himself witnessed small breaks in the river side which formed ravines 50 feet deep by 100 feet wide and extending inland for hundreds of feet. If such can be done in 30 years, what could not have been done in thousands of years.

A study of ethnology teaches that each country makes its

own people. That is, the mode of life and its intellectual culture of a people are shaped by the characteristic features of the land in which it dwells; men in a mountainous country are different from those in a plains country. The ancient Assyrians, whose early home was near the head of the Persian gulf, retained some of the plains country characteristics when they moved to the mountainous country near the head waters of the Tirgs. This was especially shown by their mode of building; they never got away entirely from sun-dried brick. As the ages go by, it is quite possible that the nature of the Bad Lands will have some effect

Turrets and Piers of the Bad Lands

on those who live there. It has been often remarked what a strange fascination the Bad Lands have for those who have lived there, and moved away, for they have never been able to rid themselves entirely of the spell of that fantastic land.

The valley of the Little Missouri is found to be over an artesian basin, and excellent soft water can be gotten there at a depth of 200 to 300 feet. It is claimed that those who visit the

Bad Lands fifty years from now will find it a land flowing with milk and honey. Wild fruits grow there in great varieties.

In the early days it was the prevailing opinion of geologists, based upon scientific reasoning, that the basin of the Bad Lands was the ancient bed of a great coal field, which became self-ignited at some distant period, and like may of the coal fields of England, has been slowly burned out by its own bituminous fuel. As early as 1804-1805, the early traders crossed the northern trend of this great fire land, where they reported the whole country as being on fire, emitting a carboniferous smoke and the sound of rumbling thunder from the heated earth. This same phenomena was mentioned by Lewis and Clark in 1806, and by Hunt and McKenzie in their fur expeditions in the mountains in 1811.

Since the year of 1834, these strange "fires and explosions" have ceased, except for an occasional burning coal mine. These have been burning some 35 or 40 years. How they got on fire no human being has ever solved. One of these burning mines had stopped for 15 years, and when people, thinking the fire had been extinguished, tried to pry open the mine, they were driven back by the flames that suddenly sprung forth, and the mine has continued to burn ever since.

Prof. Owens, the United States geologist, in his report of 1852, in speaking of this mysterious region, compares the Bad Lands to some magnificent city of the dead, where the labor and genius of forgotten nations had left behind them a multitude of monuments of art and skill. At every step, objects of the highest interest present themselves. Embedded in the debris lie strewn in the greatest profusion organic remains of extinct animals. All speak of the former existence of the most remarkable races that roamed about in bygone ages, high up in the valley of the Missouri towards the sources of its western tributary.

CHAPTER XLIV.

INDIANS OF NORTH DAKOTA

The Cheyennes claim that they were created in Minnesota. The first mention we have of them occurs in 1680 when the French first heard of them as living about the head of the Mississippi. In 1688 they had an earth lodge village on the Minnesota River, above the Iowas. It was while living here that they discovered the pipestone quarry. According to tradition, a war party one day went to the west and discovered a blood red buffalo. They shot him with arrows and found that his unusual color was due to a coating of red mud in which he had been wallowing. They followed his tracks which led them to the quarry of red clay. In 1693 the Cheyennes took their abode near Yellow Medicine River, where earthworks are still distinguishable. Thence they retired before the Dakotas or Sioux and built a village between Big Stone Lake and Lake Traverse.

The Cheyennes were slowly being pushed westward by the pressure of the Sioux and the Ojibways. Finally in 1700 brought them into what is now North Dakota. Here they settled and built a village on the southeast portion of the big southerly bend of the Sheyenne River. Their tradition says that this village was on a high bluff with a water path leading down to the river. While located on the Sheyenne River, the Cheyennes entered upon their life on the real plains, and here their transition into a plains tribe began. Formerly the lakes and streams had supplied much of their food, and fuel was plentiful. Here in the prairie country,

wood was very scarce and the old stories tell how they frequently used bundles of twisted grass for fuel in their lodges.

The buffaloes were about them everywhere, and even with bows and hunting about the Indians soon came to depend on them for a large part of their food. They went on great hunts in which the entire village joined—men, women, and children. The dog assumed an importance in the economy of the people, as a means of transporting the meat by travois to the village. Agriculture, however, still held an important place in their life, and here on Sheyenne River they continued to raise beans, corn, and squashes. In fact the Sioux name for Sheyenne River was: "the place where the Cheyennes plant." They also made pottery out of clay, which they used almost entirely for their household needs.

During their stay on the Sheyenne River, the tribe was still harrassed by the Sioux on the east of them and the Ojibways on the north. Both of the latter tribes had by this time acquired guns from the traders and thus had a very great advantage over the Cheyennes, who had thus far been isolated from the white traders and hence possessed no firearms at all. Thus the Cheyennes were in constant terror of their various enemies.

They held a neutral position in the village on the Sheyenne River between their neighbors and inveterate enemies, the Sioux and the Crees or Ojibways. Both tribes were constantly suspecting the Cheyennes of favoring the other, and thus they were constantly embroiled. According to Alexander Henry, this village was finally destroyed by an unsuccessful war party of Ojibways returning from a raid on the Sioux in 1740, and most of the Cheyennes were killed; the remnant fled to the Missouri River and sought the protection of the Arikaras and Mandans. While the Ojibways destroyed the village, it is the Assiniboines whom the Cheyennes credit with the cause for final abandonment.

Tradition says that at one time, after they had lived in the

Chief Two Moons, Northern Cheyenne Chief

Sheyenne river village for some thirty years, all of the people with the exception of one poor old woman went away on foot for a big buffalo hunt. This old woman and her dog were left alone in the village. A few nights after the departure of the people, she sat in her lodge pounding up bones preparatory to boiling the grease out of them to mix with her corn. A torch on the end of a crooked stick which was thrust down the back of her neck, furnished light for her work. As she sat pounding away her dog began to growl and presently the lodge was filled with strange warriors. The old woman leaped to her feet and rushed out of the lodge, the strangers in close pursuit. Down to the side of the steep bluff to the water path she fled. Part way down she cast the torch down the bluff. The warriors following the light, rushed over the side of the bluff and fell to the bottom. Many were killed and the rest seriously injured. The old woman set at once to find her people. She soon discovered them, and they all returned with her. They put to death such as were only injured and plundered the dead, from whom they obtained their first guns as well as many steel knives. These strange warriors were found to be Assiniboines.

After this event the Cheyennes held a council. All were fearful lest the friends of the dead should fall on them in great numbers and destroy them. It was decided to abandon the village and seek a home still further west. After abandoning the Cheyenne village, the Cheyennes wandered about the prairies of eastern North Dakota. They made grass houses, and frequently had nothing but bundles of grass for fuel. Then they traveled, all on foot, while the wolf-dogs were each packed on a travois with various baggage, directly to the Missouri, in order to seek the protection of the Mandans and Arikara, and thence once more built a permanent earth lodge village, and again took up their village life.

In this village they lived for a long time in peace with both their neighbors, the Arikara and the Mandans. Here once more

Marchebenus (Flying Eagle) from Turtle Mountain Reservation

they made canoes out of hollowed-out logs, such as they had used in their Minnesota home. Here too they made the seines and took fish as formerly they had done. Agriculture was continued, given a fresh impetus by the example of their agricultural neighbors, and their village was surrounded with fields of corn, beans and squashes. After a time the Sioux in their westward progress again came up with the Cheyennes; their ever-increasing numbers became threatening, and both the Arikara and the Cheyennes became frightened and fled to the Mandan villages, where the three tribes lived together for a time. They soon returned to their own villages, but the old peaceful life was gone.

The Sioux continually plundered their fields and threatened the village. The people, tired of working the soil for the benefit of others, began in small numbers to leave for the Black Hills, until the entire tribe was re-united in the Black Hills country, where game was plenty. They no longer pursued agriculture, but, flitting here and there and living in skin tepees, lived on fruit and such vegetables as they could secure by trading horses to their old neighbors the Arikara and the Mandans. By leaving the village as they did, they fortunately escaped the great smallpox epidemic that broke out along the Missouri in 1781. In the great change accompanying this last move of the tribe there was considerable confusion and re-adjustment before the final re-assembling of the Cheyennes. Some few families felt so strongly the ties of the old life that they refused to abandon it. The result was that some of the Cheyennes joined the Arakara, and some of the Mandans, into which tribes they were gradually fused.

The Cheyennes are a tall, finely built race, the best physically of all the plains Indians, except the Osages, but rather dull intellectually. Their language is one of the most difficult of Indian tongues. The Cheyenne tribe was divided into two families, northern and southern. While the northern were a peaceful people, the southern tribe was mostly at war.

Temoweneni (Little Boy) a full-blooded Chippewa

The Mandans, in 1804, were found by the Lewis and Clark expedition occupying two villages on the Knife River. In 1837, when the smallpox epidemic destroyed thousands of American Indians, the Mandans were reduced from 1,700 to less than 400. In 1846, the remaining families of this tribe took up their residence at the Fort Berthold Reservation. The Mandans were not a nomadic people, but lived in log houses with village administration and local government.

The Sioux call themselves Dakota, and the name "Sioux," given to them by the Whites, is said to be derived from an Algonquin word signifying the "snake-like ones," or enemies, a term which their crafty methods of warfare seemed to justify. The Sioux division embraces the sub-tribes of Sisseton, Wahpeton, Yankton, and Teton. And the last mentioned, whose name means "dwellers of the prairie," are again subdivided with tribes such as Blackfeet, Omaha, etc. The Sioux tribes of the east, which were not crushed out in the conflict with the early settlers, retreated gradually to the northwest, and made the last final stand in that region against advancing civilization. The battle known as the Custer Massacre of June 25, 1876, was the last important military event of the long conflict, and it was followed by such energetic means on part of the United States, that organized resistance of the Sioux to national authority was finally terminated.

The Indians of North Dakota are nearly all gathered on the four reservations, namely: Standing Rock Reservation, on the Missouri in the southern center; Fort Berthold Reservation, around the junction of the Little with the Big Missouri; Devils Lake Reservation, and the Turtle Mountain Reservation. Two Indians living on the last named reservation that are known to the public of North Dakota better, perhaps, than any other, are: Marchebenus and Temoweneni; having repeatedly appeared in roles in the staging of historic pageants of early days, presented

at the Bankside Theatre on the State University grounds at Grand Forks.

In the World War the Indians had proved their patriotism by enlistment, large subscriptions of Liberty Bonds, and purchase of War Saving Stamps. In fact, their eagerness to help the United States had at times brought about numerous humorous incidents.

When F. K. Stuart, Ninth District Liberty Loan director, addressed an audience at McIntosh, S. Dak., on April 1, 1918, a number of Indians from the Standing Rock Reservation crossed the border line to be present at the gathering.

Little Bear, a Chief from the Standing Rock Reservation, slipped around after the meeting was over, to ask the speaker a few questions.

"Who we fight?" asked the Indian.

"We are fighting the Germans," responded Mr. Stuart, "and it is your duty to help."

"Too bad," grunted the Indian, "three Germans on reservation last Tuesday. Could kill easily. Let 'em go. But will go out now and pick up um trail."

Whereupon Mr. Stuart had to stop and explain, at considerable length, that it is not the Germans in this country that we were fighting, but the Germans in a far away land.

Another similar incident occurred, when Black Wolf, an Indian from the Fort Berthold Reservation, in the midst of a patriotic address furthering the purchase of Liberty Bonds, desired information.

"What country we fight?" he asked.

"Germany," was the answer.

"Hu!" grunted Black Wolf, "Germany must be crazy! Why *we* fight Americans since the discovery of Columbus and we can't lick em!"

CHAPTER XLV.

INDIAN LEGENDS OF NORTH DAKOTA

The Indians of the Northwest have no written language, no history, and their only record of the events of past centuries through all their migrations, wars and alliances is enclouded in a long series of signs and traditions embodied in their legends or myths. Of these stories some may be told at any time and anywhere, while others are sacred and must only be told to certain persons on particular occasions. Among some tribes the "Old Stories" or legends must not be told in summer when the trees are full of leaves, for the spirits of the leaves can listen; but when winter has come they can be told about the camp-fire in perfect safety. The following are some of the legends of North Dakota.

LEGEND OF DEVILS LAKE

Minnewaukan is the Indian name for Devils Lake, and means "mysterious water" or "spirit water." It gets the name of Minnewaukan as a result of the old warfare between the Sioux and the Chippewas. A band of Sioux were camped along the eastern and southern shores of what is now Devils Lake, when they learned that a band of Chippewas had made their winter camp in or near the Turtle Mountains.

The Sioux were eager for a battle against their old enemy, and against the warnings of the Tribal Seer and of the bad omens of nature, they departed across the lake to exterminate the Chippewas who had dared to invade what they considered their ter-

ritory. All day the women and the old men watched the lake for the returning boats, the most faithful watcher being the Chieftain's daughter, Nadassa, whose lover was with the war party. All at once she gave a cry. Against the red sunset sky they could see the returning canoes, with scalps waving from their bows, which proclaimed their victory. There was great rejoicing in the camp, and everything was made ready for their welcome, but a great storm arose and all night long the tempest raged.

At dawn they found bits of shattered boats, but the mysterious waters carried all else beyond finding. Nadassa, grieving for her lover Watha, leaped to her death and the cruel waters closed over her. For days the mournful death song floated out on the lake, broken now and then by the despairing wail "Minnewaukan! Minnewaukan!" And for long years afterwards, whenever the twilight's beauty is darkened by the angry clouds and the waves rise in fury, the Dakotas watching from the shore see the faithful Nadassa and her lover Watha braving the angry spirit of the lake in search of the lost warriors.

STUMP LAKE

Near Lakota is Stump Lake, known in the olden days as Lake Chicot, the place of stumps. The Indians call this lake "Wamdusky," which means a serpent. No longer ago than when the railroad was first opened, the shores of this lake were lined with stumps, logs, and branches. The Indians tell that at one time the lake was a swamp with heavy timber. Upon coming back after a generation, it was a lake filled with fish. They believed the Great Spirit was angry with the red man and sent bitter water to spoil his woods. Then he repented, and as he saw the buffalo was to become extinct, he made his children a lake and filled it with fish for them to eat.

LEGEND OF THE STONE MAIDEN

Opposite Fort Lincoln, on the bluffs of the Missouri River, at one time, was a little mound about ten feet high, apparently made by human hands, upon which was a large stone. This mound was called by the Indians, "Medicine Mound." The superstitious Indians claim the stone to be an Indian maiden turned to stone by the Medicine Man's power, for disobedience in a love affair with a young brave of the Mandans who lived on the east side of the river. An early trader to whom the story was told, said that he had seen the rock covered with broken knives, arrows, beads, etc., which were offered to the maiden by the red men for their success in war hunting, and other expeditions.

In 1873 the commander of the fort had a trench dug through the mound. This excavation developed nothing, but on digging a cross ditch, two skulls, several bones, and other parts of the human body were found. No tribe of Indians in that vicinity would undertake anything without consulting the stone maiden, and would come miles for that purpose. This is the story:

Spotted Fawn, the Medicine Man's daughter, had been forbidden to have anything to do with a certain young brave who loved her and whose affection she returned. She was forbidden even to speak to him. At night, however, she would steal away and meet her lover on the bluff where the rock now stands, that being the spot chosen for their meetings. The course of true love never did run smooth, not even with a poor Indian girl.

Her father found out that she was meeting her lover secretly, and told his daughter that if she disobeyed him again he would transform her into cold unfeeling stone. After a short time an Indian maid, jealous of Spotted Fawn, informed her father that his daughter was again with her lover on the bluffs. Her father, the old Medicine Man, immediately brought forth his wand and invoked a curse upon his daughter, whose limbs became numb then cold, gradually turning to stone. While the

transformation was taking place she gathered her tribe around her and told them if they wanted to be successful in their dealings they must sacrifice to her, which accounts for the beads, knives, and other relics found there.

The squaws of the tribe held a meeting at which they decided to bury the old sinner who had committed such a crime against one of their sex. "Bury him alive" was agreed upon. After digging a hole, they brought the old Medicine Man and thrust him into it, and threw dirt over him, which formed the mound, the height of which attests their indignation.

HOW PAINTED WOODS GOT ITS NAME

Painted Woods, near Bismarck, is the scene of this legend: Long ago, after a series of bitter wars between the Sioux, the Mandans, and the Arikara, the Mandan Indians determined to call a peaceful council, and it was to be held on their grounds, they were to be the hosts. During this ancient convention the Mandan braves became very jealous because of the attentions of one of the Yanktons to a Mandan maid, a Chieftain's daughter. They remonstrated with her without effect, as she declared her intention of following the fortunes of the Yankton, and marry him she did.

On the wedding night the lover was murdered by the jealous Mandans. In the morning when the Yanktons heard of it they proceeded to the death lodge, and finding the bride kneeling beside the bier of her husband, blaming her as the cause of his death, they riddled her body with arrows.

This bloody event was followed by wars, burning of forests, and sacking of villages. The bodies of the two victims were buried according to custom in the branches of a large elm. But the tree withered and died and the limbs whitened like bones. The Mandans painted the white limbs with their war signs, and

the Yanktons placed their war signs as a challenge below it, and from this comes the name: "Painted Woods."

HEART BUTTE

About four miles from Bismarck is a butte which in the early days was known as "Heart Butte," and the Indians relate this story of it: A long time ago it was the custom of several tribes to camp here on account of the good water and grass. A young Chief, a veritable Beau Brummel of his tribe, was the proud possessor of a white buffalo robe, which was carefully shaken daily by his favorite squaw and suspended on a pole in front of his tepee, not only to preserve its exquisite silkiness of texture, but to excite the envy and admiration of all the other chiefs. One morning after the Medicine Man had made "bad medicine," the Great Spirit frowned, and when the faithful squaw shook the robe, the pure and beautiful white hair fell to the ground. The Sioux name for this butte means: "The Butte where the white buffalo shed its hair."

PACKS ANTELOPE

A large hill, almost a mountain, just off the west end of the Fort Berthold Reservation, forms the setting for this legend. It is called Thunder Nest, and is one of a large number of eminences, but is distinguished by having precipitous sides some sixty feet above the debris at the base. The story is as follows: A certain hunter of the Gros Ventre tribe was called Packs Antelope, because of his manner of carrying antelope on his back. One time when hunting, he lay down on a hill and went to sleep. He dreamed that he saw a boy and girl who sang to him. When he awoke he found himself on a very high hill with a precipice on all sides, and by his side he saw two eggs, which soon hatched into a male and female Thunder Bird. The girl said to him: "You are our elder brother, and have been sent by the Father to kill the big snake that comes up and devours us when we shake

our feathers. Tomorrow he will come and there is only one way to kill him, and that is by hitting him with an arrow in the white spot on his neck.

The next day a fog rolled up and the water came up over the land, and a big snake reared its head and breast at the edge of the rock. Packs Antelope killed it as instructed, and another head and breast flared up at the other side. As he was in the snake-killing business just then, he killed that in the same manner, though the snake sent out lightning to strike him, but he built a wall of rocks for his protection. Soon the water went down and the snake lay coiled around the hill.

The girl then told him that he was to live with them always, and was to make the choice of two swords, advising him to take the one tied in many places, which he did, and all the Thunder Birds came back rejoicing that the snake was killed. They said: "Packs Antelope you have our mysterious sword and have heard our mystery song; you are one of us. Perform some magic!" So he crept under a blanket, and when they took it off he had been transformed into an egg. They covered him again and the egg hatched. When he had been covered and uncovered again, he had feathers and was really a Thunder Bird. They could not raise the big snake, so Packs Antelope cut it in four pieces, each piece having an ugly head at each end, and they made a big feast of it. Packs Antelope went with the Thunder Birds to all parts of the earth and did many mighty deeds.

The Chief of the tribe did not like to lose so good a warrior as Packs Antelope, and set out to get him back. The Chief waded into the Missouri river and let his long braids float on the water. When Packs Antelope saw them he swooped down on them and his feet became tangled in the hair and he could not get away. The Chief dragged him into the sweat lodge and kept him there until he came to himself. He made him vomit the snake flesh, and that took his power away, with the exception of his eyes, which

still struck lightning wherever he looked. The Chief made him a hat of bull's hide, and from that day the tribe of Packs Antelope has been known as "Hat Low Tribe."

There are several myths of the Thunder Birds as the Indians believe that the thunder is made by the flapping of the wings of these birds, and lightning by their tracks. The Sioux believe that it is the young birds which strike them, and that the old birds are their friends. They believe that Wahkeontonka, the father of all Thunder Birds, lives on a mountain in the west, in a wigwam with four doors. A caribou stands at the north, a red deer at the south, a butterfly at the east, and a white bear at the west, and sentinels clothed in red guard the openings.

EPILOGUE

THE WEST

Men look to the East for the dawning things, for
the light of a rising sun,
But they look to the West, to the crimson West, for
the things that are done, are done.
The eastward sun is a new-made hope from the
dark of the night distilled;
But the westward sun is a sunset sun, is the sun
of a hope fulfilled.

So out of the East they have always come, the
cradle that saw the birth
Of all of the heart-warm hopes of man and all of
the hopes of earth;
For out of the East arose a Christ and out of the
East has gleamed
The dearest dream and the clearest dream that ever
a prophet dreamed.

And into the waiting West they go with the dream-
child of the East,
And find the hopes that they hoped of old are a
hundred-fold increased;
For there in the East we dream our dreams of the
things we hope to do,
And here in the West, the crimson West, the dreams
of the East come true.

—Douglas Malloch.

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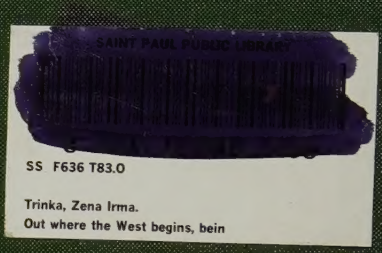
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